PHOTOGRAPHS

ANNIE LEIBOVITZ

1970-1990

USA $60.00
CANADA $79.95

Annie Leibovitz's witty and powerful portraits have defined American popular culture for over two decades. First seen in *Rolling Stone* in the 1970s and then *Vanity Fair* in the 1980s, her photographs of musicians and actors, politicians and athletes, dancers and artists have become icons of the time in their own right. They are audacious, graphically bold, and yet surprisingly intimate. Leibovitz says that she thinks of her subjects as "collaborators," which they must be, consciously or not. The result is work that is honest and revealing in an original way. Her photographs are unforgettable.

Leibovitz, as the Curator of Photographs at the National Portrait Gallery William F. Stapp wrote recently, "belongs to a long and noble tradition. Even in the nineteenth century, photographers like Mathew Brady in this country, Julia Margaret Cameron in Great Britain, and Nadar in France created photographic likenesses that entered popular culture to become enduring icons of that time in history. What Leibovitz has contributed to the genre is a wit that reflects her understanding of contemporary popular culture, an ability to achieve an intimate rapport with her subjects, and a visual audacity that is unusual in the history of portrait photography."

Annie Leibovitz: Photographs 1970–1990 collects the most famous images as well as many unpublished pictures, and a generous sampling of early black-and-white work, including family photographs that are to Leibovitz touchstones for everything else she has done. Her subjects—from Patti Smith and the Rolling Stones to Vaclav Havel, taking in Jackie and Joan Collins, Jessye Norman, Liberace, Tennessee Williams, Magic Johnson, and Mikhail Baryshnikov along the way—are approached with curiosity and ardor and sometimes whimsy. And always with the intelligence and flair that have made Leibovitz the most important living American portraitist.

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PHOTOGRAPHS

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1970-1990

HarperCollins*Publishers*

Photographs Annie Leibovitz 1970-1990

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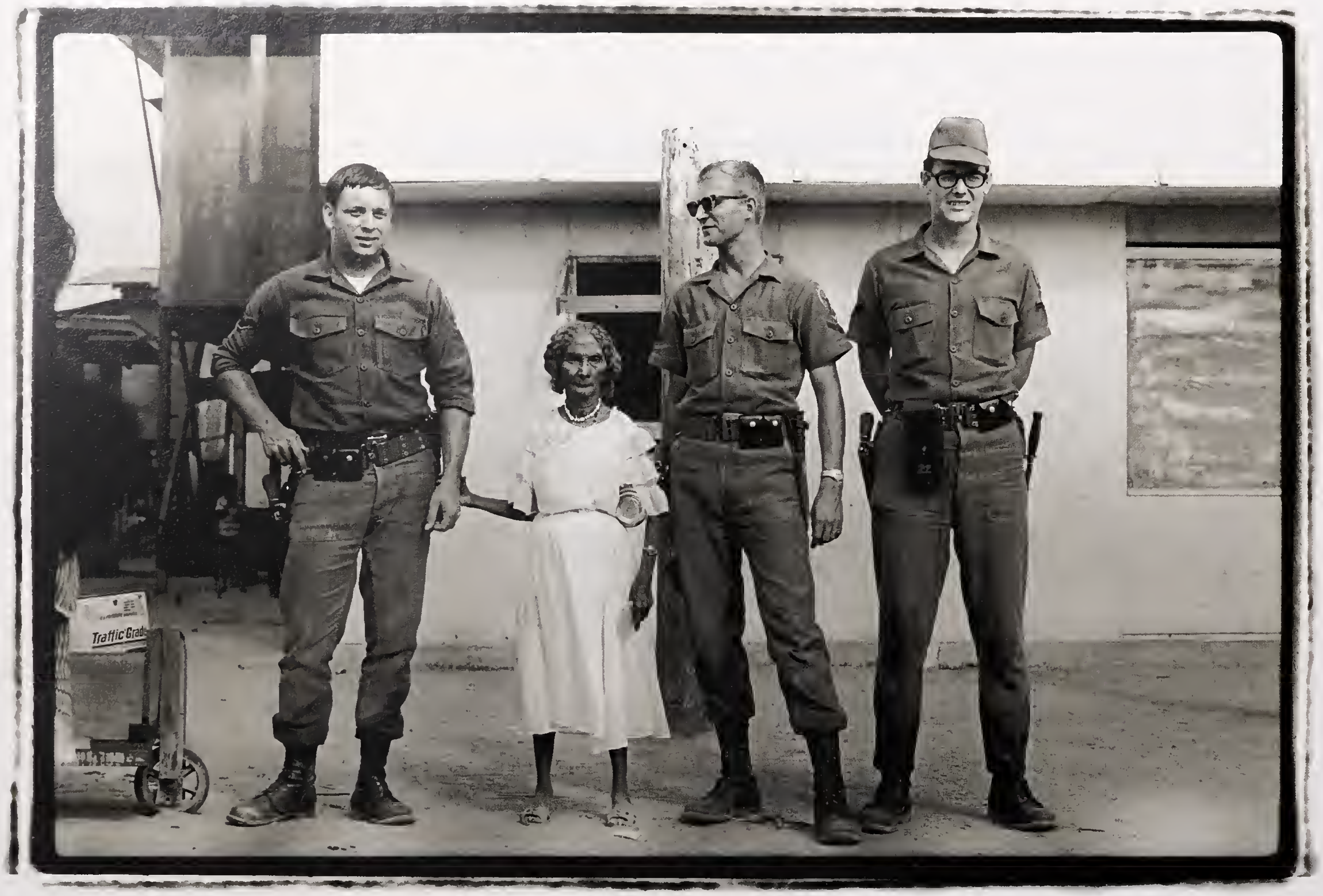
For my brothers and sisters,

Susan, Howard, Paula, Philip, and Barbara


Traffic Grad

American soldiers and the Queen of the Negritos, *Clark Air Force Base, The Philippines, 1968*

A CONVERSATION WITH INGRID SISCHY

If you shut your eyes in Annie Leibovitz's office, and it's a windy day, you could think that the sound you hear is the sea crashing. Actually, it's the window panes jiggling. There are a lot of them—this is one of those hard-to-come-by places in New York that is flooded with natural light and graced with an unobstructed view of the Hudson River and beyond. But if it weren't for the sight of the Statue of Liberty, you wouldn't necessarily know you were in New York. You could be in a building in any industrial section in any city in America. You see water towers, and cranes, and buildings that are dirty and nondescript. The parking lot and the streets down below have the anonymous, lonely look of an Edward Hopper painting. If you're expecting fancy, it's not here. Leibovitz's office is unpretentious. Among the clutter on one shelf are some antique toy cars, award trophies, and souvenirs of the Eiffel Tower, the Statue of Liberty, and the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Outside her office, in the big white studio where Leibovitz often shoots, and where assistants bustle around, you get a sense of action and purpose, but in here things have been left alone. It's got character, and is in keeping with the personality of the photographer who works here, overtime.

Almost all of the books on Leibovitz's shelves are photography-related, and photographs spot the room, propped against the shelves, taped to walls, and lurking among the papers on her desk. Family pictures and casual shots of friends are mixed in with photographs of well-known people. The most obvious clue to Leibovitz's reputation is something that's written on a framed cover of *Vanity Fair*, one that features Michael Jackson. He's autographed it in black ink with "Love to Annie. You're really magical. Love, Michael." And in a corner, there's another sign of her working life—various pieces of luggage that never get completely unpacked and put away.

Leibovitz has been following the call of her pictures for over twenty years now, and her work has been published for just as long. Her story is not about a struggle to be recognized, nor does it reflect alienation from commerce. She's been after strong, true-to-herself photographs within the confinements of commissions and assignments that were due yesterday, the results of which would be seen by editors, art directors, and then the general public almost instantly, while they were still wet, as it were. And in the way that these images are particularly American, so is she. Her pictures seem somehow to be in league with both her audience and her subjects. The grasp on popular culture that spikes so much of her work is a natural result of who Leibovitz is. She's the right medium for her medium.

I can't remember when I first realized I was looking at a photograph by Annie Leibovitz. It was years before I put her name to a picture that had made an impression on me. But thinking back on the images that have represented popular culture for the past twenty years, it's remarkable how many pictures that seemed to hit the nail on the head and capture the times turn out to have come from her cameras. How much Leibovitz herself has changed over the years, I don't know from first-hand experience. I suspect the answer is plenty, and not at all. That's true of her photographs, too.

Ingrid Sischy: This first one, with the soldiers, and the woman who looks so tiny next to them. What is it?

Annie Leibovitz: It's from one of the first rolls of film that I shot. I was studying painting at the San Francisco Art Institute, and I'd just bought my first camera. The woman in the photograph is the Queen of the Negritos, people who lived on the edge of Clark Air Force Base in the Philippines and scavenged the garbage. My father was stationed there in the late sixties, and I'd gone to spend summer vacation with him and the rest of the family. I shot other photographs of the Negritos going through the garbage, but they aren't as strong as this one.

The way the Queen is holding onto the American soldier could break your heart. It looks like she's using him to steady herself, but there's also a feeling that she's calming him down. It's a kind of family picture—a "family" of circumstances.

Some of the photographs that had the biggest influence on me were family pictures. There's a photograph of my mother's family that's very similar to this one of the Queen of the Negritos. In that photograph my grandmother and grandfather flank my mother and her seven brothers and sisters on the Atlantic City boardwalk. And there are formal photographs of my own family—which was big, six children—that show us growing up. You see us happy, or in thin times, whatever, for better or worse. The history of the family is there in those photographs.

How did you become the one with the camera? How did the Rolling Stone *relationship start?*

My boyfriend, Christopher Springmann, had given me a subscription to *Rolling Stone* while I was living on a kibbutz in Israel for a semester on a work-study program. And when I went back to San Francisco, I showed some of my photographs to the magazine's art director, Robert Kingsbury. I had gotten into the habit of going out and taking photographs every day and developing them at night. He liked the fact that some of the photographs I shot the day before at an antiwar rally were already printed. And a photograph of ladders I'd taken at the kibbutz ended up running in the little photo gallery they had on page three above the letters section. A few months later they used the antiwar pictures for a special issue.

Rolling Stone started giving me assignments right away, which made me worry about having crossed over to the other side. I was selling pictures. The photographers I admired were not photographers who worked for magazines on assignment, but people who chose what they did from the inside—or so it seemed at the time. And I wondered if I was betraying something. And then I found out about what it meant to be published, especially what it was to have a photograph on the cover of a magazine, which is what happened a couple of months later. I can never forget the sensation of being at a newsstand and seeing for the first time my photograph transformed into the *Rolling Stone* cover. It was a lot different from having a photograph floating around in the wash, or pinned on a bulletin board at school.

Who was your first assignment?

Grace Slick. In those days we'd usually do local stories, or wait for people to come through San Francisco. And the subjects were for the most part musicians. Remember this was 1970. In a sense it was the end of the big music revolution. Janis Joplin died that year. Hendrix died. But even though *Rolling Stone* was considered a music magazine, it was about politics, too, and basically I threw myself into whatever was going on there.

The first time I went on an out-of-town assignment was when I flew to New York with Jann Wenner to photograph John Lennon. One of the things I've always liked about Jann is that he is a great fan. He would get excited, and show it, and not be embarrassed. But the biggest lesson for me about photographing stars came from John himself. Here was someone whose music had affected us for years, someone who loomed very large in my imagination—and he acted completely normal with me. He hung around, asking me what I wanted him to do. And I just got on with what I was there for—the work. John's way of relating set the precedent for how I wanted to work with famous people, successful people, celebrities, or whatever.

But this session did more for me than that. When I started to be published I thought about Margaret Bourke-White and that whole journalistic approach to things. I believed I was supposed to catch life going by me—that I wasn't to alter it or tamper with it—that I was just to watch what was going on and report it as best I could. This shoot with John was different. I got involved, and I realized that you can't help but be touched by what goes on in front of you. I no longer believe that there is such a thing as objectivity. Everyone has a point of view. Some people call it style, but what we're really talking about is the guts of a photograph. When you trust your point of view, that's when you start taking pictures.

On the evidence of the number of your photographs that have been published, and all the files of thousands and thousands of pictures in your studio, you don't appear to be the lazy type. Sometimes—as with photographs of the Allman Brothers asleep in the back of a car—you seem to be the only one who stayed awake. Your shots of the Rolling Stones tours in the mid-seventies are a night-and-day narrative, which means you didn't stop. Ever?

I think the first time I had a break was after the Rolling Stones tour in '75. On that tour I had said to myself that I was never going to put my camera down. No matter what was going on I wasn't going to let go. And, believe me, I went to hell and back. The camera helped me survive.

But we were having a great time, too. I admired so many of the people I photographed and worked with. I was in love with them, I had crushes on them, I thought they knew everything about everything you needed to know. I wanted to *be* Hunter Thompson, I wanted to drive at night with no lights on, by the light of the moon. When you are a journalist you can pretend that you're trying these things because you have to participate in order to understand them. You have a set of credentials to enter into any world. It took me a while to let go of those old romances. But the work saved me. It was the most important thing.

Does the close-up of Mick Jagger's hand and wrist—the one with the stitches—have anything to do with the intensity of life then?

Yes and no. The Jagger hand was taken just before the tour, when they were all in Montauk staying at Andy Warhol's house, rehearsing. Jagger told me he had put his hand through a plate-glass window, thinking it was the door to a restaurant out there. He's very superstitious—you know that song of his called "Hand of Fate"? When this happened he went out and asked for every book that had the word "hand" in its title. Anyway, I knew he was going to the doctor to have the wound redressed and I asked if I could go along and take pictures. He was reluctant, but he said the decision was up to the doctor, who said "sure." Then when I started shooting, Mick asked, "Are you shooting this in color?" I said, "No! It's too gross. I'm doing it in black-and-white." And he insisted that I go get a roll of color.

Jagger seems almost transparent in some of the photographs you took back then, such as the one in which his torso looks like a carcass in a Francis Bacon painting. It's ugly-beautiful.

He would lose about ten pounds whenever he went on stage. I wanted the photographs to show the amount of energy that's involved in a performance, and how he put out everything that was left in his skinny body, using everything he had.

Many of your photographs use the body as well as the face as a means of expression, which is unusual for a portraitist. There's a mini-history of body fashions buried in your work. The picture of Arnold Schwarzenegger taken in 1976, for instance, is a harbinger of the all-out obsession with self-maintenance and gym mania that took hold in the eighties. In contrast to the body armor that individuals seem to need today, it's nice to see your pictures of people relating to each other in a nondefensive way. I remember seeing your Soledad Prison photograph when I was in college, but I hadn't seen the one of the two women curled up together. Its structure is similar to your most famous photograph, that last portrait of Lennon and Ono.

I realized when I was going through all the work to make up this book that I had been trying to take that picture many times before. I had been putting people in the fetal position, curling them up. And I finally did it successfully with John and Yoko. It was an important photograph for me graphically because it did everything I wanted it to do. Emotionally it was a strong image by itself, and then circumstances gave it all sorts of other meanings, because John was killed a few hours after I left them. I had wanted to photograph them holding each other, and I imagined him curled up. At the last moment Yoko decided she would take her shirt off but not her pants. I was disappointed—you know, they were always being photographed in bed together. So I said, "Just leave your shirt on, it's OK." I didn't know what the impact would be. I mean, he loved her so much.

It's interesting to think about how Lennon's death affects the way we see that photograph now, and how a photograph's meaning changes so much with time. But magazine photographers can't wait for a picture's power to come out later. The impact has to be instant. Clearly, your work is deeply attuned to the physical reality of a magazine. You seem to think in terms of covers and spreads and bleeds, and the way pages need to breathe. It doesn't seem that this was always the case, however. In your earlier work it's your timing, and your instinct for what makes a photograph, that comes through—and, of course, the intimacy that's become a signature of your work. Toward the end of your time at Rolling Stone *and then with your assignments for* Vanity Fair, *and the campaigns you have done for American Express and The Gap, one can see something else happening. The photographs get more ambitious and everything's much more sophisticated. There is more of a conceptual approach, and perhaps most noticeable of all, your photographs seem much more produced.*

You're right. I could always rely on my sense of composition and form. And in the beginning it was just me and my subject. Now a whole lot of people are involved. I use assistants both in the studio and on the road, and there are agents, publicists, stylists, etc. Until I got to *Vanity Fair*, my experience with hair and makeup professionals was almost nil. Most of the time you wouldn't even dare ask someone to change their clothes. There was this feeling of "take a picture of me as I am." That's why photographing Tammy Wynette in 1972 was such a big shock. There was no publicist or anything. I just showed up at her house. She kept me waiting for about twenty minutes, and finally she came down the stairs completely dressed up. She had on a long dress, her hair was teased, curled, and sprayed, there was a lot of makeup. I felt like I was going on a date with Tammy Wynette. That was the first time I experienced someone getting dressed up for a photography session. You'll notice in the other picture from that shoot that George Jones, her husband, wasn't dressed up at all. He was a much bigger deal than she was in those days, and he kept saying, "This is Tammy's shoot."

I still prefer to go to the subject's house before a session, if that is possible. That's one of the ways I get my information, and sometimes I end up taking photographs there. But for several years now the situations have more often than not been set up. There are a variety of reasons for this, primarily that neither the subjects nor I have much time. Actually, I enjoy set-up situations as much as I do informal reportage. It feels more like what photography really is. A lot of manipulation often goes into photographs that people are trying to make look "real."

In order to do this more conceptual kind of photography, I knew I needed to work on technique. Photography's like this baby that needs to be fed all the time. It's always hungry. It needs to be read to, taken care of. I had to nourish my work with different approaches. One of the reasons that I went to *Vanity Fair* was that I knew I would have a broader range of subjects—writers, dancers, artists, and musicians of all kinds. And I wanted to learn about glamour. I admired the work of photographers like Beaton, Penn, and Avedon, as much as I respected grittier photographers such as Robert Frank. But in the same way that I'd had to find my own way of reportage, I had to find my own form of glamour.

Obviously it's different working with a team than working by yourself. For instance, you end up dealing with other people's sense of glamour as well as your own or your subject's.

I've worked with stylists who take over completely and run the shoot. And then there are those who help you develop an idea or push you to play. Sometimes the subjects do a lot of the work. Joan Collins is like that. She's such a professional. She asked for gaffer's tape for her breasts, to enhance the cleavage. I must say, though, that in general I still like the clothes that people usually wear more than anything special that's brought to a shooting. We didn't tell Sammy Davis Jr., what to wear. But there are occasions when different clothes help. For instance, with David Byrne's picture, that fake leaf jacket by Adelle Lutz was an integral part of the surreal mood we were creating.

Do you think your subjects relax more because you're a woman?

I just always think of myself as a photographer. I never separated those things. I never thought, well, I'm a woman and that's why I'm getting these images as opposed to other images, if that's what you're asking. Are you saying that there's a woman's point of view in my pictures?

Well, yes, I am suggesting that about your point of view. But I'm also thinking about what happens to an individual psychologically when he or she is in front of the camera. One of the most obvious things to grab onto in that complex experience is the person who is taking your picture.

I think that in the beginning, particularly, when I was younger, I didn't seem threatening, and that was useful. I like to think that I let the subject be whoever they want to be, and maybe the fact that I'm a woman makes that process easier. I don't know. Perhaps I empathize with the subjects more than a male photographer might, and so when I direct a sitting ideas may come more often from the people I'm photographing. For example, with the Sting picture, people ask, "How did you get Sting to undress?" Well, I didn't. We were in the desert, out in the middle of nowhere; it was very hot and stark. And he said he wanted to take his clothes off. It felt very natural to him.

Your nudes are different from most photographers'. In a way, they're dressed. You've done some that are nude nudes, but you've taken enough pictures of people who are painted to make this a mini-theme of your work. For example, there's that picture of Sting, there's "Blue Boy"—the primary-colored surfer—there's the artist Jeff Koons, all gilded up, and there are the images of Keith Haring decorated as if he were a warrior. Your photographs of Haring resound with his energy and his graphic talent. Was the session as much fun as it appears?

He was great. We had set up a living room filled with Salvation Army furniture and painted it all white. When he arrived he repainted the room in less than 45 minutes. And then he painted himself. I loved the way he painted his penis. It was so witty, with this elongated line. After we finished he said he felt completely dressed, and didn't want to stop. He wanted to go out. I was exhausted, but I said sure. The problem was, where in that outfit? We went to Times Square. There were a couple of policemen across the street, and I remember waiting to be arrested.

In most of your photographs of public figures, your subjects seem to accept the camera as a collaborator in their high-profile lives. Some of them love the camera, many of them play to it. But what about those people who agree to pose because they feel they have to put their image out there, but who really squirm at the idea? Diane Keaton, for instance, is famous for being camera shy. Your photographs of her are a kind of narrative about running away.

Keaton's a challenge. She's meticulous and she works hard at communicating that she can't communicate. She likes mystery. The first time we worked together, in 1984, she told me she disliked having her picture taken. I'd gone to her apartment. It was all white, with white furniture, and a white cat. I asked her to put on everything white that she owned and took her picture in all that white, with a white turtleneck pulled up over her face. Even her cat's looking away. The next time *Vanity Fair* asked me to take her picture, two years later, we met before the shoot and went through a lot of photography books together. Since Keaton is a photographer and director herself, this part of the process felt even more like a collaboration than usual. We were both on the other side, as it were, looking at her together. She wanted natural light for the photograph, and we had a tough time finding a rental studio in Los Angeles that had the right conditions. I was using Polapan film, which produces a very delicate negative that you can look at right away. And we studied the pictures as they were being done. There was a wonderful moment in which she started to do a little jig that seemed to me to catch her quirkiness. The second she began to do it, I started shooting. The dance didn't go on for very long, but it was riveting. It was an experiment for her, and that's also what was so fascinating about it. I can think of only two other times that people sort of lost it with their bodies when I was photographing them. One time was with Keith Richards because he was on something, and again with Ray Charles, because he is blind. The pictures show how the body would react if it weren't always trying to correct itself.

Clearly, dance is a subject that matters to you. The dance photographs that you end your book with are your most aes-

thetic, classical work. How long have you been interested in photographing dancers?

Dance is a deep-down love, probably because of my mother. She was a modern dancer. It's what she had always wanted to do. If she hadn't gotten married and had six children, who knows what she could have been? And I always took classes. If there wasn't a teacher where we were living, she'd teach the class. The picture of her dancing in the early seventies was taken on one of my trips back home. She had her leotard on, and I photographed her dancing in front of an old wall in the country. It was a wonderful shooting for me, because it was the first time my mother was the dancer and I was her photographer.

Photographing dancers for *Vanity Fair* was very much something I wanted to do. The magazine gave me the chance to take portraits of Baryshnikov, Mark Morris, Suzanne Farrell, Darci Kistler, and Paul Taylor. Because of that work, I was asked to do the photographs for American Ballet Theatre's 50th Anniversary souvenir book. And I worked with Baryshnikov and Morris again recently when they collaborated on the White Oak Dance Project tour, which was put together at a private wildlife reserve in Florida. It was a historic grouping of dancers. I spent several weeks down there working with them, which was a great luxury, but there was still that feeling of not having enough time to do what one hopes for. And I couldn't rush things. I had to be sensitive about when to shoot, how to shoot, etc.

I took a lot of books on dance with me to the plantation at White Oak. I studied the work of other photographers who had done things with dancers—Arnold Genthe, who collaborated with Isadora Duncan, Edward Steichen, George Platt Lynes, Lois Greenfield, Barbara Morgan, whose photographs of Martha Graham were a model of how I wanted to work with a dancer. The White Oak dancers looked at the books as well.

Dancers are a photographer's dream. They communicate with their bodies, and they are trained to be completely responsive to a collaborative situation. At White Oak, I set up a portable studio outside in the woods, near the studio where they were rehearsing. You didn't hear anything except the trees and the birds. The dancers told me that they liked working out there because what they were learning stayed with them longer. It sort of soaked into them as they walked back home from the studio through the woods, uninterrupted by the usual noise. And I wanted to be in the same place. I shot the formal portraits in the morning and at the end of the day, in natural light. When I took on the project I knew I was going to do pages of blur like the one of the naked dancers among the trees. The idea came from looking at Alexey Brodovitch's ballet photographs.

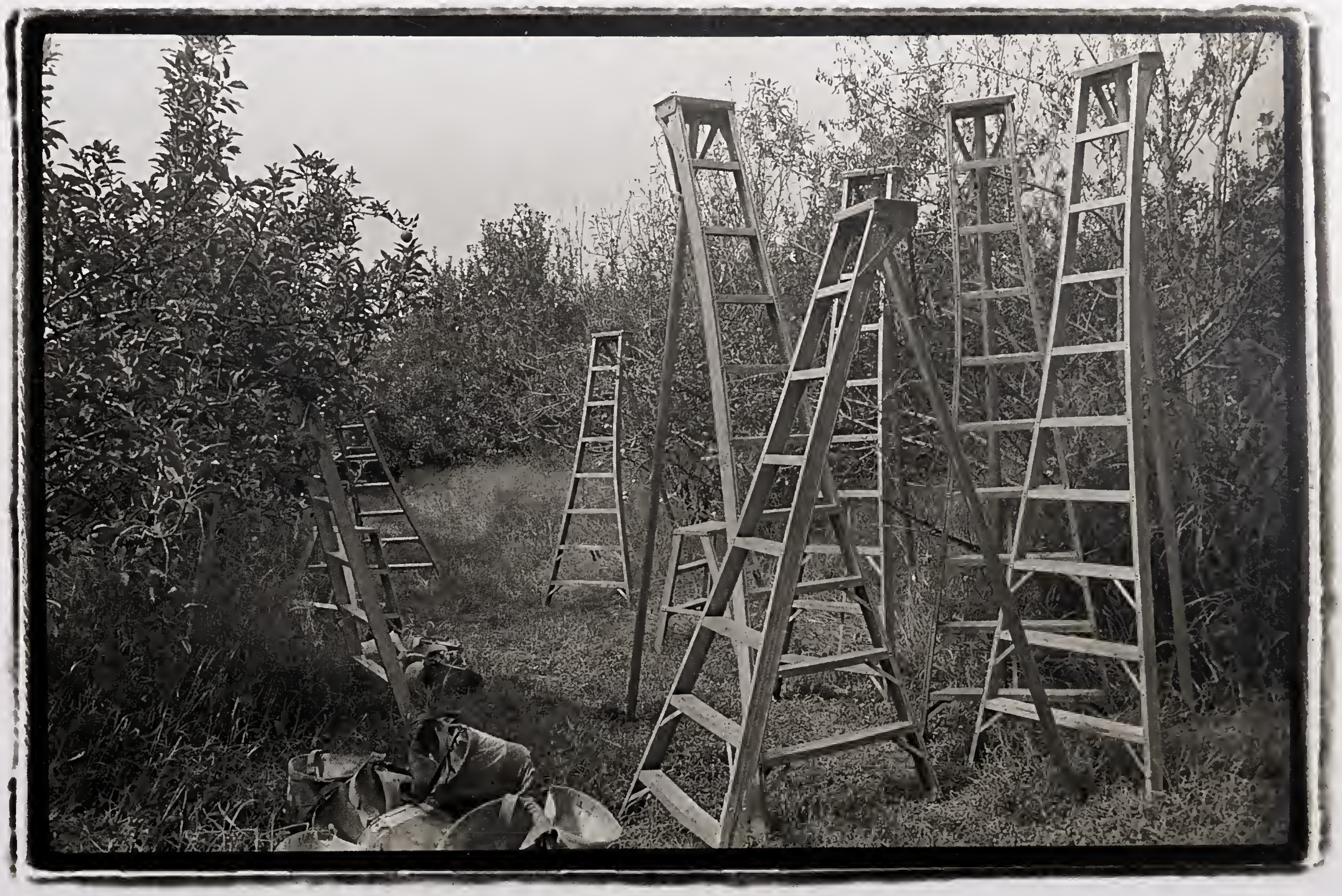
Mark Morris is an especially important dancer for me. By the time I had begun to go to the ballet, there was only Balanchine's shadow. People were always telling me how great Balanchine had been, but he seemed distant to me. And then I began seeing Mark's work, and he was so much a contemporary, but with very solid links to the past. There was also something timeless about his dances. He seemed to be able to draw from anything. The way the men partner the men, and the women carry the women, the way they all carry each other is just one example of his freedom. He's not a beautiful-looking man, and yet he's beautiful to watch. He's mesmerizing. One afternoon at White Oak I walked in and saw him on a couch. He was lying there so elegantly that I realized I didn't have to photograph him dancing. Later we went to an island and did that "Rousseau" portrait.

Do you ever think about doing a self-portrait?

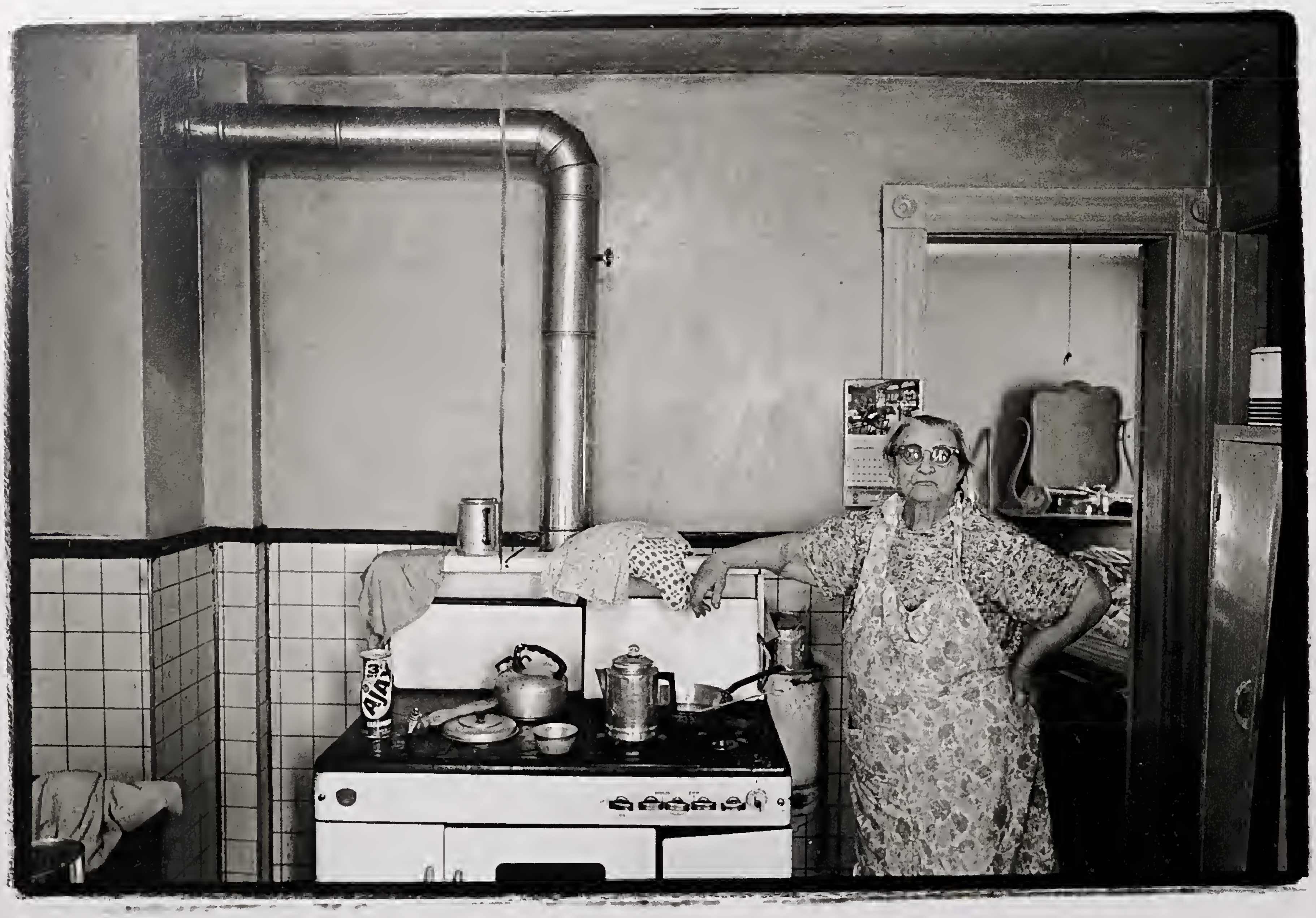
In my early work there are pictures of me reflected in mirrors, and last year *Vanity Fair* asked me to do myself. I didn't actually shoot myself, my assistant did, but I set up the picture. I had just finished photographing Robert Redford, and I was standing in the middle of the dry lake beds outside Salt Lake City with all my equipment. But I was too nervous to get it right.

So how would you do it right?

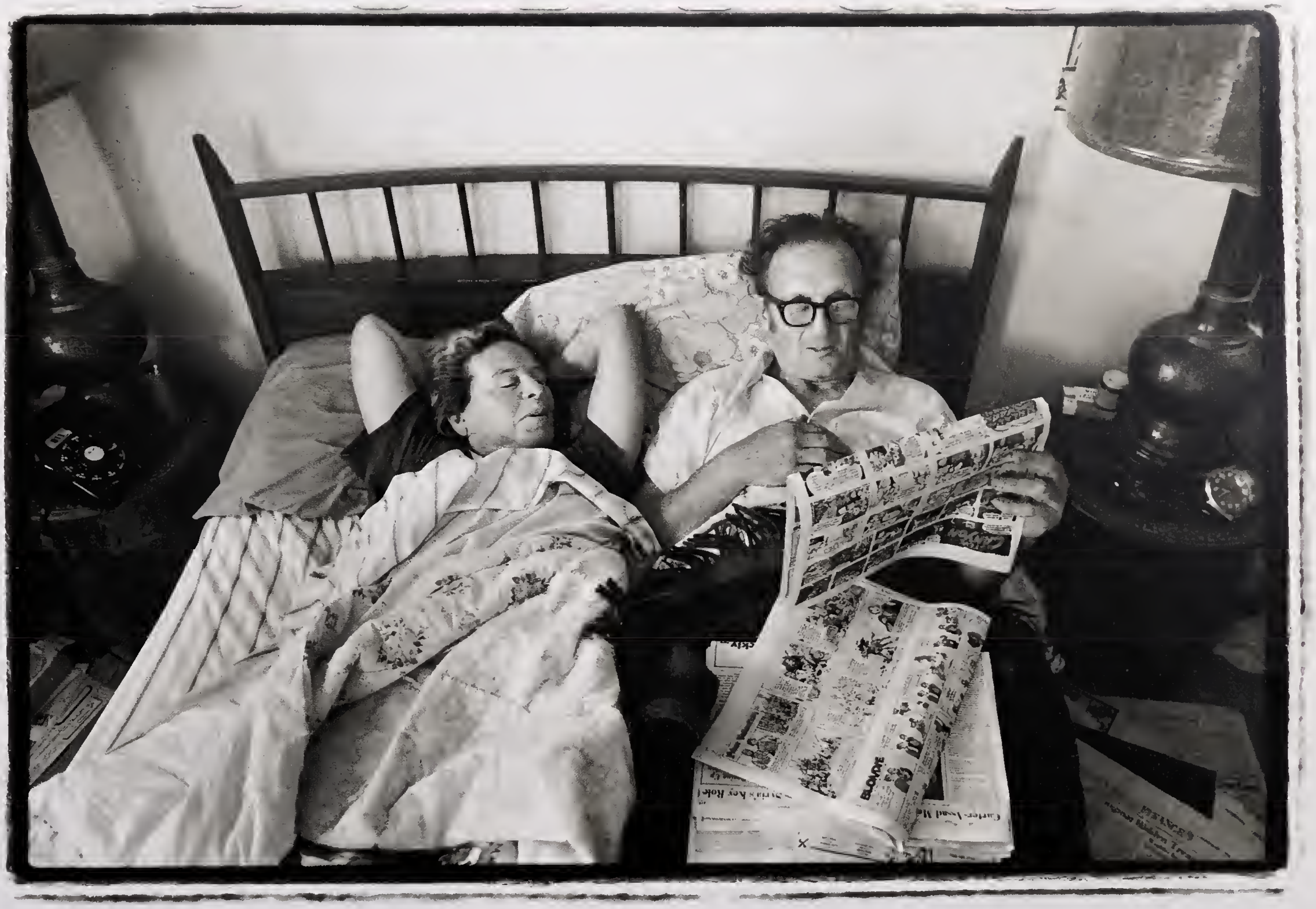
I think self-portraits are very difficult. I've always seen mine as straightforward, very stripped down, hair pulled back. No shirt. Whatever light happened to be available. I'd want it to be very graphic—about darkness and light. No one else should be there, but I'm scared to do it by myself. I've been thinking about it for a long time. The whole idea of a self-portrait is strange. I'm so strongly linked to how I see through the camera that to get to the other side of it would be difficult. It would be as if I were taking a photograph in the dark.



Kibbutz Amir, *Israel, 1969*

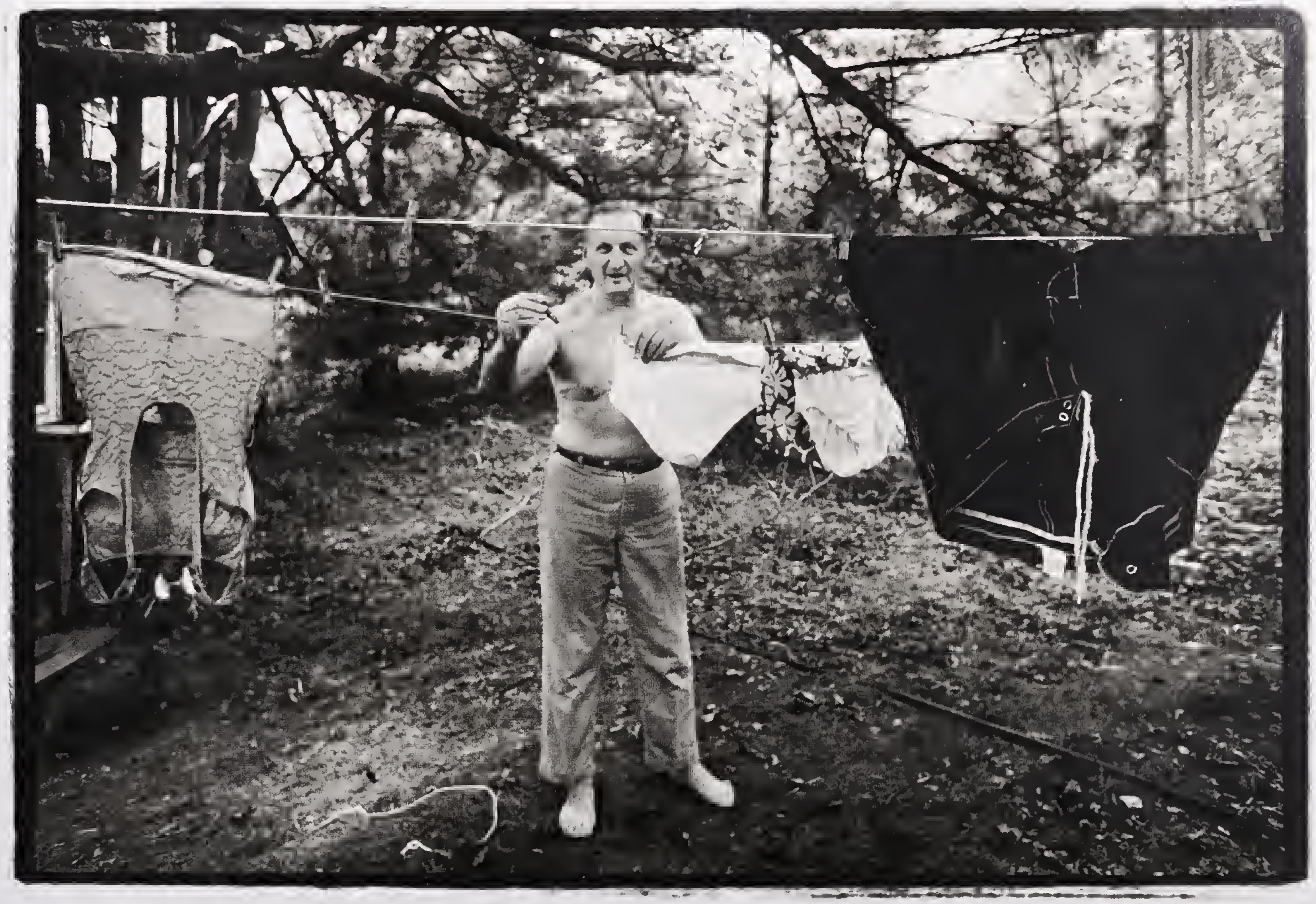


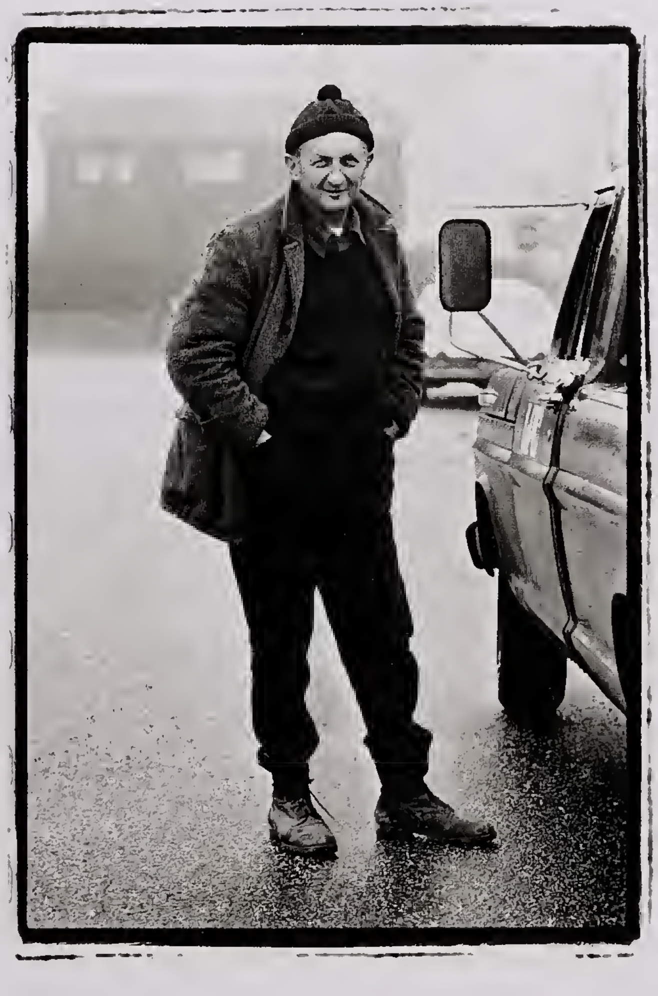
Rachel Leibovitz, *Waterbury, Connecticut, 1974*

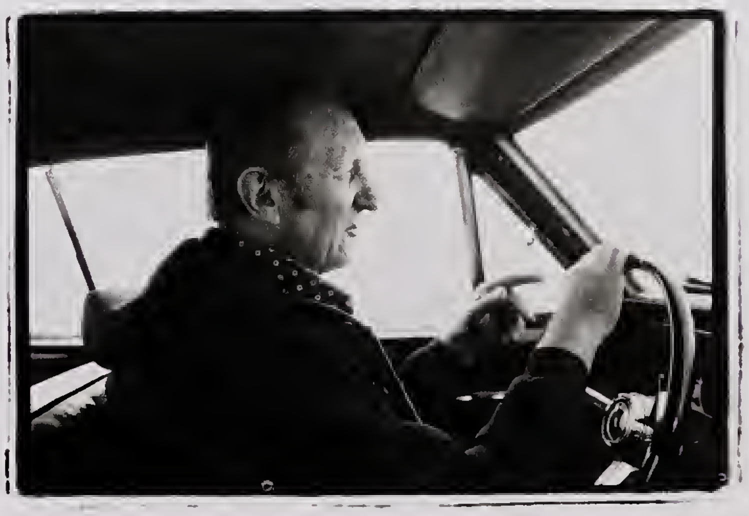


Marilyn and Samuel Leibovitz, *Silver Spring, Maryland, 1975*

Marilyn Leibovitz, *Ellenville, New York, 1974*



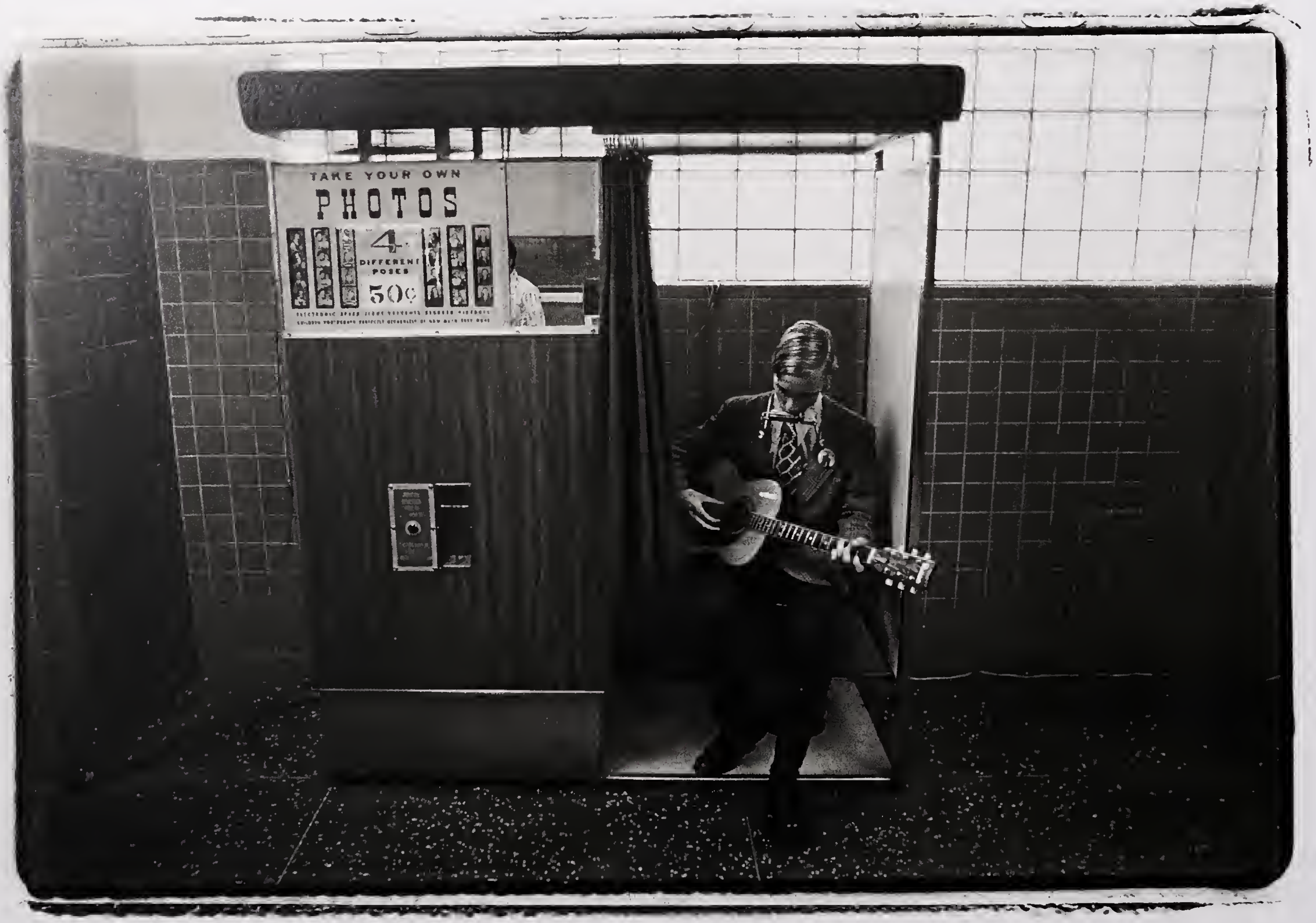




Samuel Leibovitz, *Ellenville, New York, 1974, and Silver Spring, Maryland, 1972*

Highway 101, California, 1973

Annie Leibovitz and Bobby Steinbrecher, *Highway 101, California, 1974*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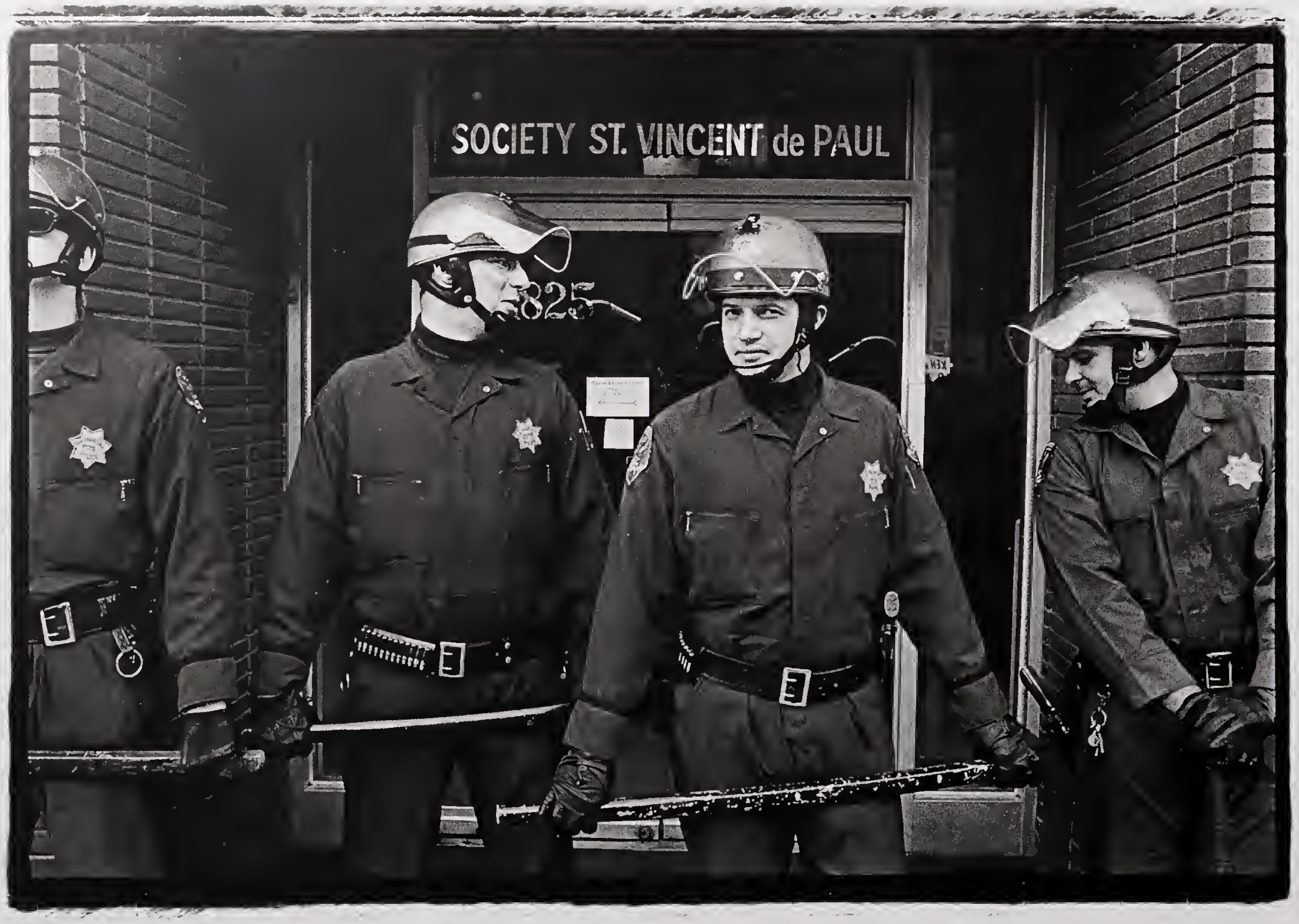
Houston, Texas, 1973

On the road with Jackson Browne, *Iowa, 1976*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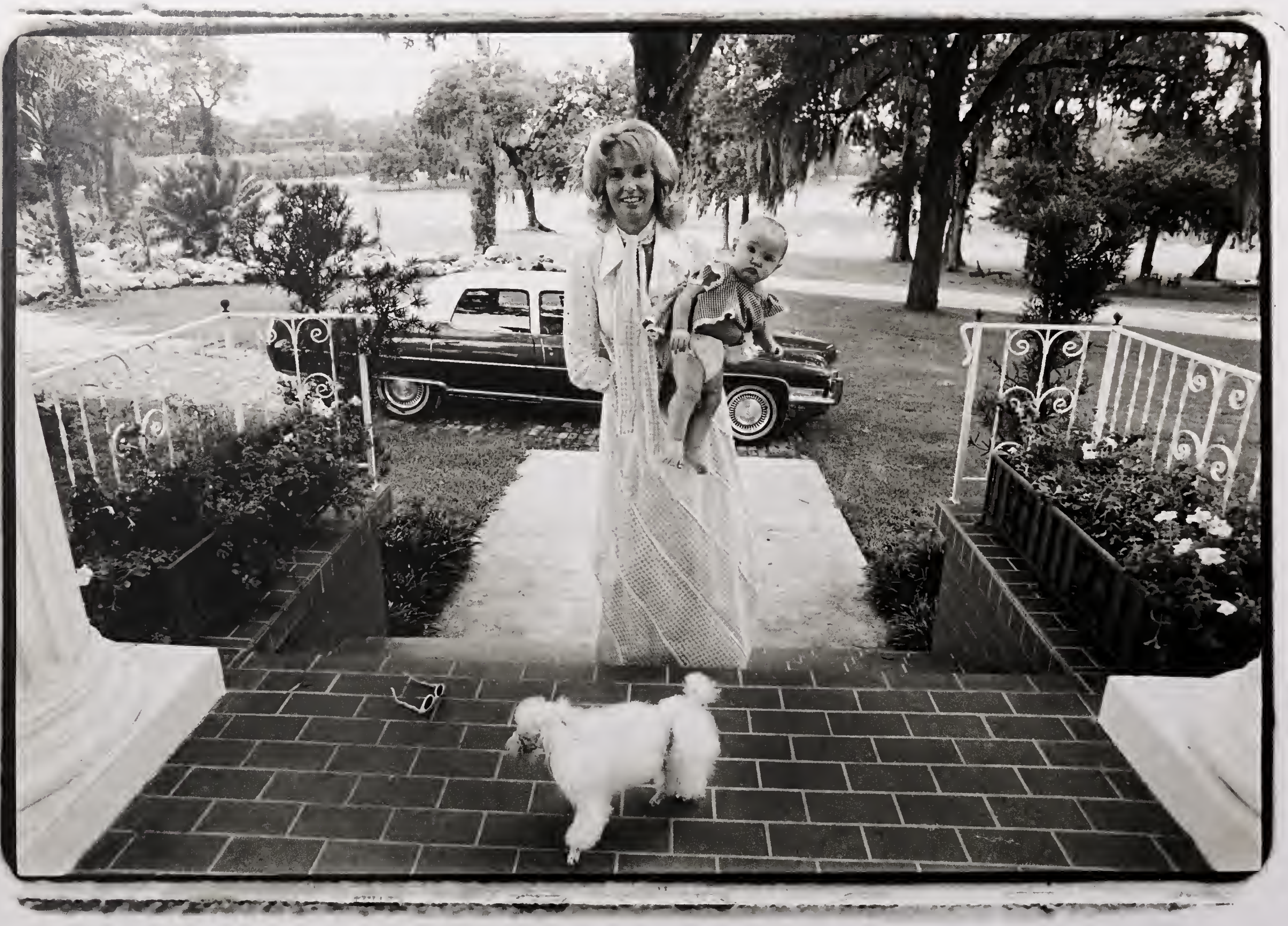
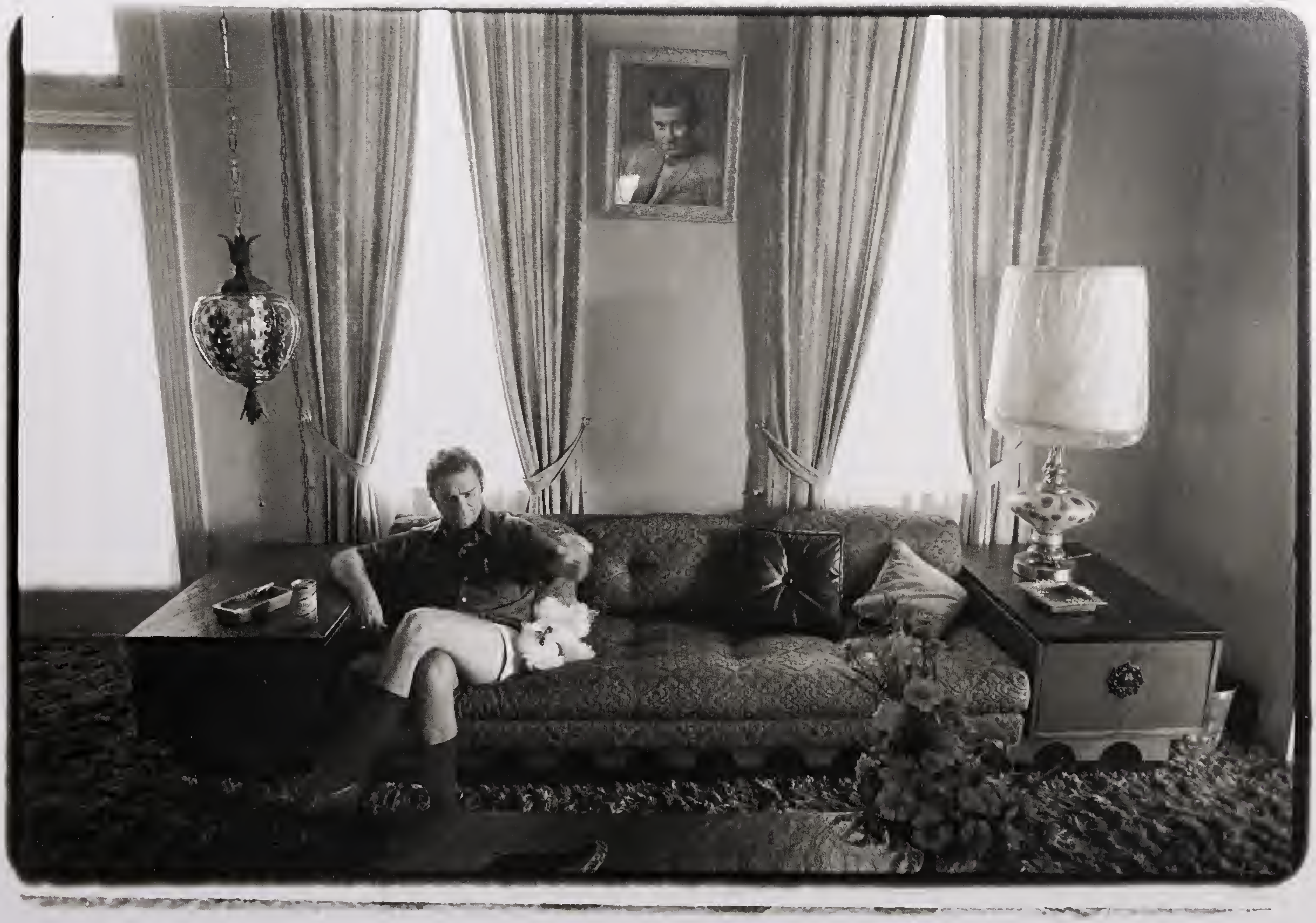
Antiwar demonstration, *San Francisco, 1970*

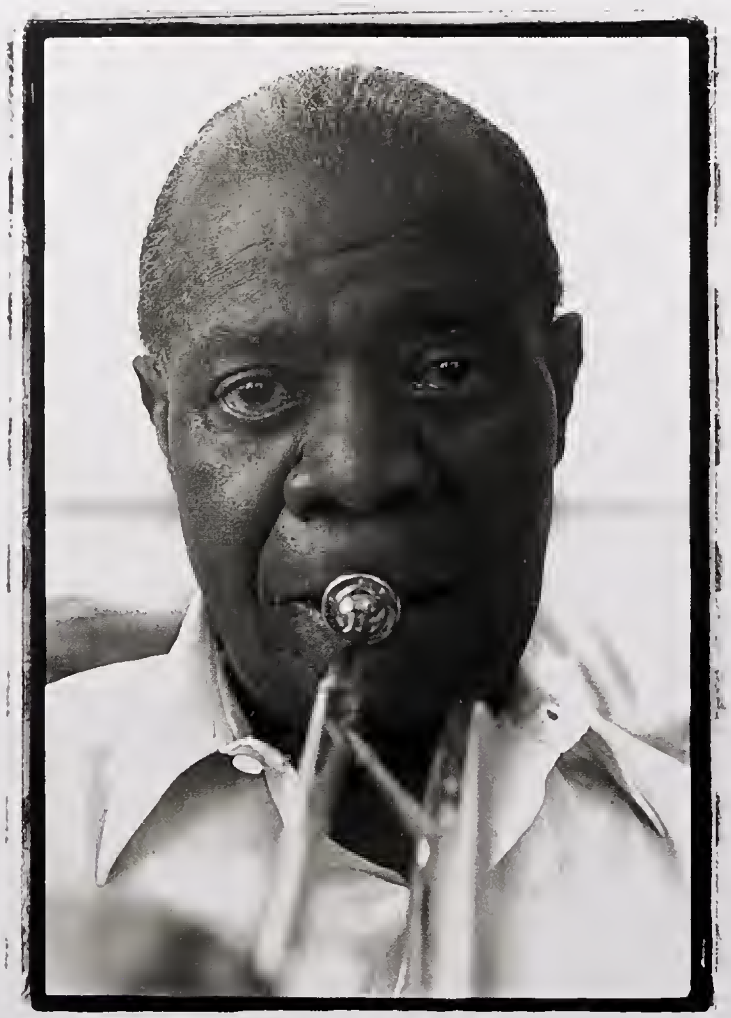
John Lennon, *New York City, 1970*



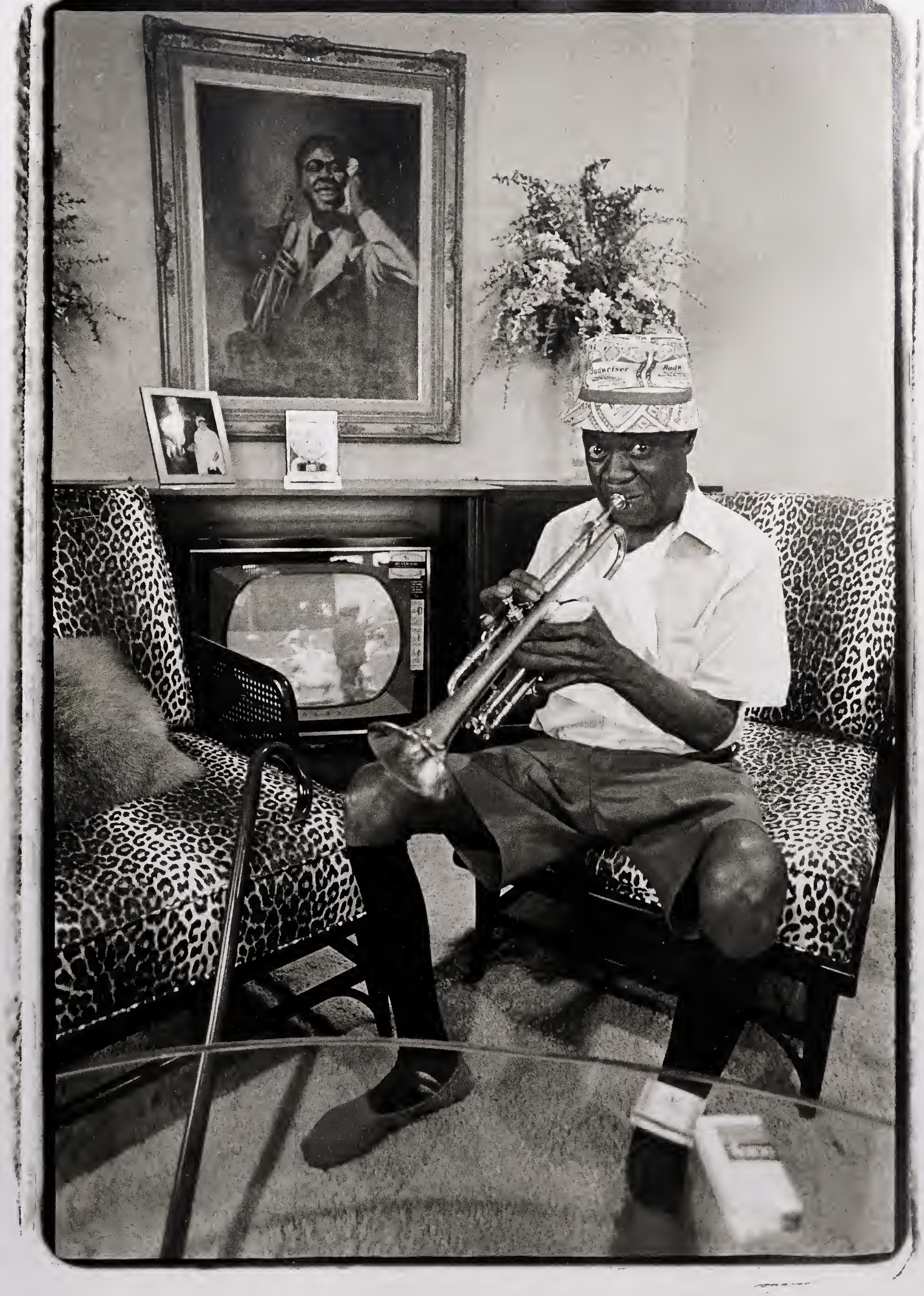
Tammy Wynette, *Lakeland, Florida, 1971*



George Jones, *Lakeland, Florida, 1971*



Louis Armstrong, *Queens, New York, 1971*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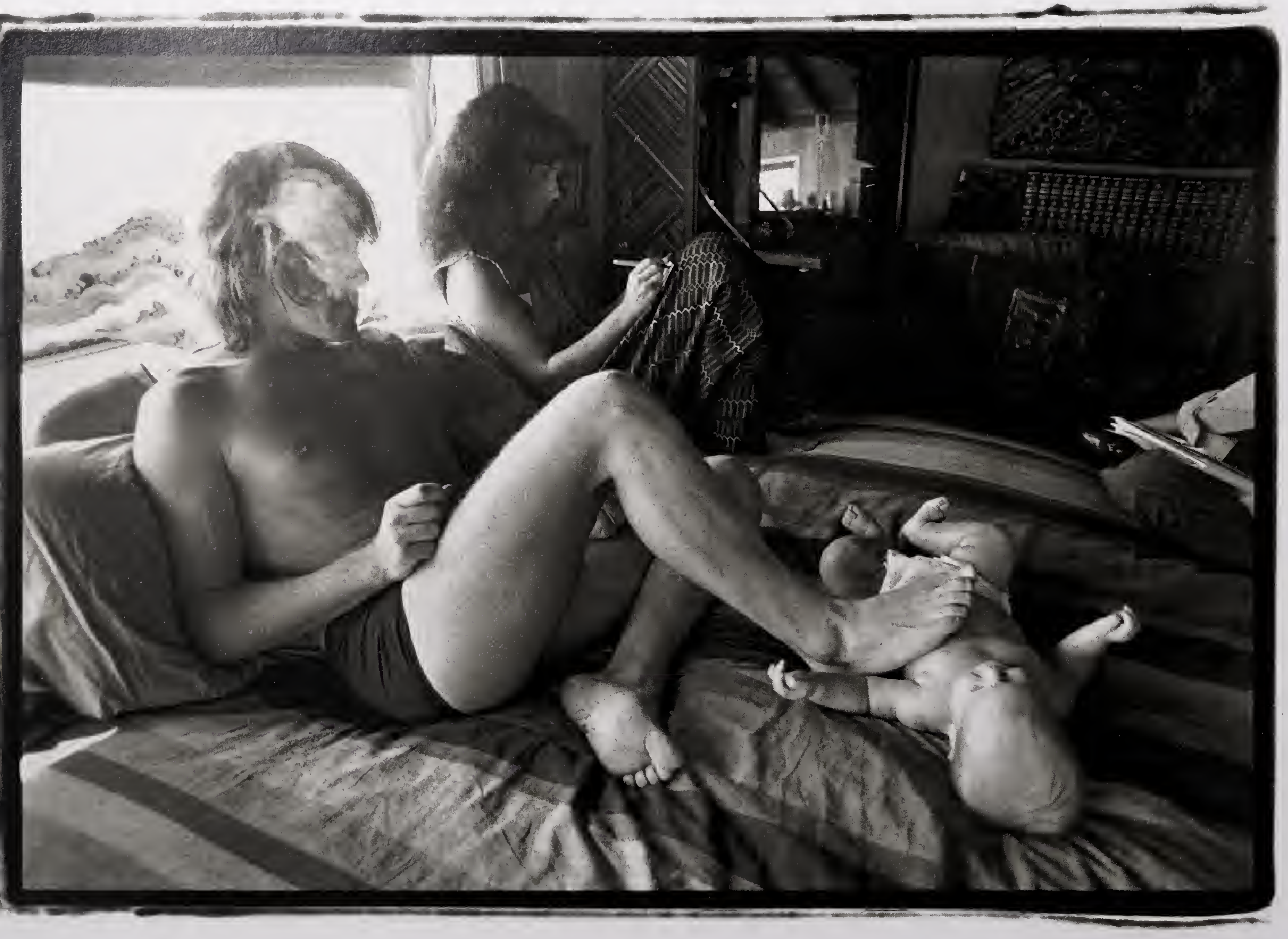
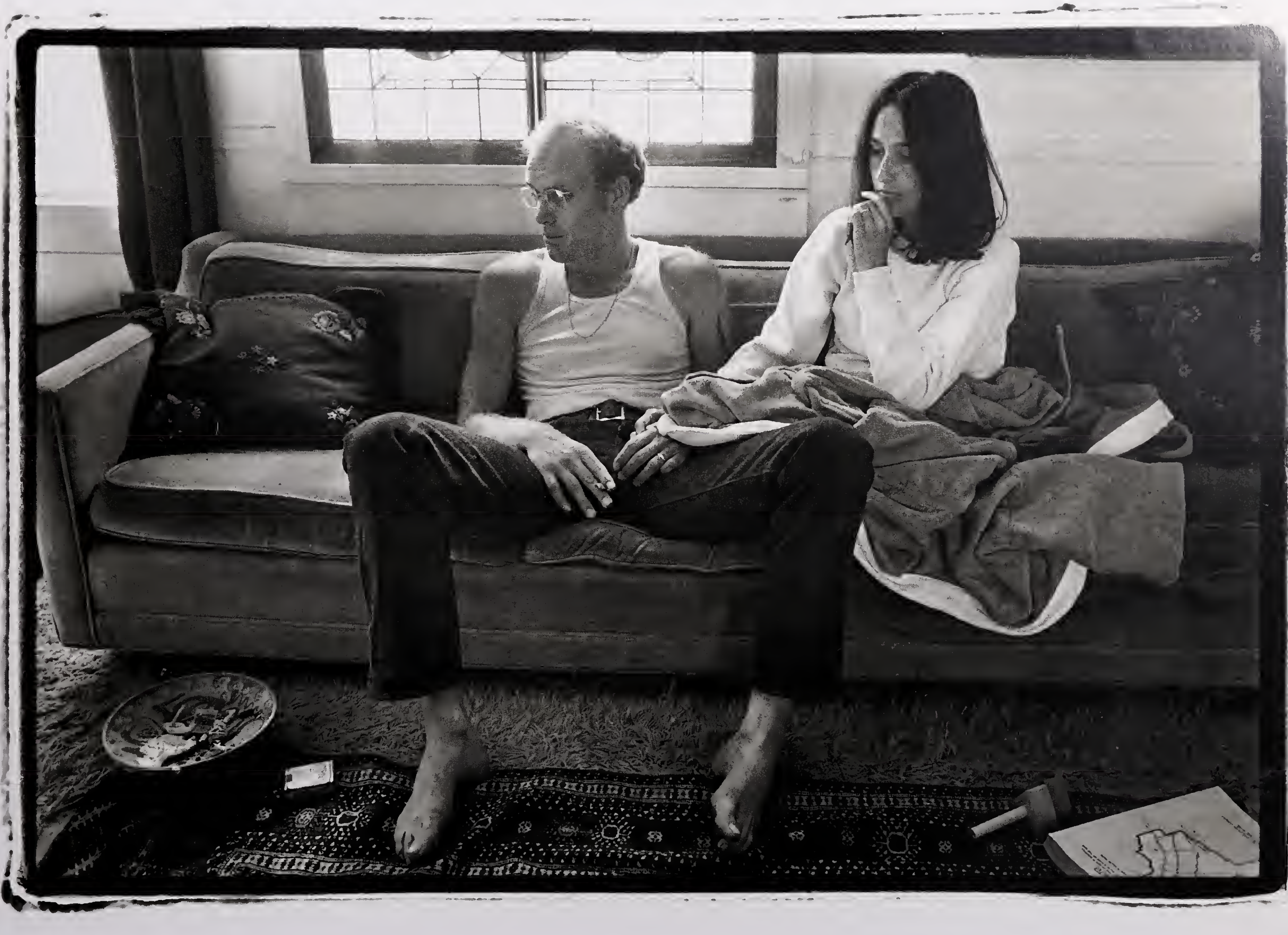
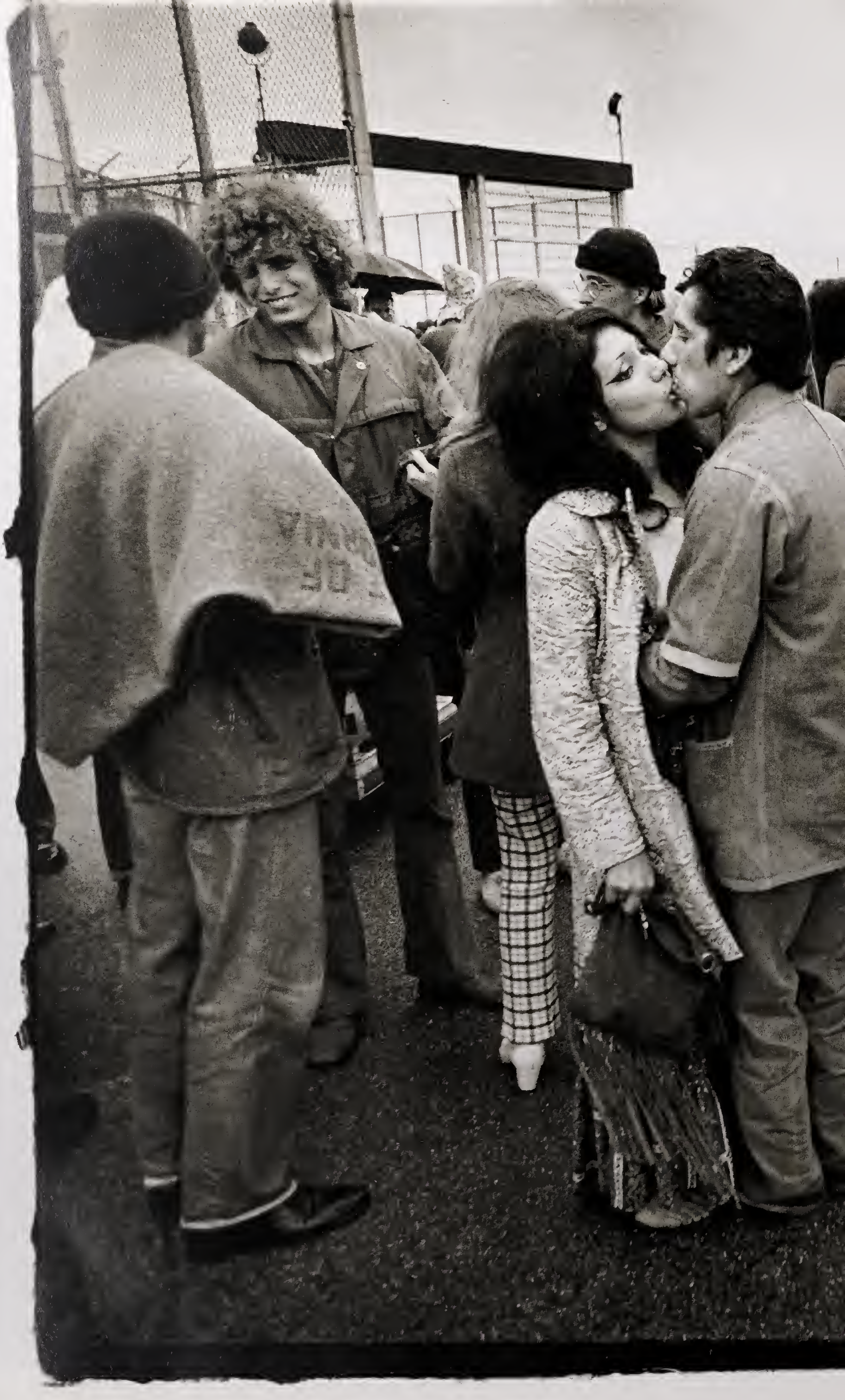
Jerry Garcia, *New York City, 1973*



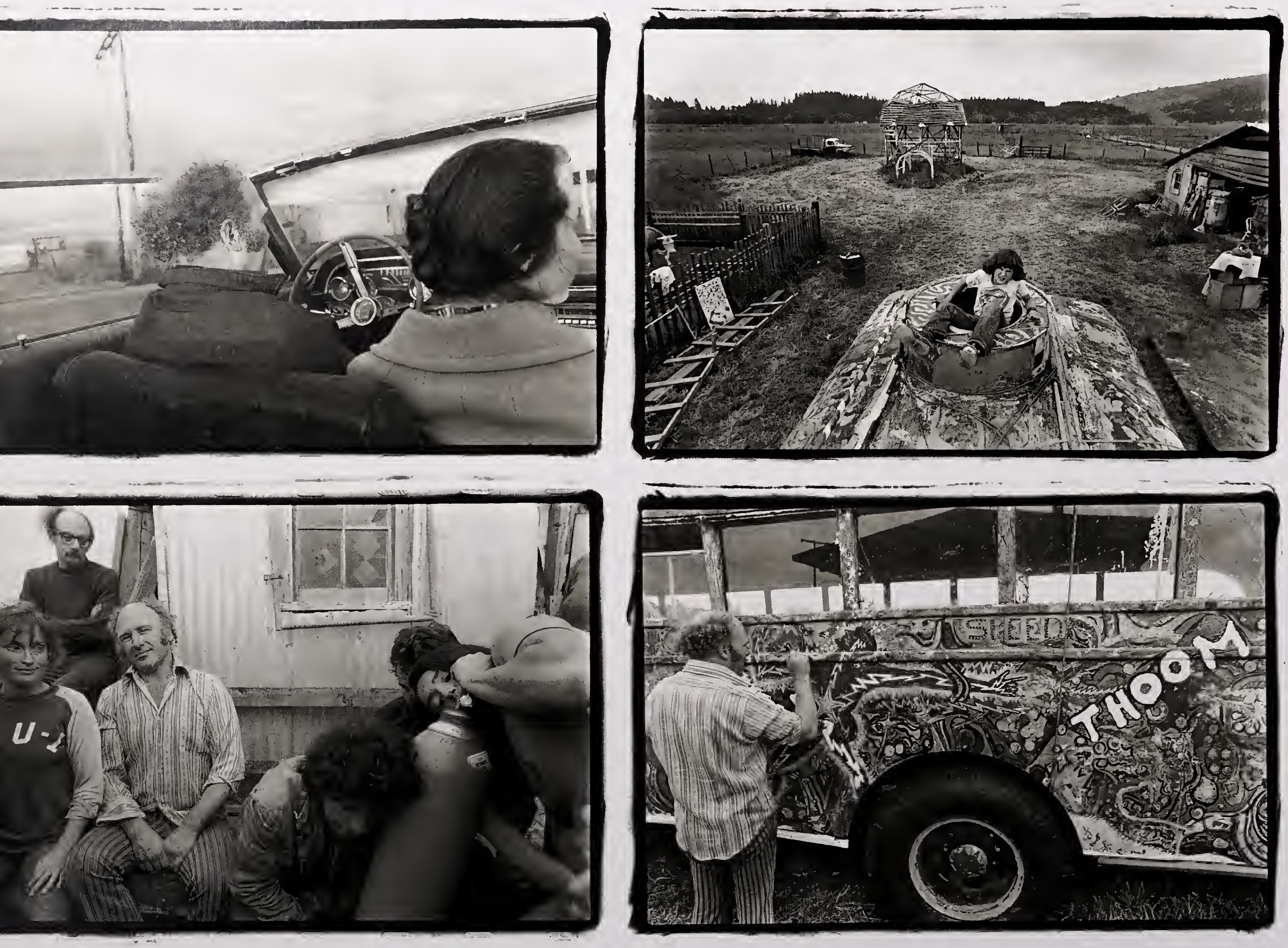
Paul Kantner, Grace Slick, and China, *Bolinas, California, 1971*



David Harris and Joan Baez, *Los Altos, California, 1971*



Christmas, 1971,
Soledad Prison, California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Ken Kesey's farm, *Eugene, Oregon, 1974*

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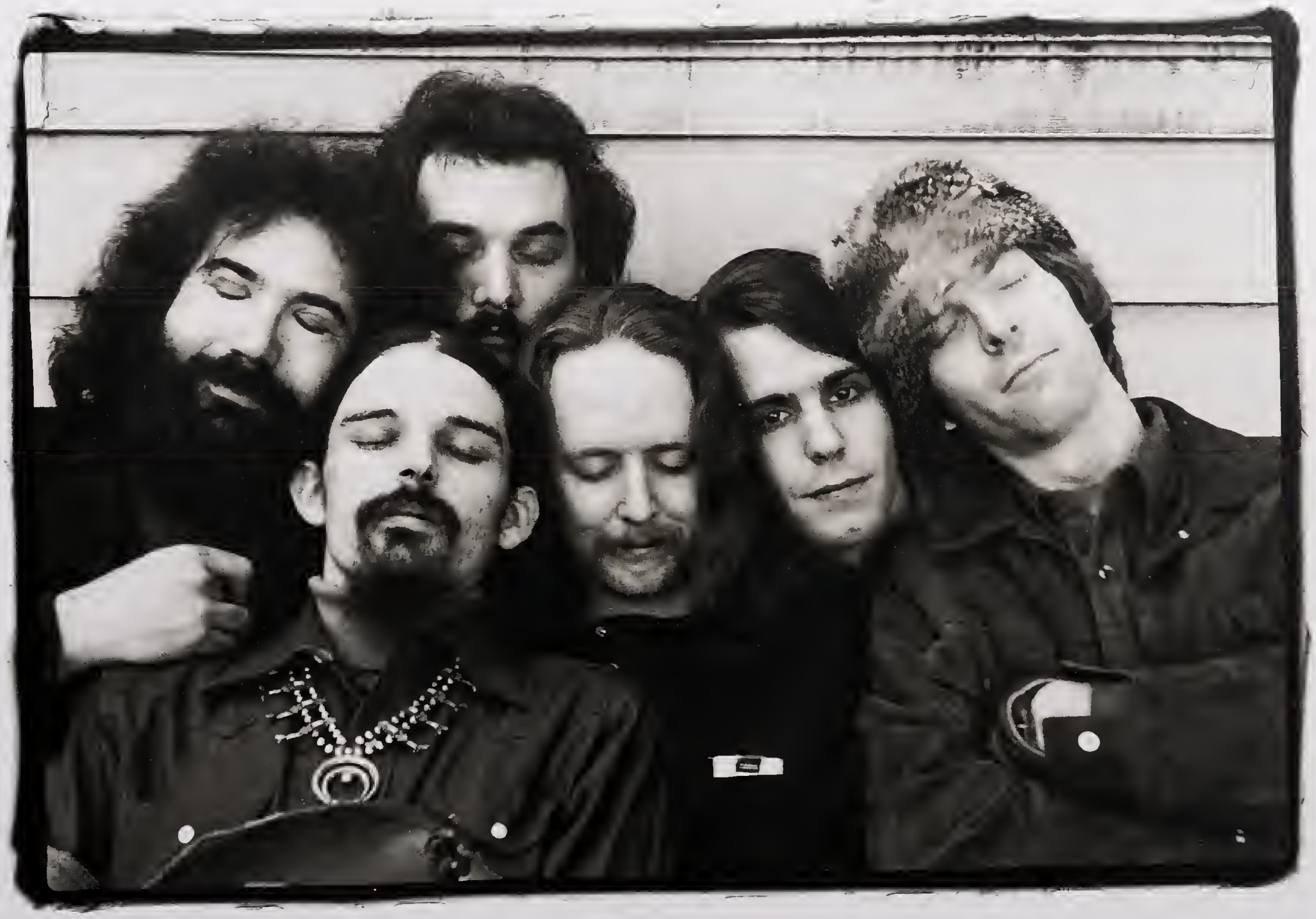
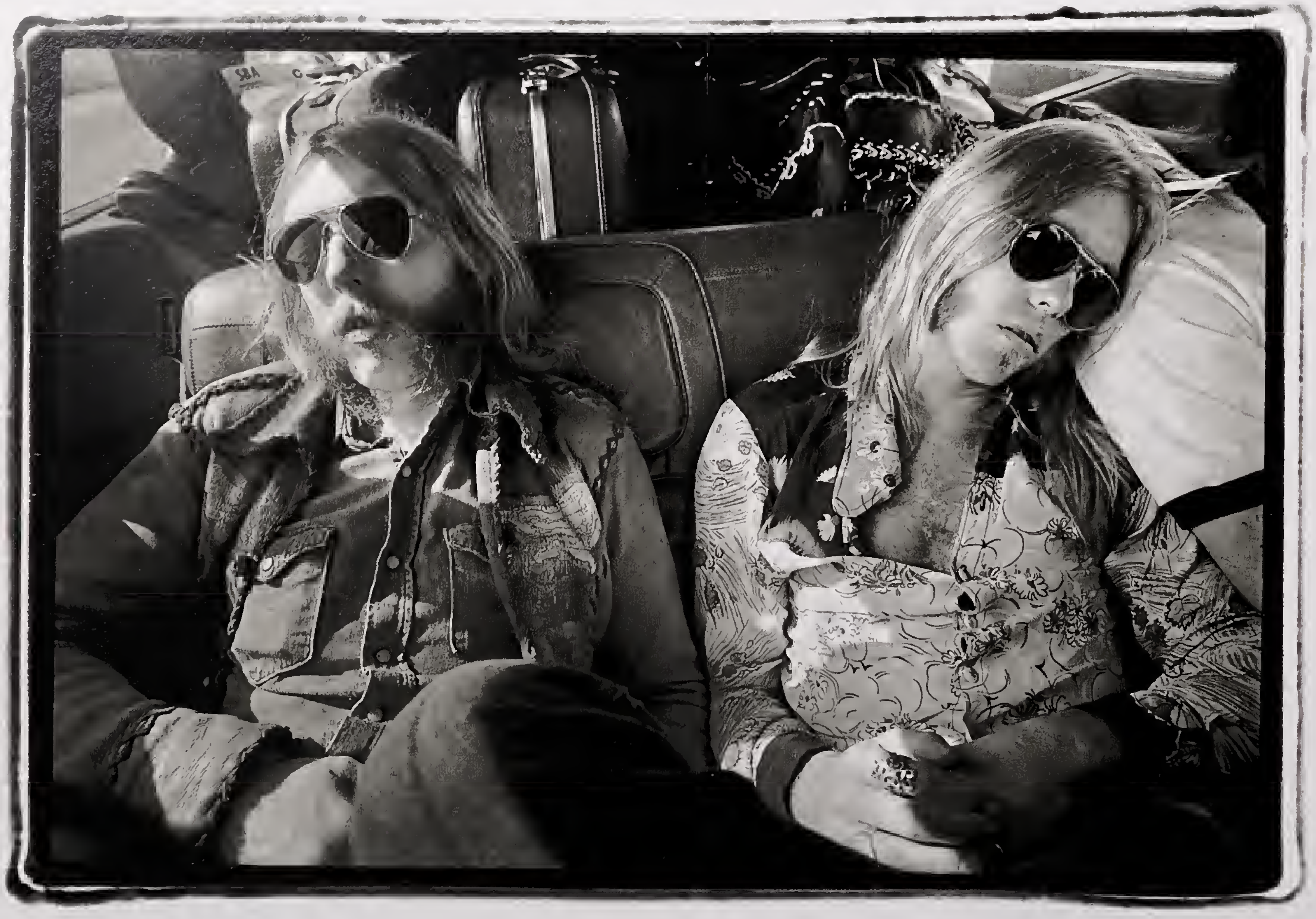


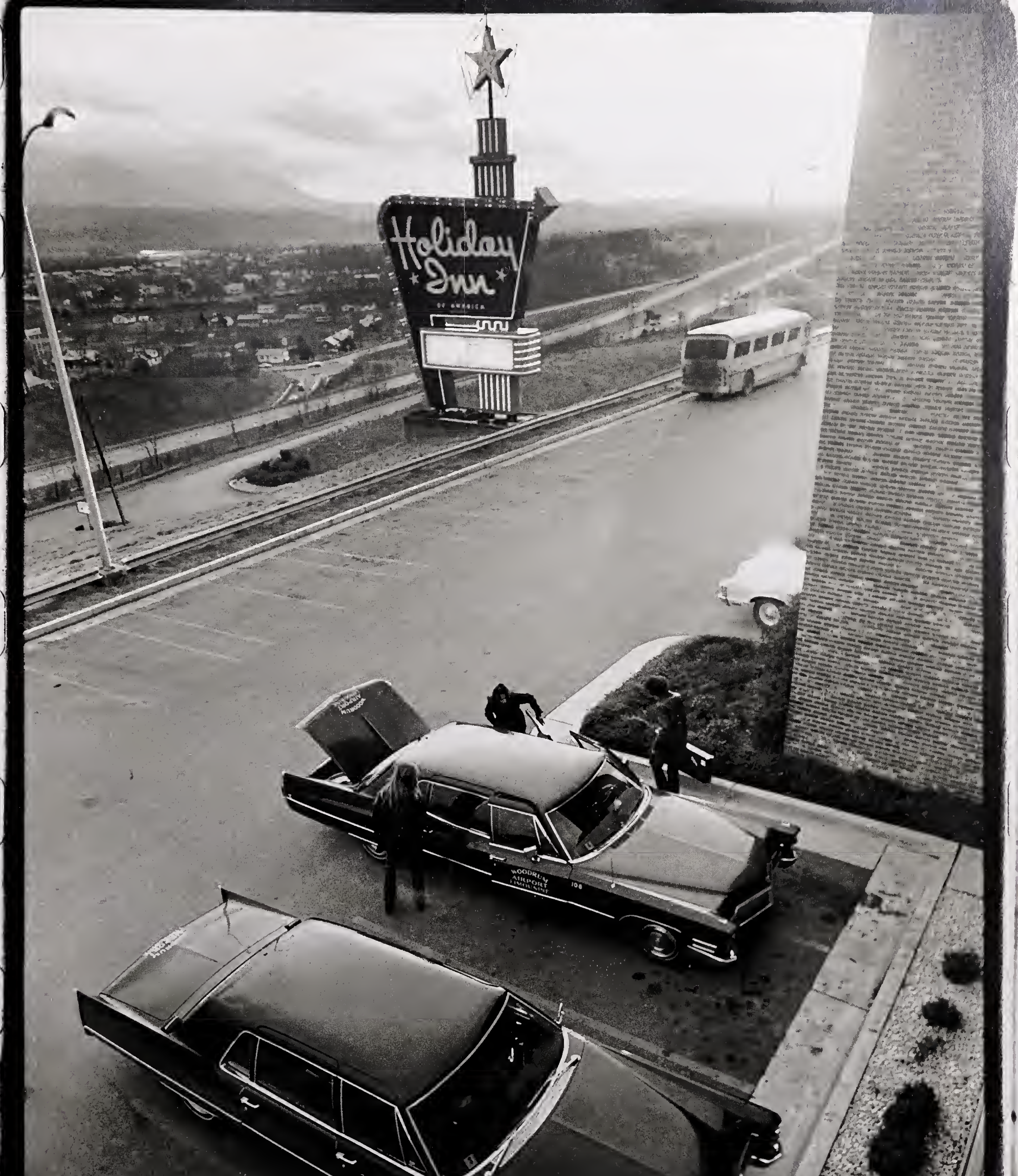
Bill Graham, *San Francisco, 1974*

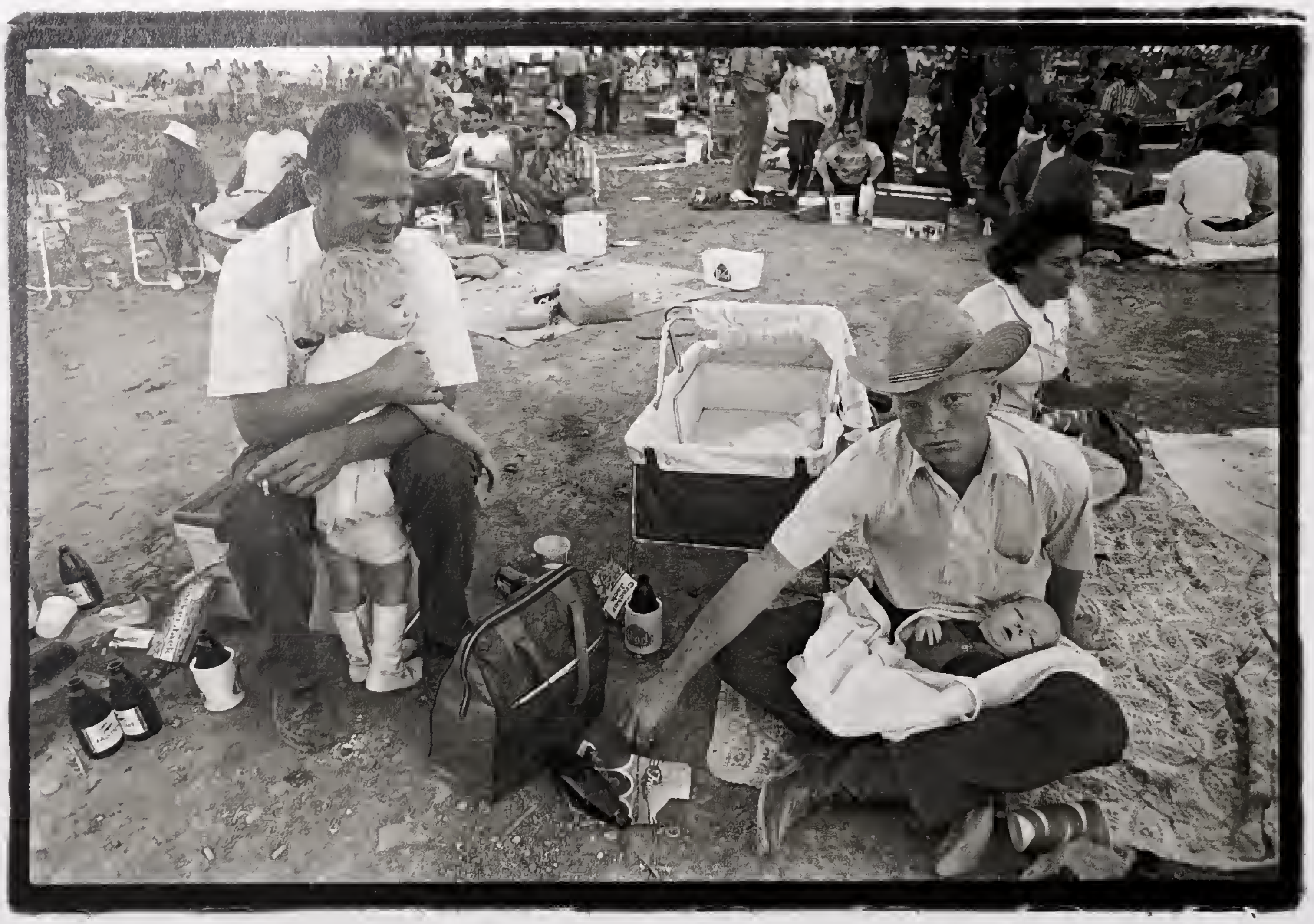
The Grateful Dead, *San Rafael, California, 1972*

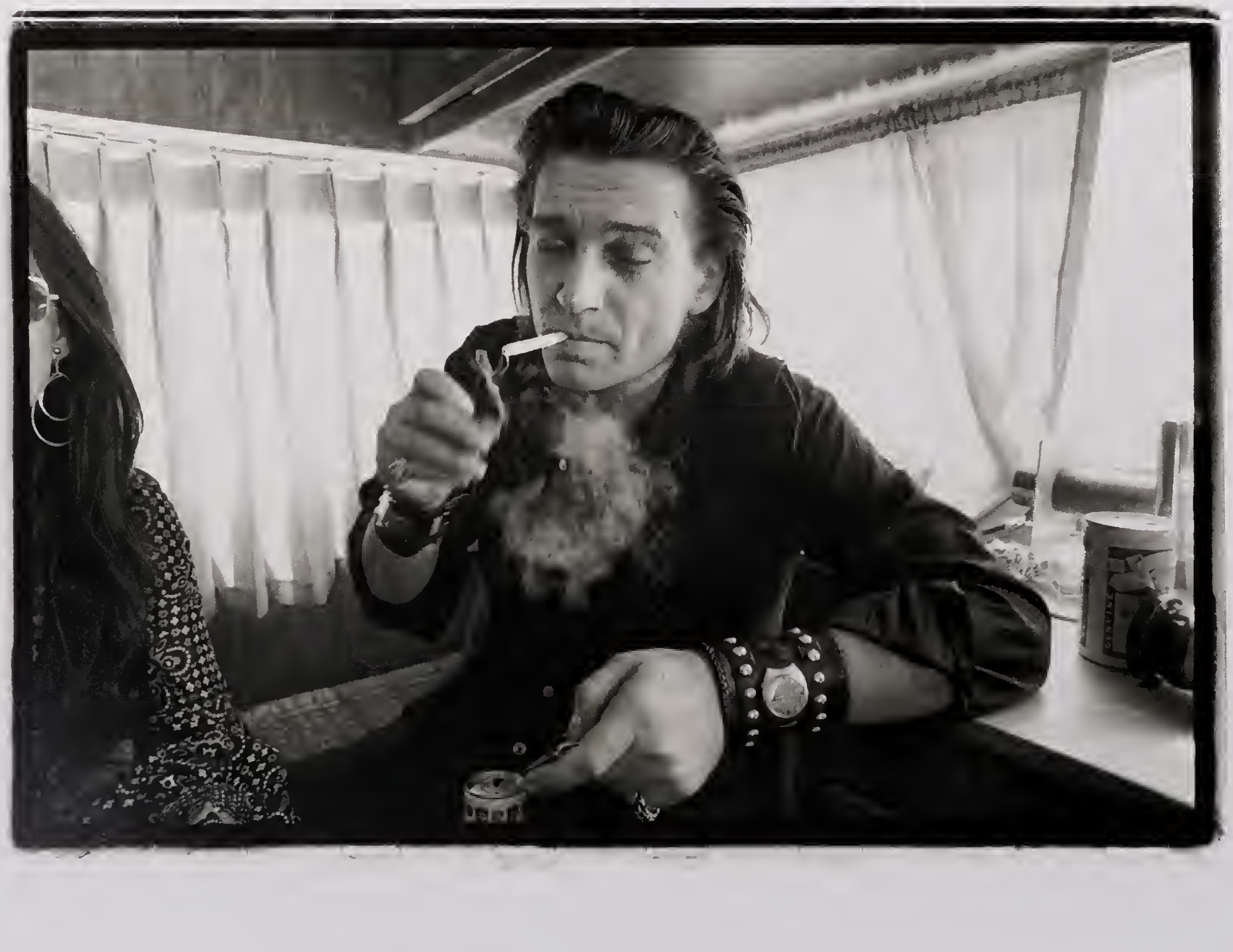


Duane and Gregg Allman, *Ventura, California, 1971*

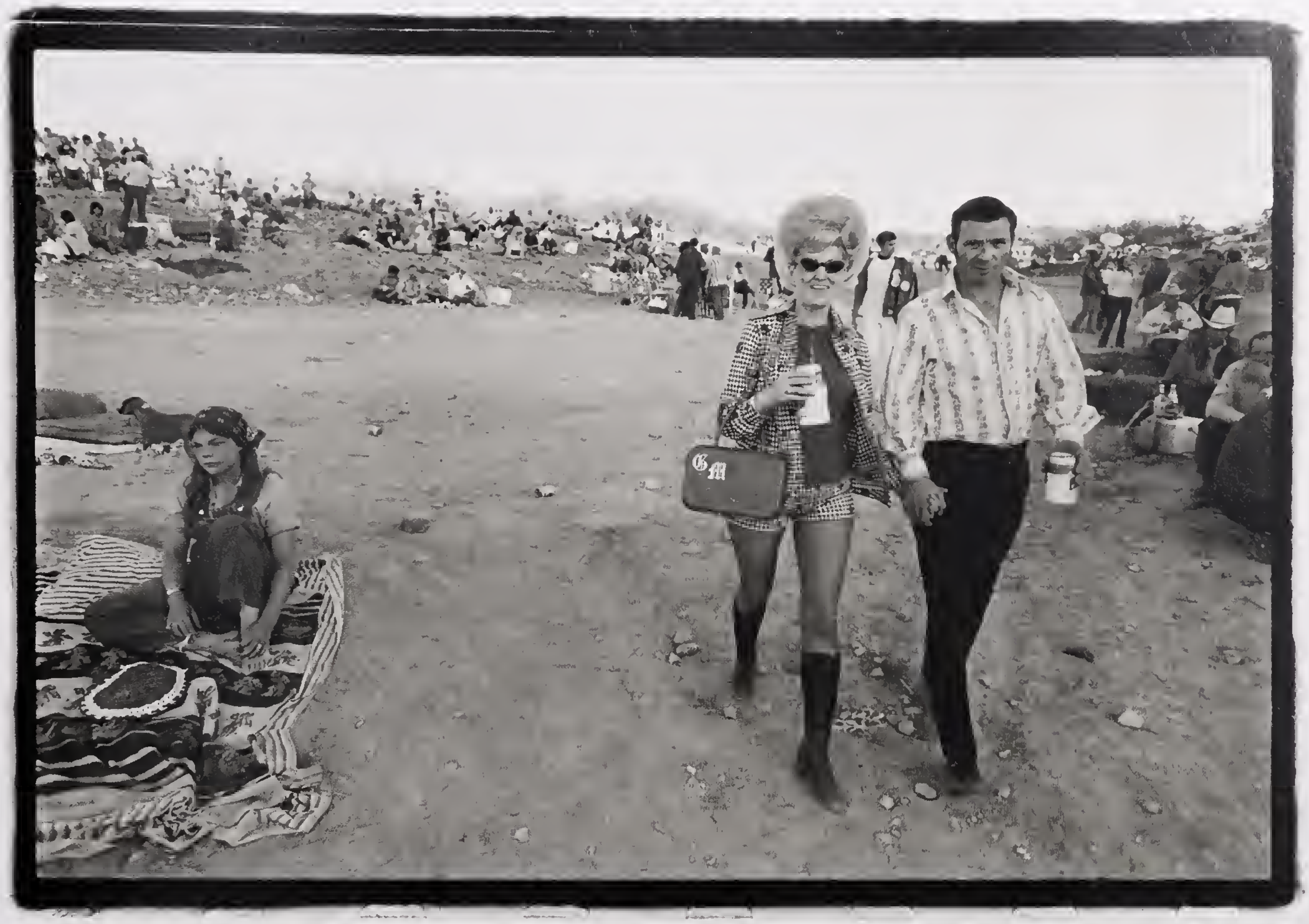
On the road with Alice Cooper, *Roanoke, Virginia, 1972*


Holiday Inn
OF AMERICA
WOODRUM AIRPORT LIMOUSINE
106
WOODRUM AIRPORT LIMOUSINE
101





Dripping Springs Reunion, *Texas, 1972.* Waylon Jennings (bottom left) and Hank Snow (bottom right)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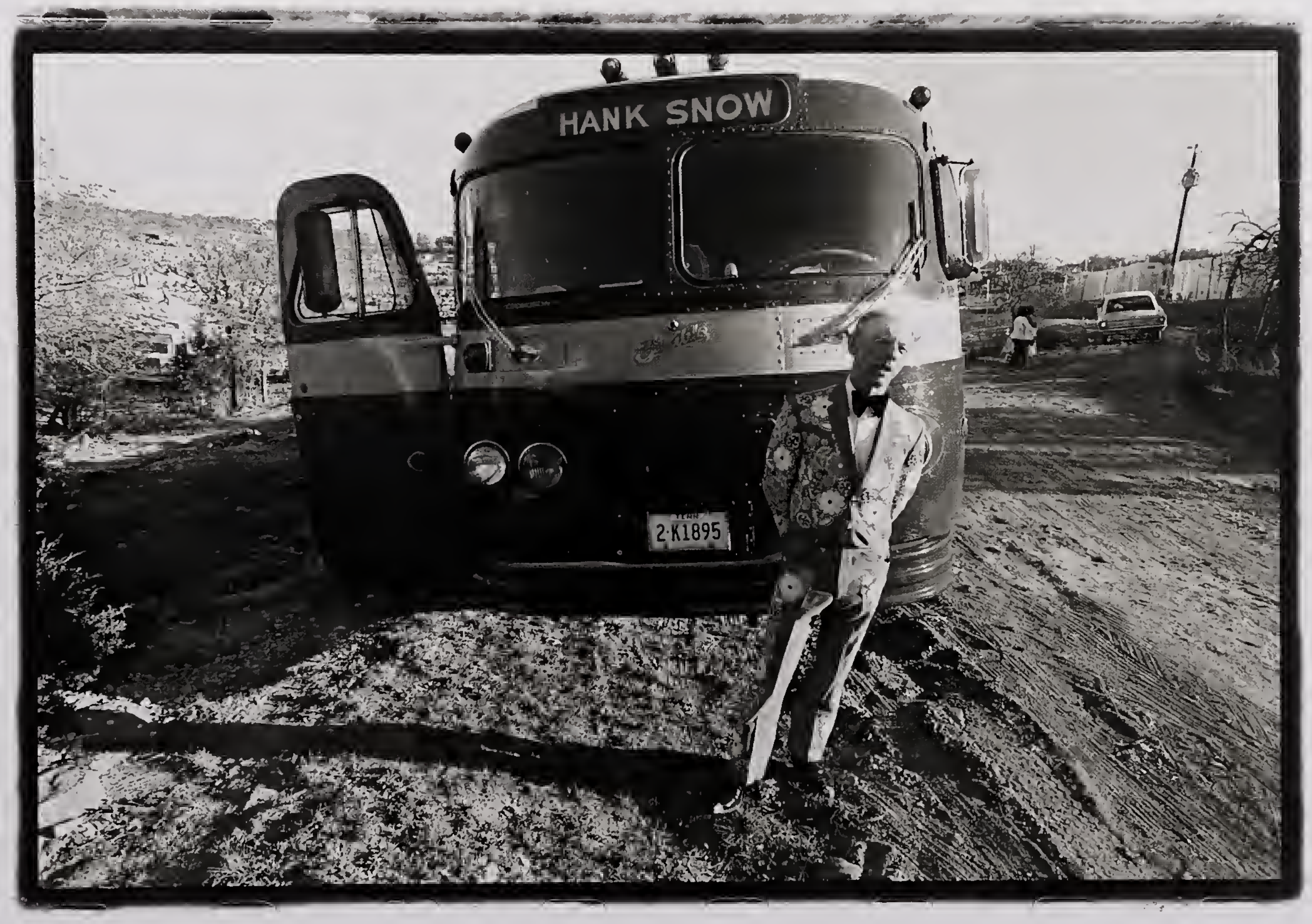
HANK SNOW
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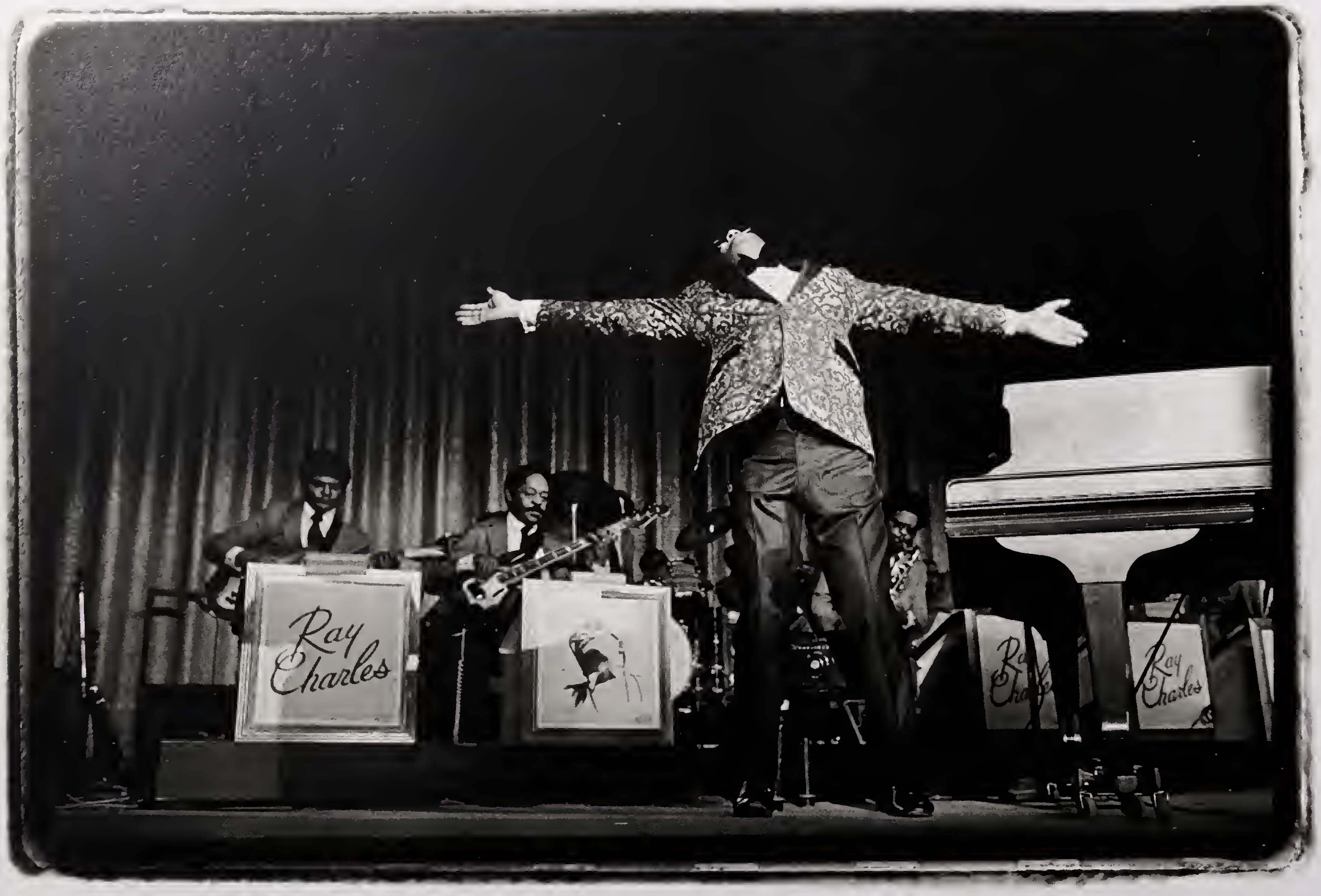
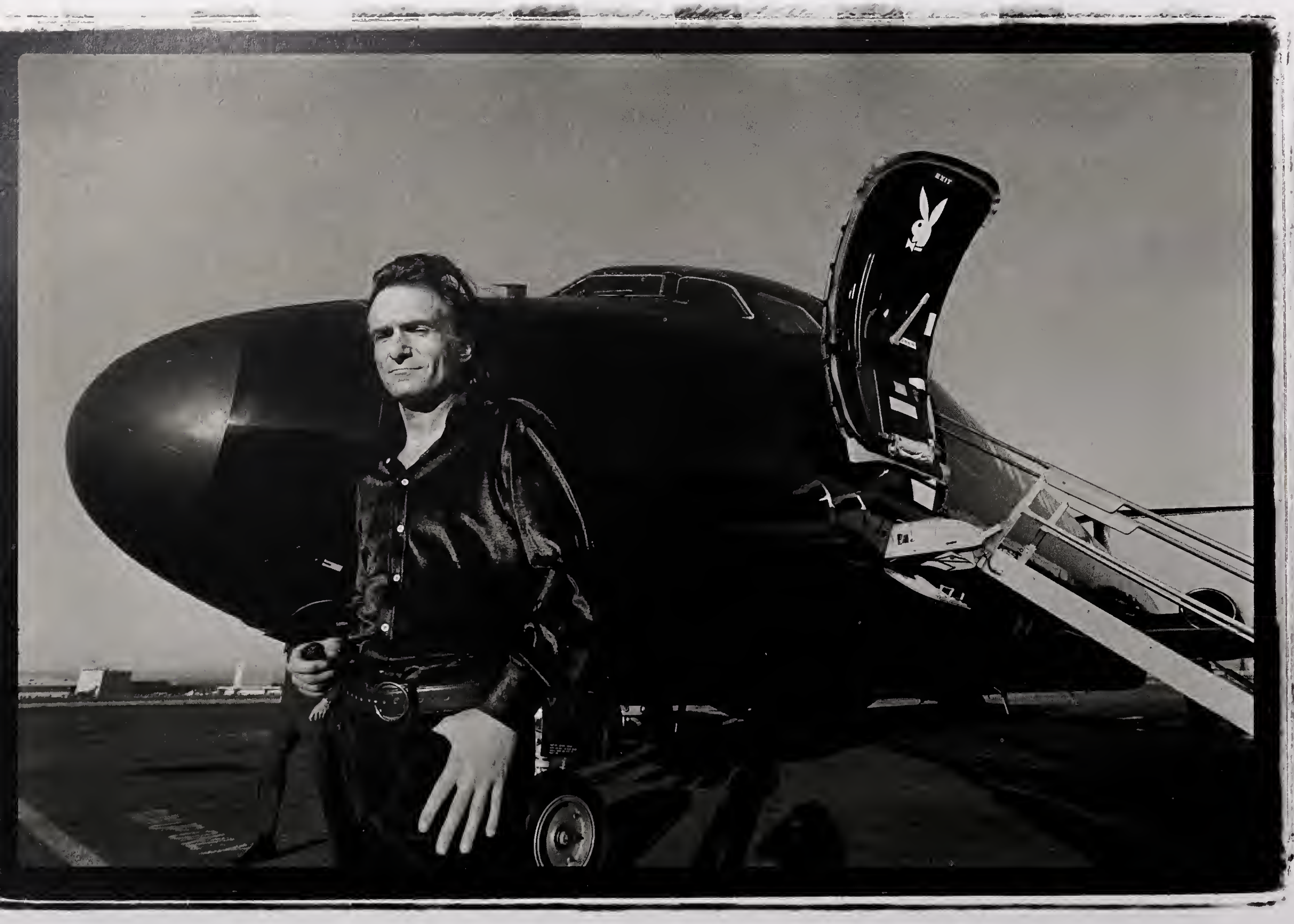
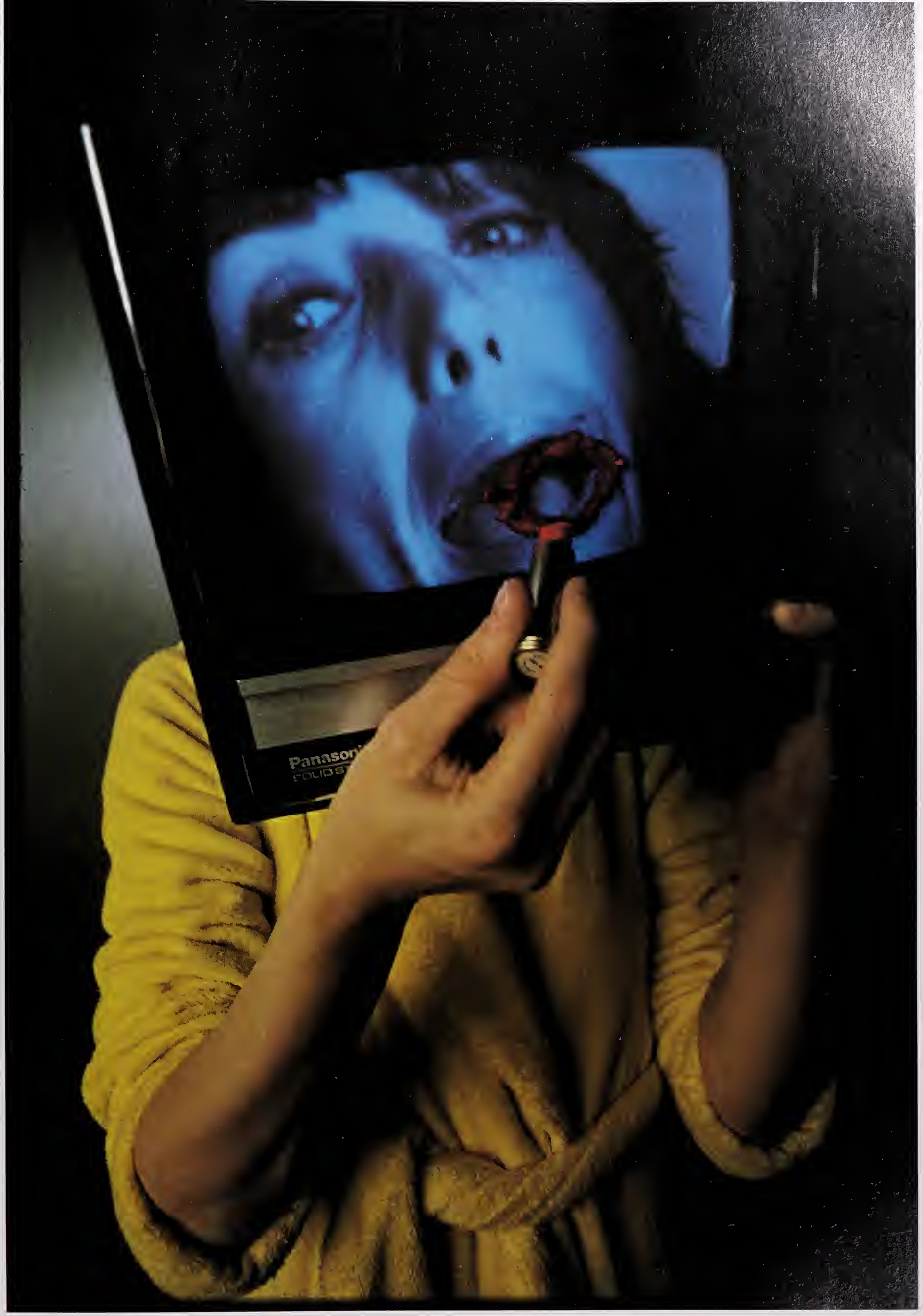

Ray Charles
Ray Charles
Ray Charles

Ray Charles, *Baltimore and San Francisco, 1972*



Hugh Hefner, *Los Angeles, 1973*

Lily Tomlin, *Los Angeles, 1973*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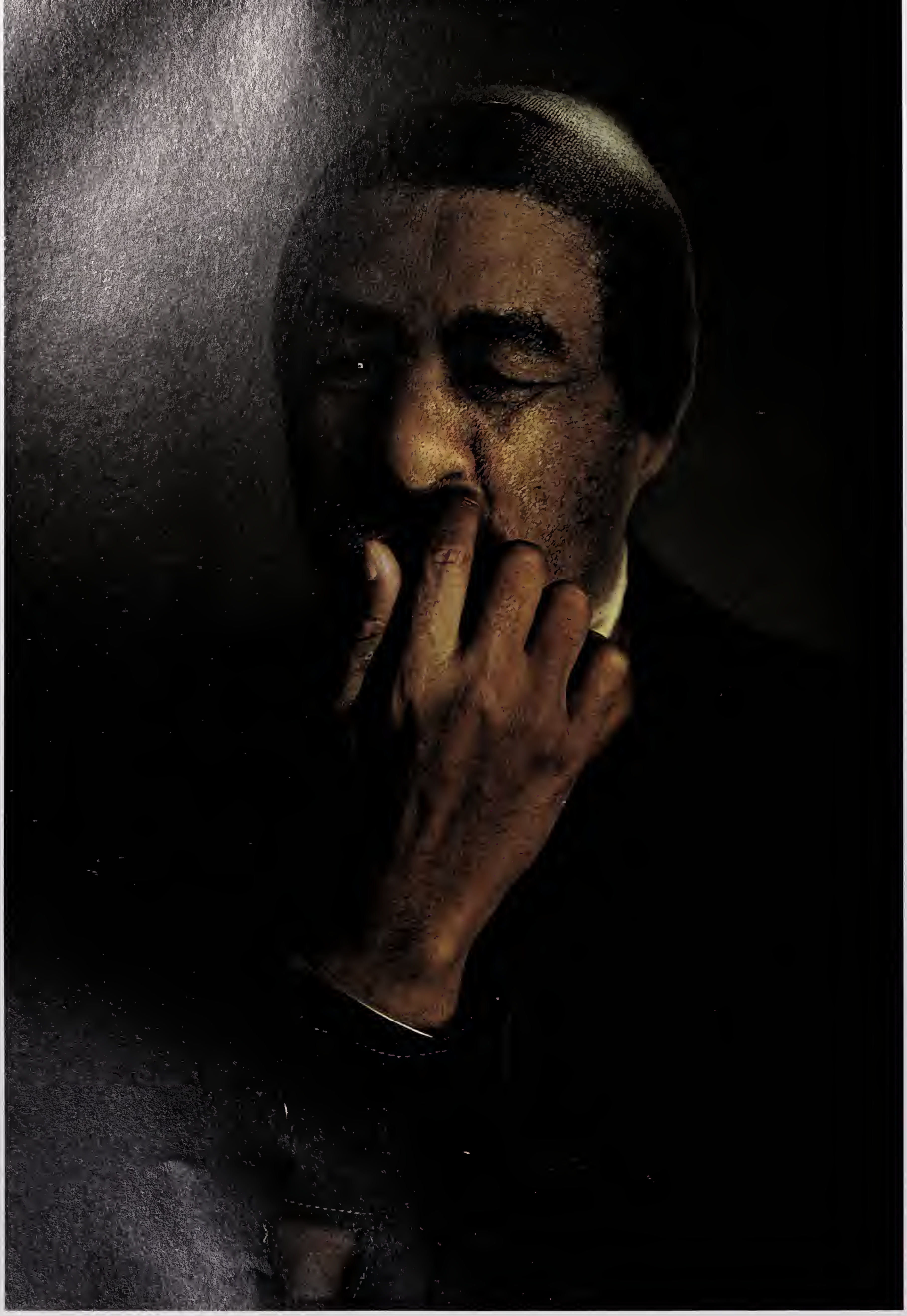
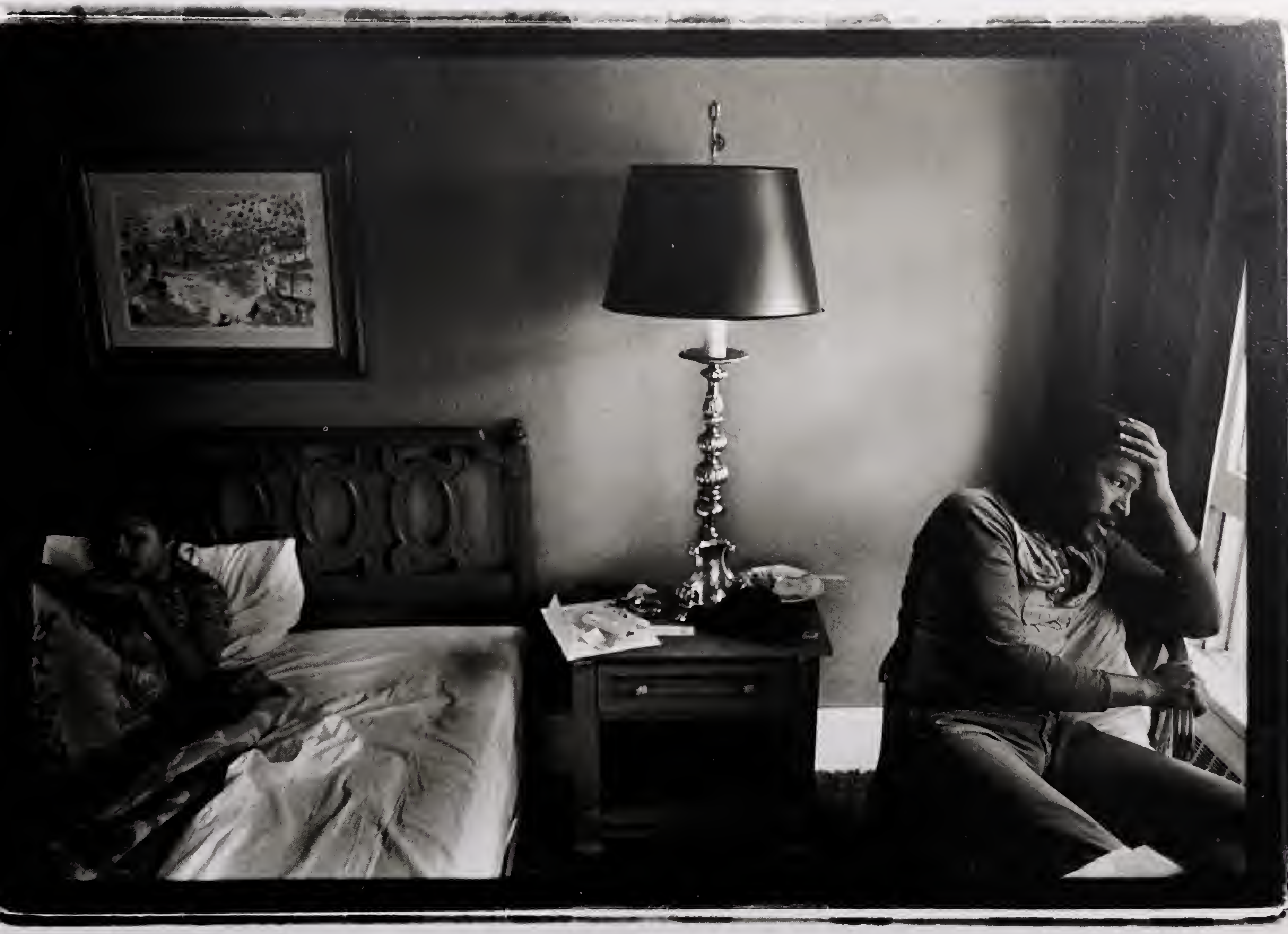
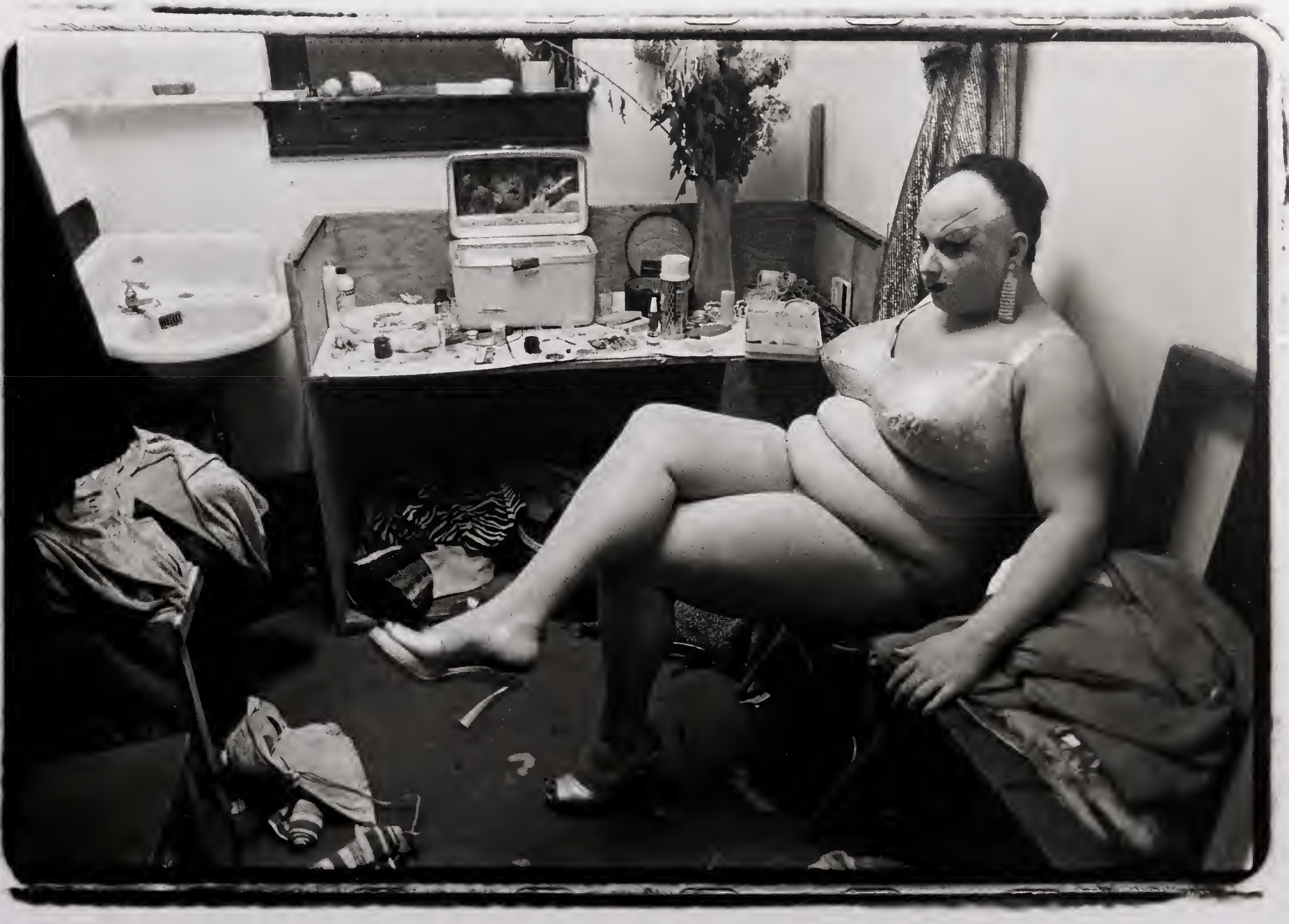




Richard Pryor, *Los Angeles, 1974*

Marvin Gaye and Jan Hunter, *San Diego, California, 1974*

Little
Joe

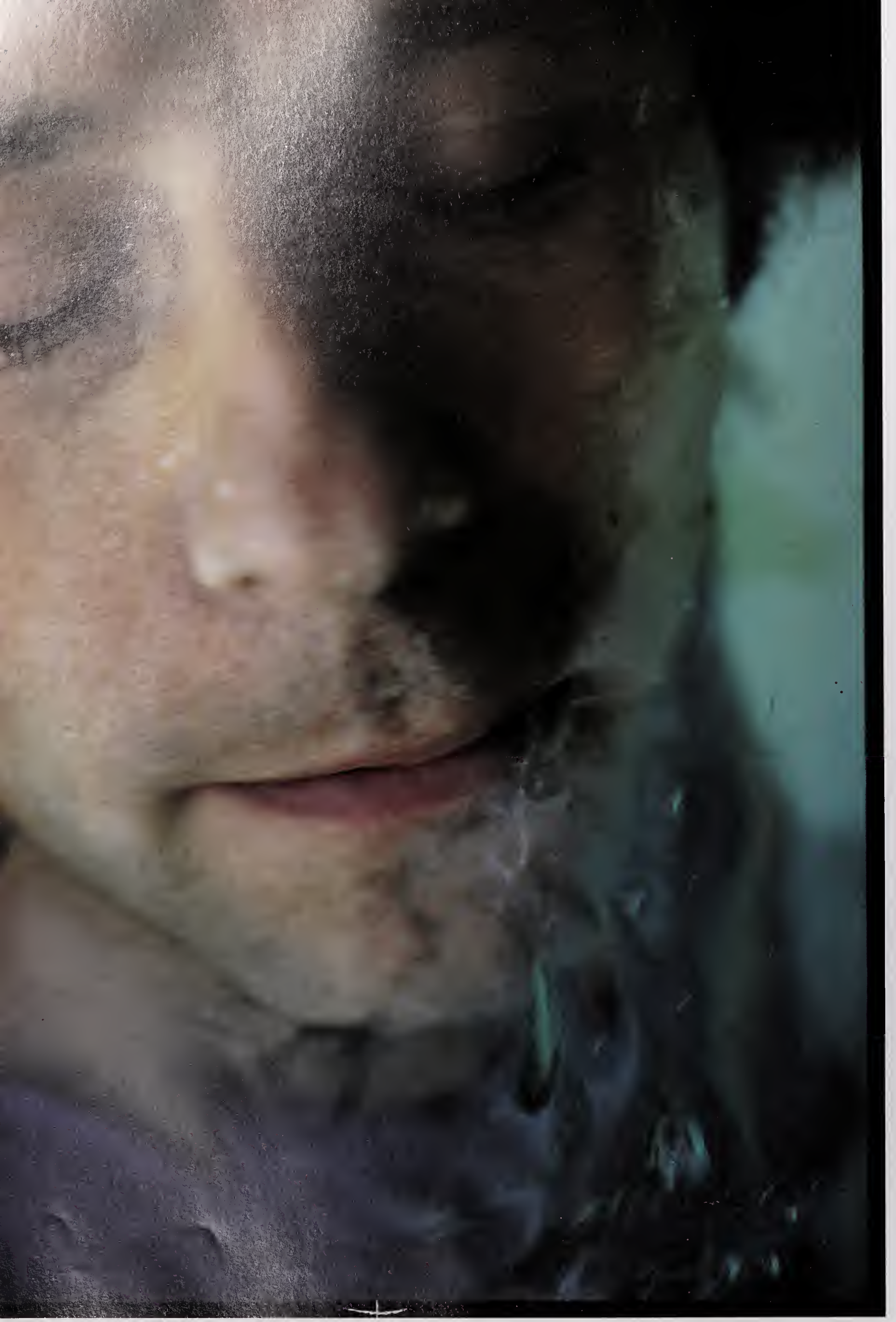


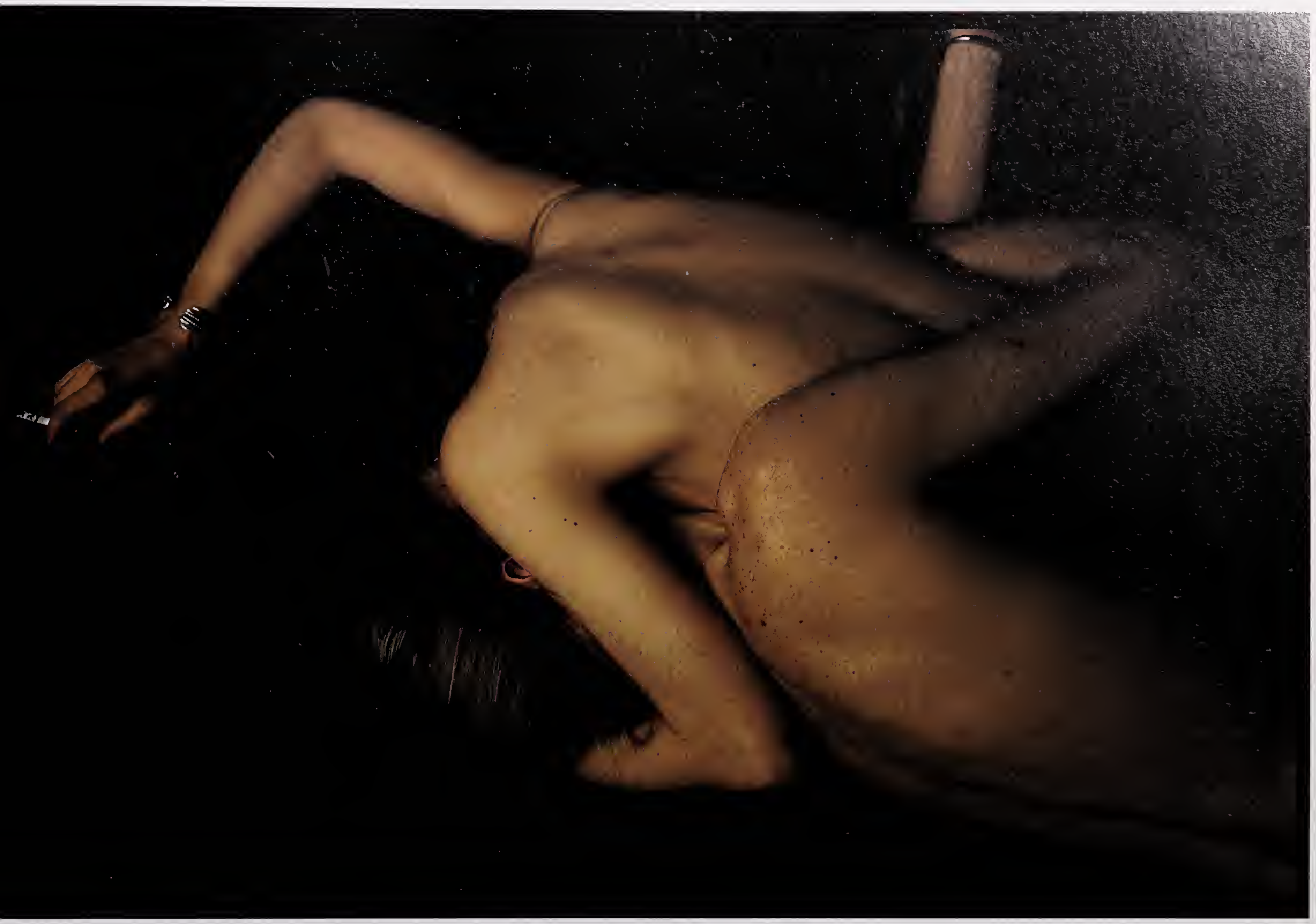
Joe Dallesandro and Joe, Jr., *New York City, 1971*

Divine, *San Francisco, 1972*

Jamie Wyeth, *New York City, 1975*

Andy Warhol, *New York City, 1976*





Roman Polanski, *Los Angeles, 1974*

Maria Schneider and friend, *San Francisco, 1973*

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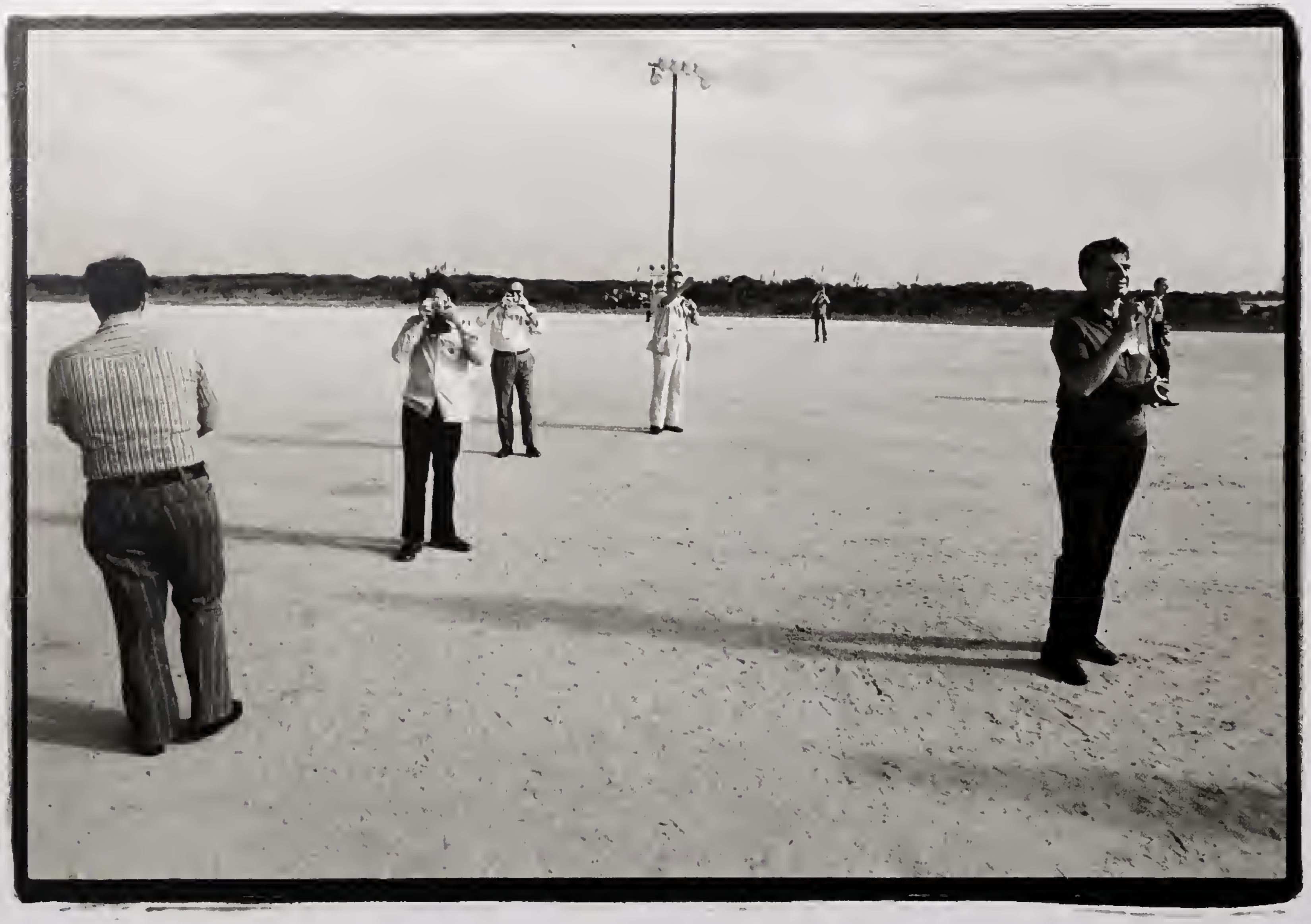
Waiting for Guru Maharaj Ji, William Hobby Airport, *Houston, Texas, 1974*



Apollo 17, the last moon shot, *Cape Kennedy, Florida, 1972*

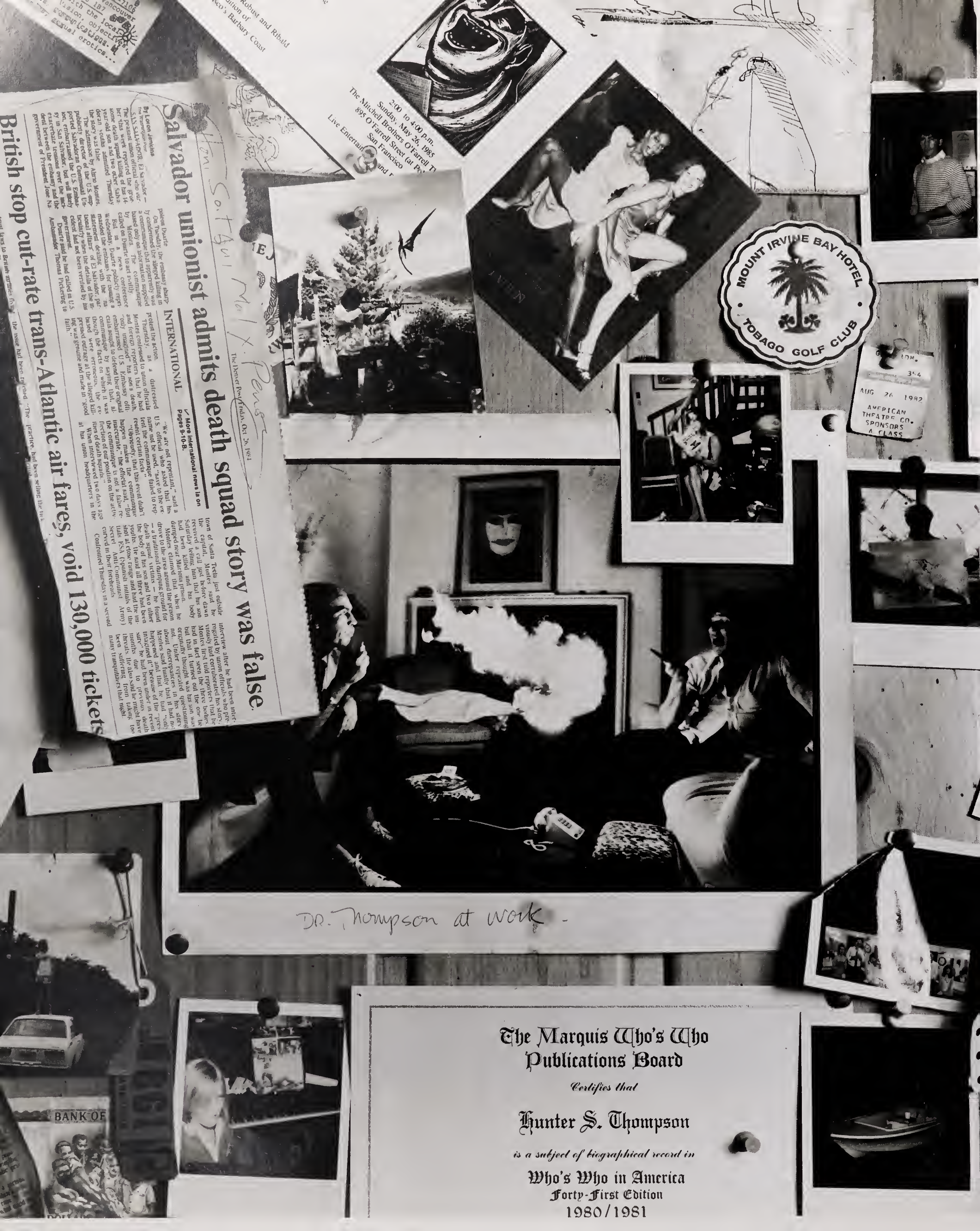
Sly Stone, *Highway 5, California, 1973*

Tennessee Williams and Maria St. Just, *Key West, Florida, 1974*

Jane Wenner, *New York City, 1976*

Jann Wenner, *Barbados, 1975*

Hunter S. Thompson and Jann Wenner, *New York City, 1976*



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2:00 to 4:00 p.m.
Sunday, May 26, 1985
The Mitchell Brothers O'Farrell T
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The Denver Post Friday, Oct 26, 1984

Salvador unionist admits death squad story was false

INTERNATIONAL

✓ More international news is on Pages 9-10-B.

By Loren Jenkins
The Washington Post

SAN SALVADOR, El Salvador — The peasant union official who earlier this week reported the gruesome death squad killing of his 14-year-old son and two other Salvadoran youths admitted Thursday the story was false.

The admission by Alirio Montes, publicity director of the U.S.-supported Salvadoran Communal Union, embarrassed the U.S. Embassy in San Salvador, but will likely exacerbate tensions over the incident between the embassy and the government of President Jose Napoleon Duarte.

On Tuesday, the embassy sharply condemned the alleged killing in a communique that apparently was based only on information supplied by Montes. The communique called on Duarte to act swiftly.

But in a news conference Wednesday, Duarte publicly reprimanded the embassy for issuing a statement dealing with the "national affairs" of El Salvador, particularly when the details of the incident had not been verified by his government.

Duarte said he had called in U.S. Ambassador Thomas Pickering to protest the action.

Thursday, as a distressed Montes confessed to union officials and foreign reporters that he had "only imagined" his son's death, embarrassed U.S. Embassy officials sought to defend their original communique by saying that, although the facts on which it was based were erroneous, the expressed outrage at the alleged killing was genuine and made in "good faith."

"We are not repentant," said a U.S. official who asked that his name not be used, "save to the extent the communique failed to represent certain facts."

"Obviously, that this event didn't happen makes the communique inaccurate," the official said. "But the communique is not a false reflection of our position on the activities of death squads."

When interviewed two days ago at his union headquarters in the town of Santa Tecla just outside the capital, Montes said he received a call just before dawn Saturday telling him that his son had been killed and his body dumped near Mariona prison.

Montes claimed that when he drove to the area around the prison — a traditional dumping ground for death squad victims — he found the body of his son and two other youths. He said all three had been shot at close range and had the initials ESA (Spanish initials of the Secret Anti-Communist Army) carved in their foreheads.

Confronted Thursday in a second interview after he had been interrogated by union officials who previously had corroborated his story, Montes first told reporters that he had in fact seen the three bodies, but that it turned out the one he originally thought was his son was not. Under repeated questioning about discrepancies in his story, Montes said finally that it had not happened and that he had "only imagined it" because of the "pressure" he had been under in recent months due to previous death threats. He also said he might have been suffering from taking too many tranquilizers that night.

British stop cut-rate trans-Atlantic air fares, void 130,000 tickets

DR. Thompson at work -

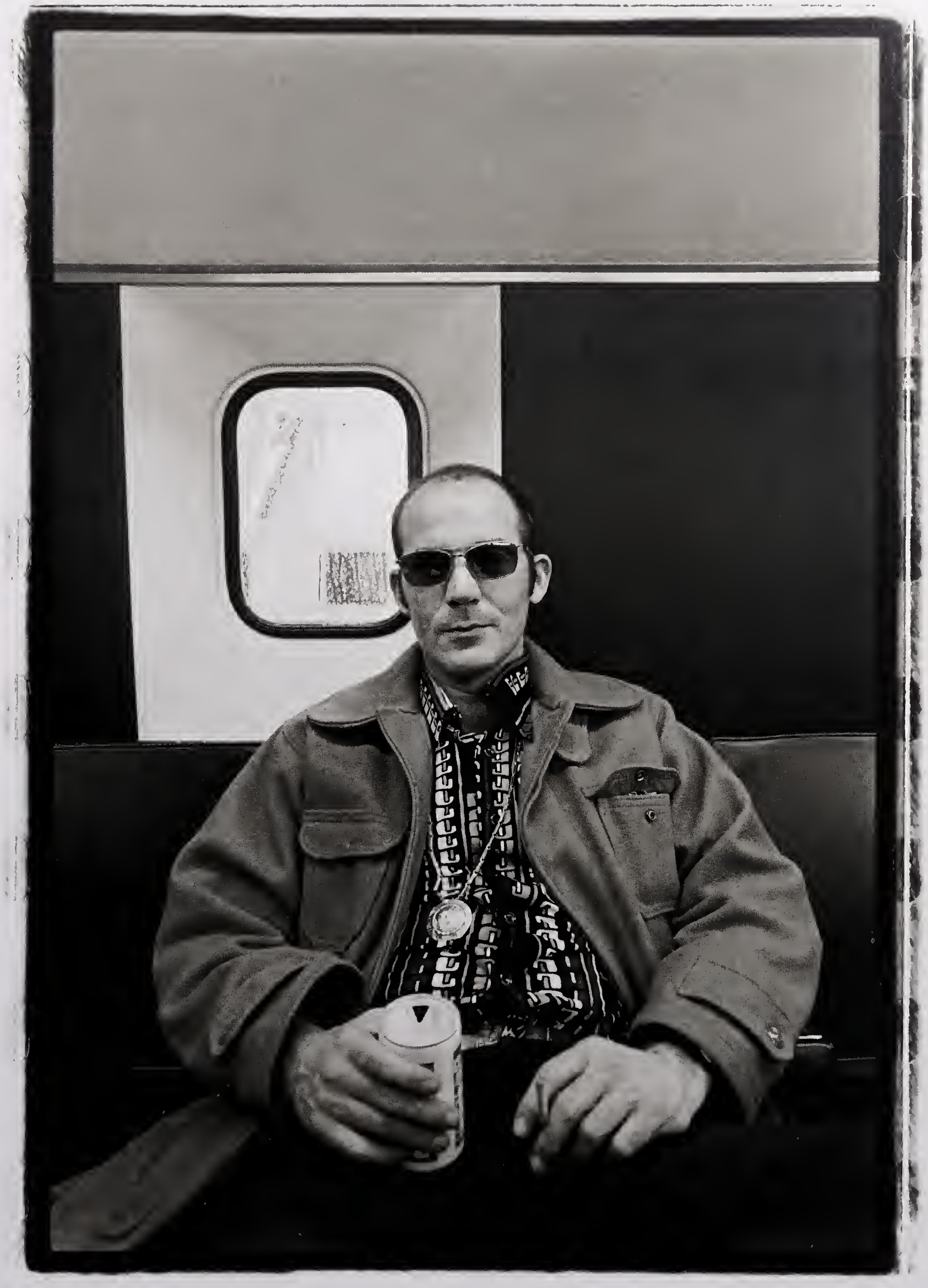
The Marquis Who's Who
Publications Board

Certifies that

Hunter S. Thompson

is a subject of biographical record in

Who's Who in America
Forty-First Edition
1980/1981



Hunter S. Thompson's kitchen, *Aspen, Colorado, 1987*

Hunter S. Thompson, *Dulles Airport, Washington, D.C., 1972*

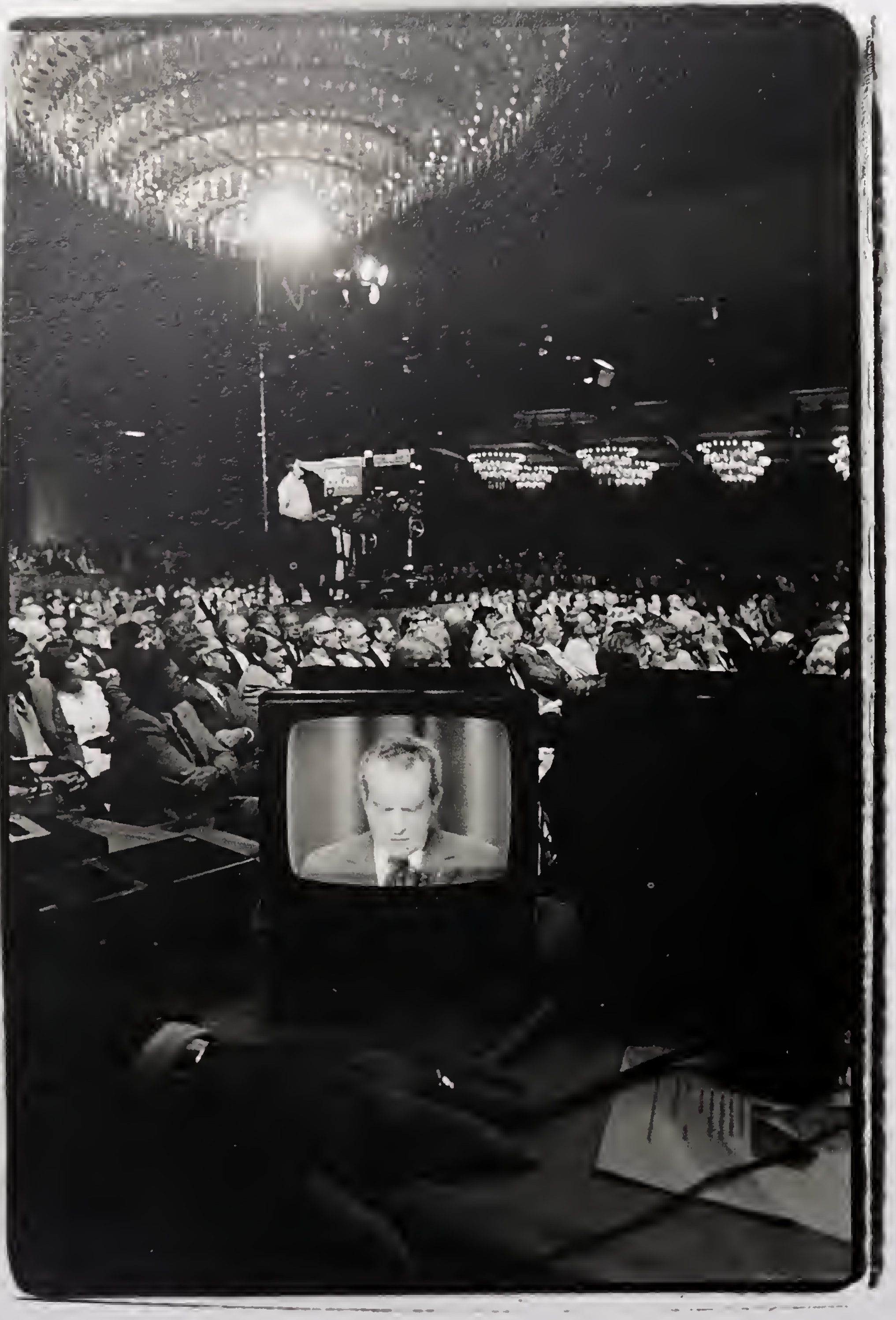
REST &
NNINGS

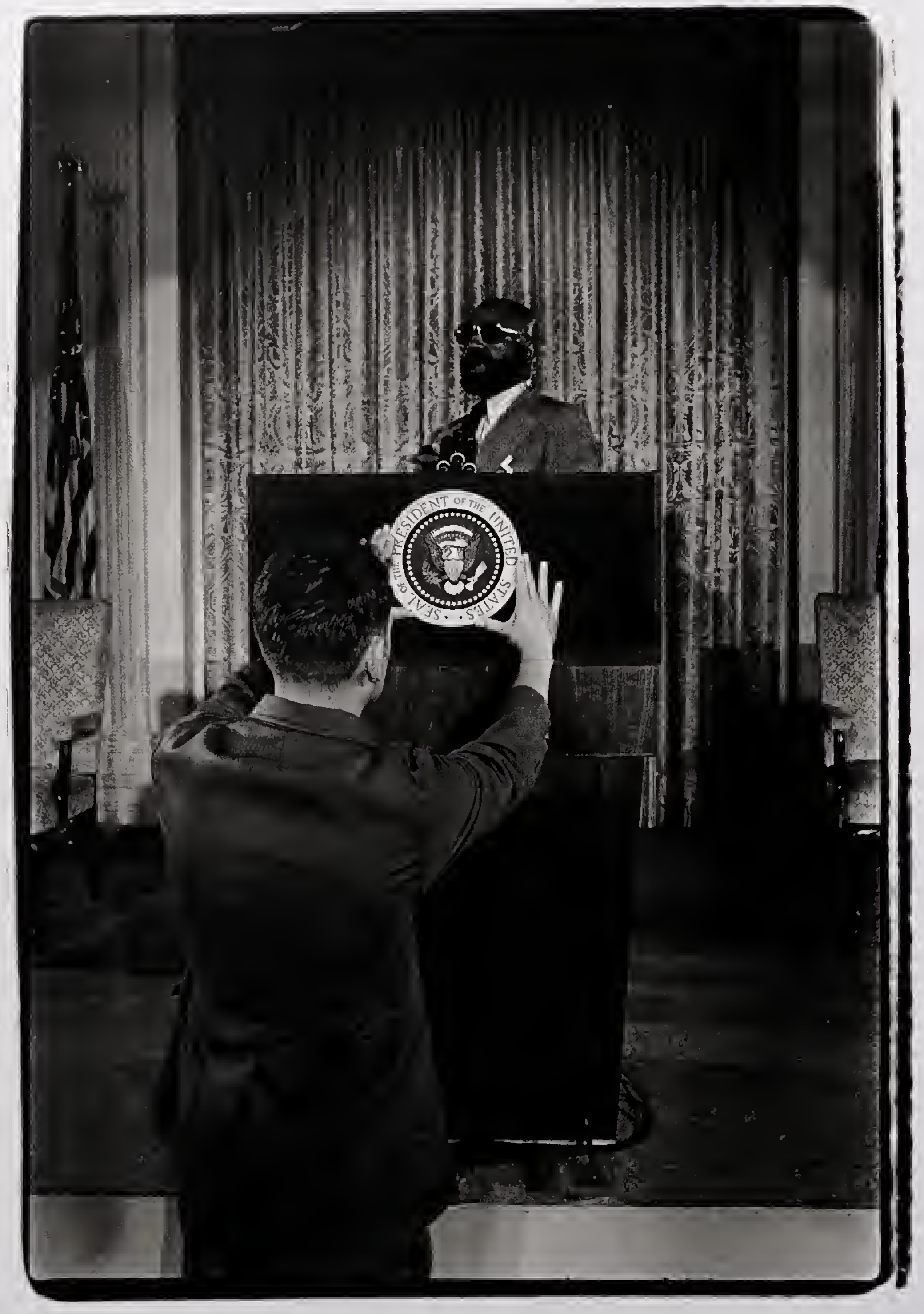
Ron Kovic,
Santa Monica, California, 1973

George McGovern's campaign train, *Sacramento, California, 1972*

Blair Clark, Walter Cronkite, and Theodore H. White, *New Hampshire, 1972*

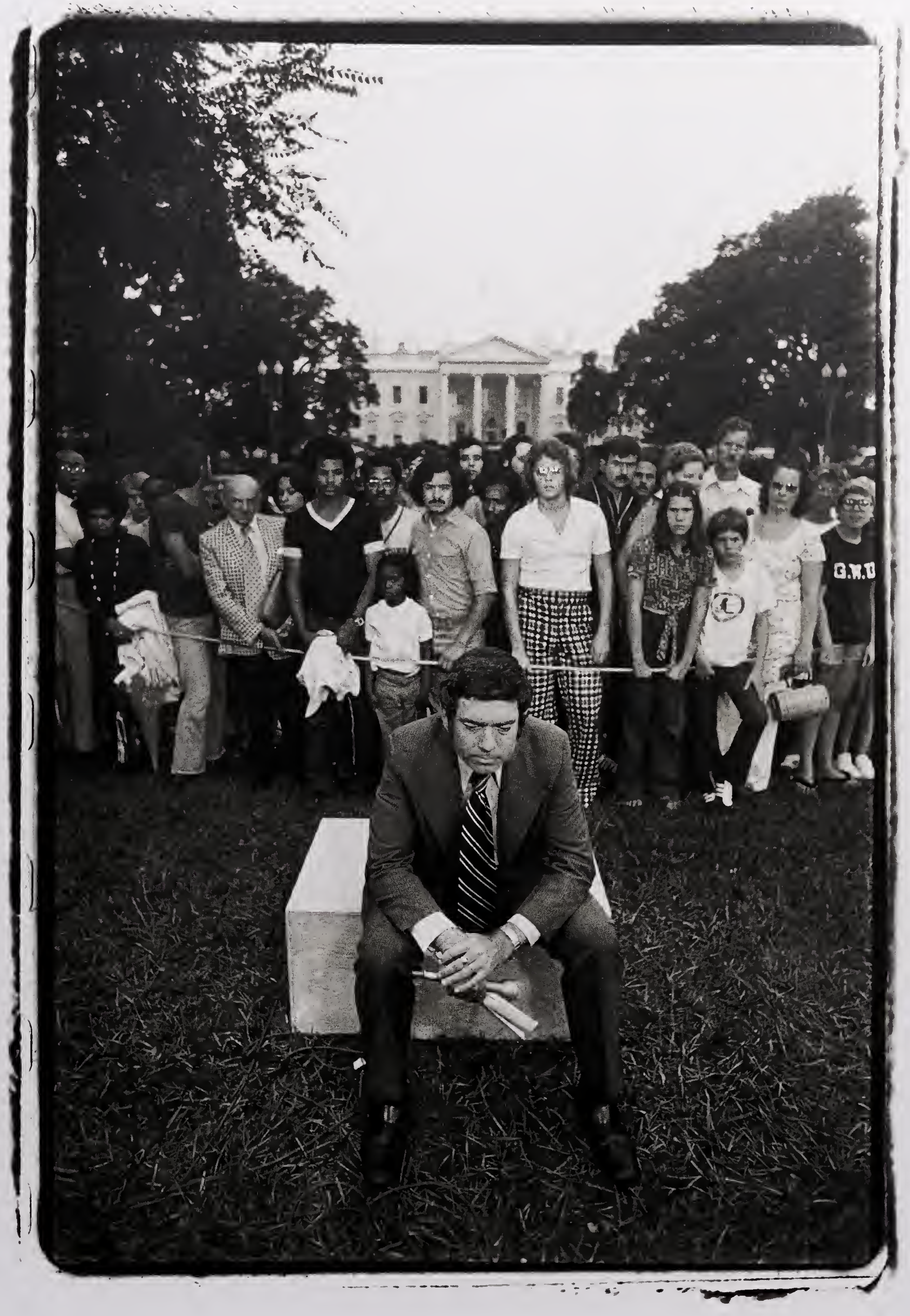
Senator Edmund Muskie, *New Hampshire, 1972*

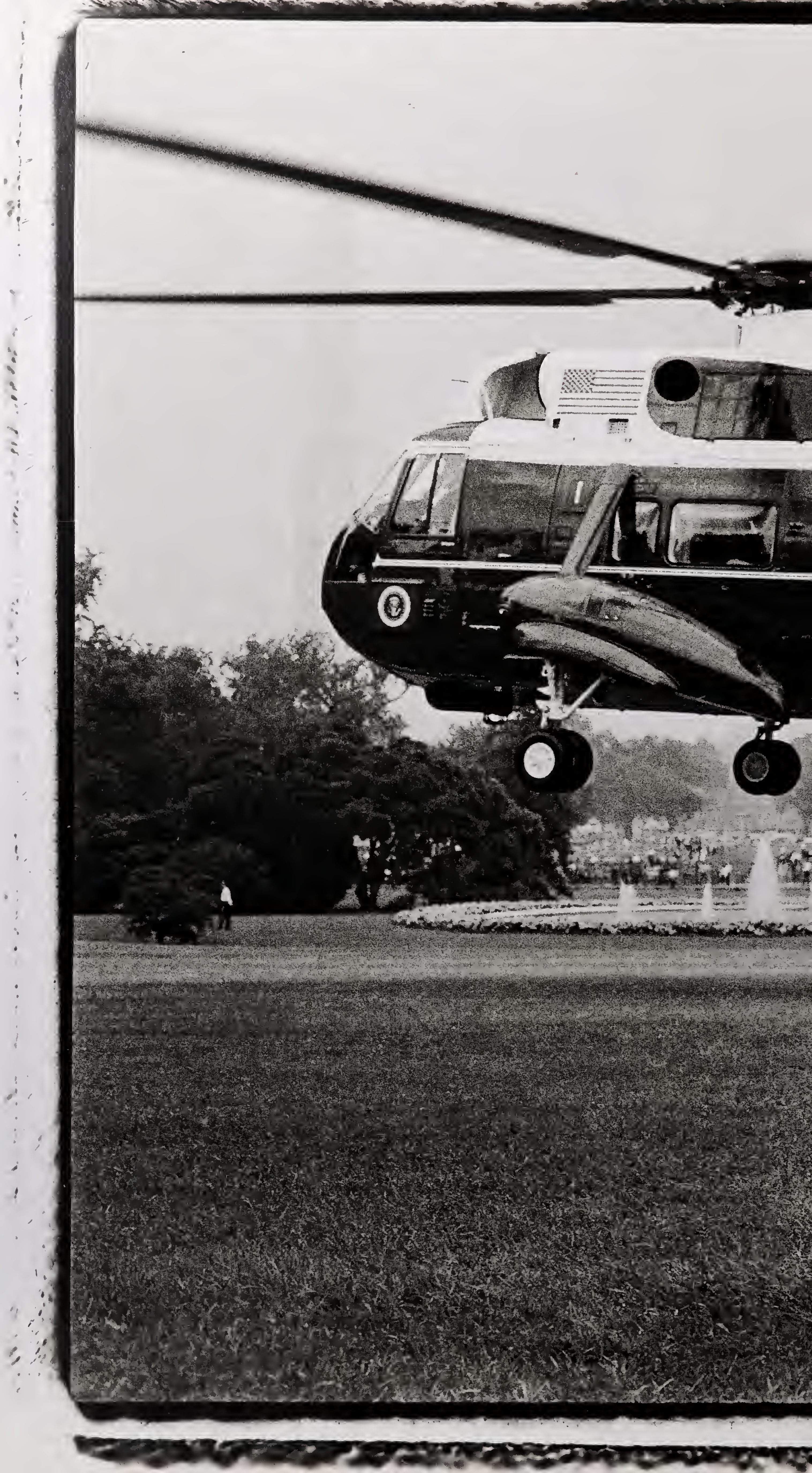



SEAL OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

Richard Nixon's resignation, *Los Angeles and Washington, D.C., 1974*

Dan Rather in Lafayette Park, 1974


G.W.U



Nixon leaving the White House,
Washington, D.C., 1974

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KEEP AWAY

The Rolling Stones, *Buffalo, New York, and Memphis, Tennessee, 1975*

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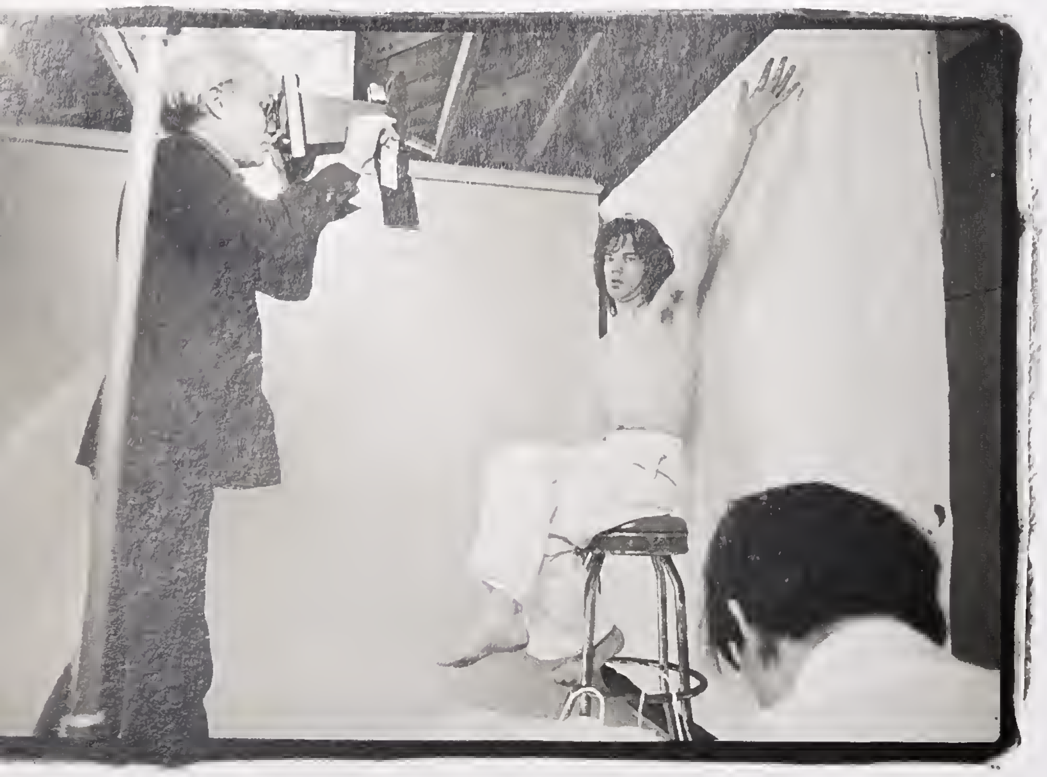
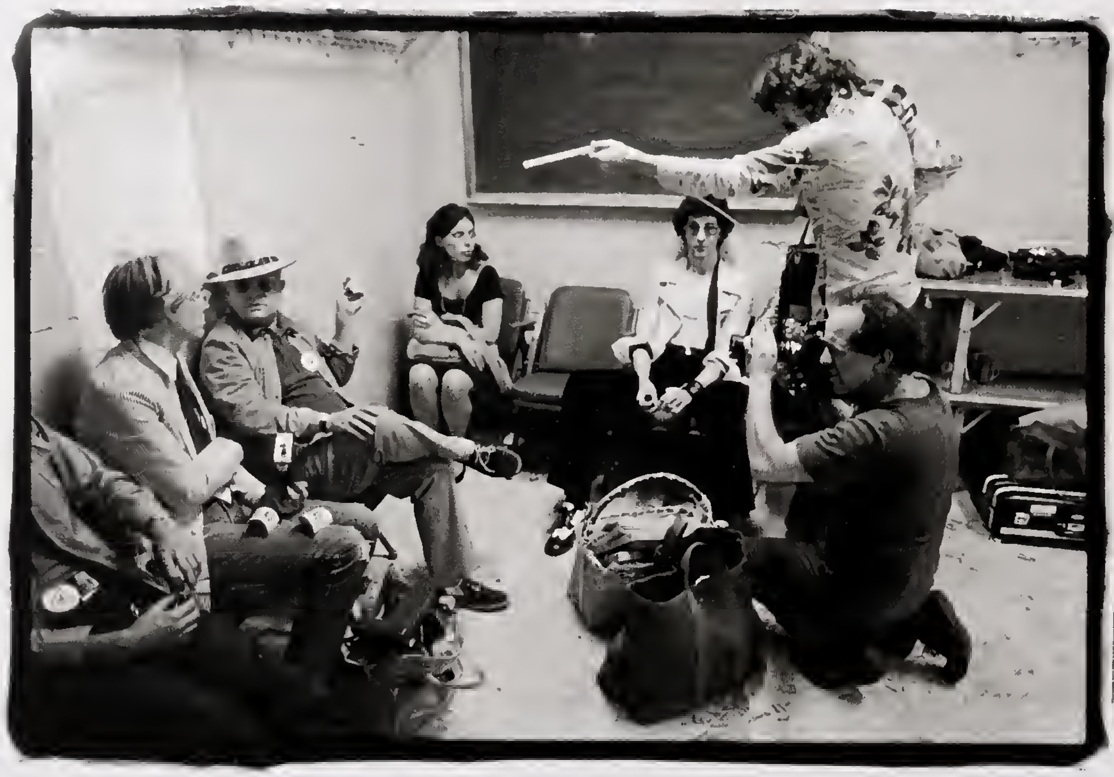
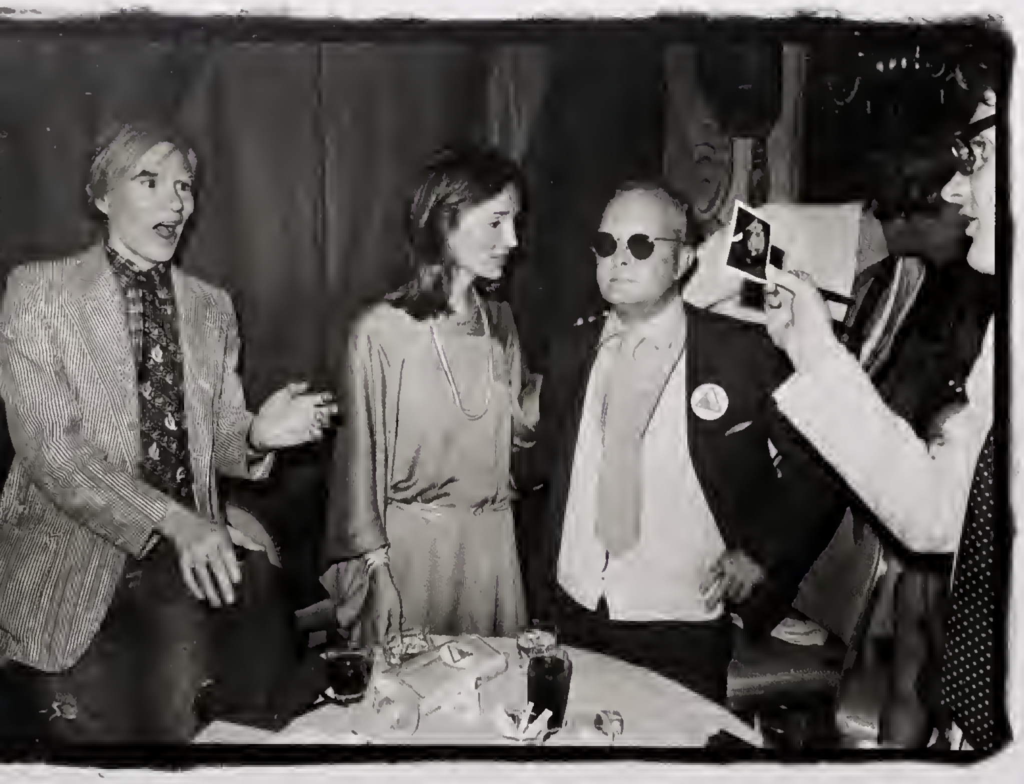
veland, Ohio, 1975



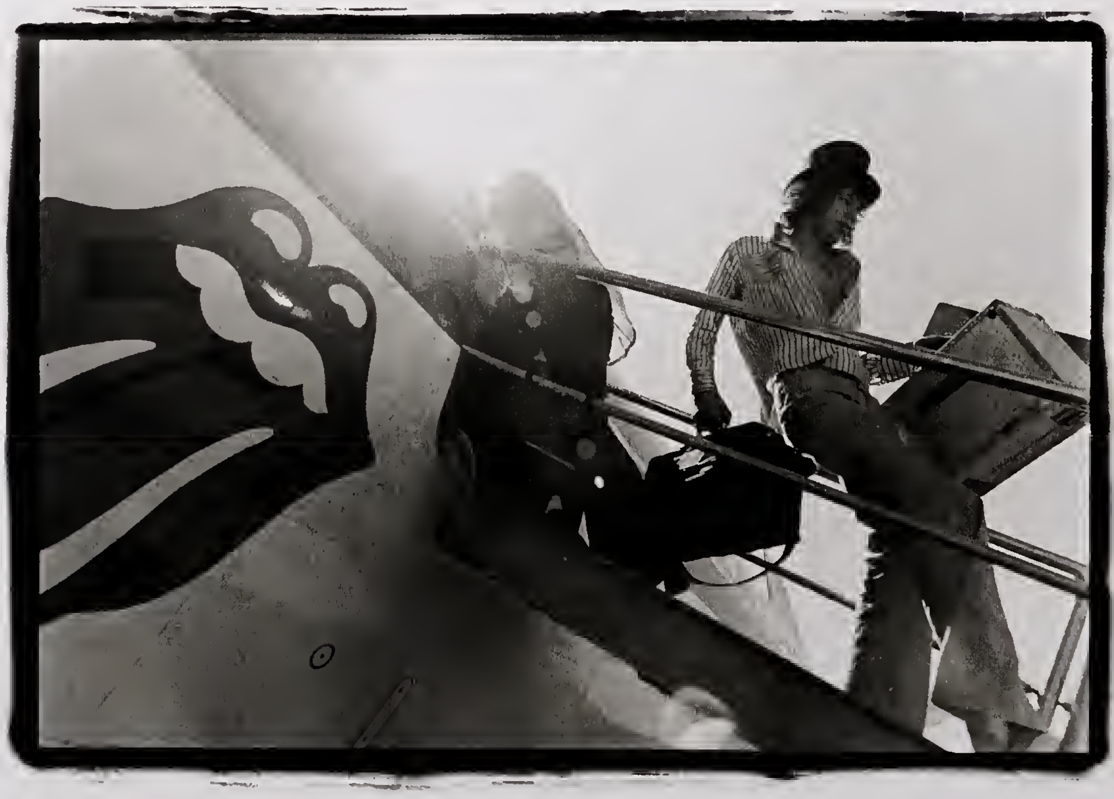
ndy Warhol and Mick Jagger, *Montauk, Long Island, 1975*



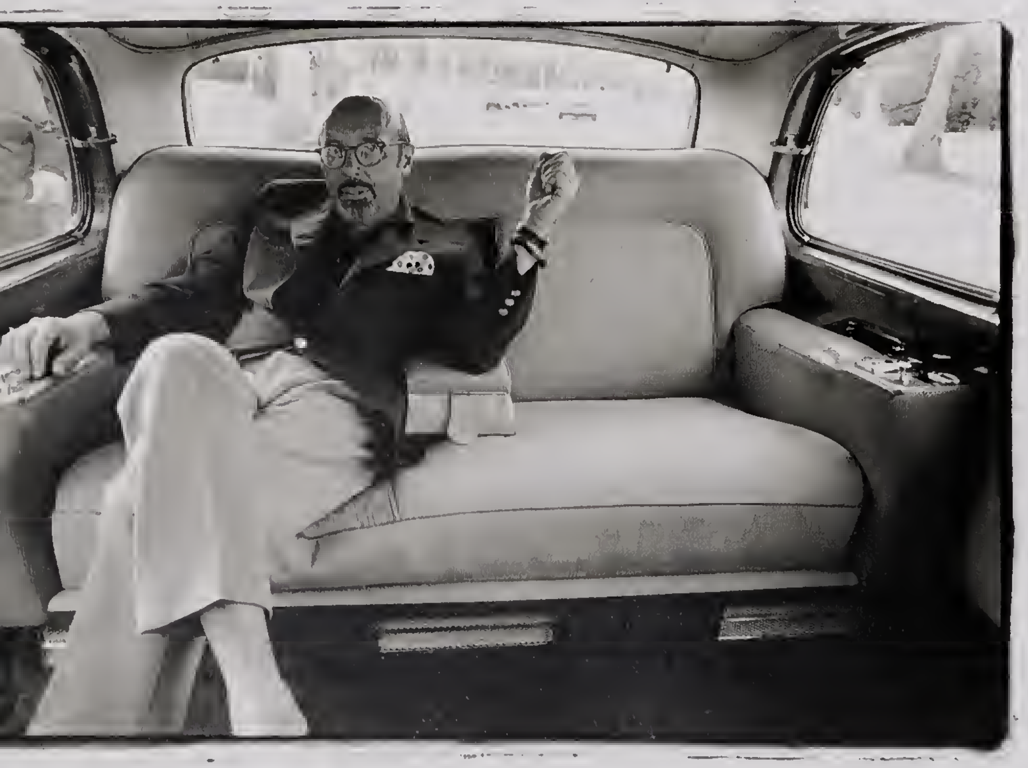
Andy Warhol, Truman Capote, and Robert Frank, *New Orleans, 1972*



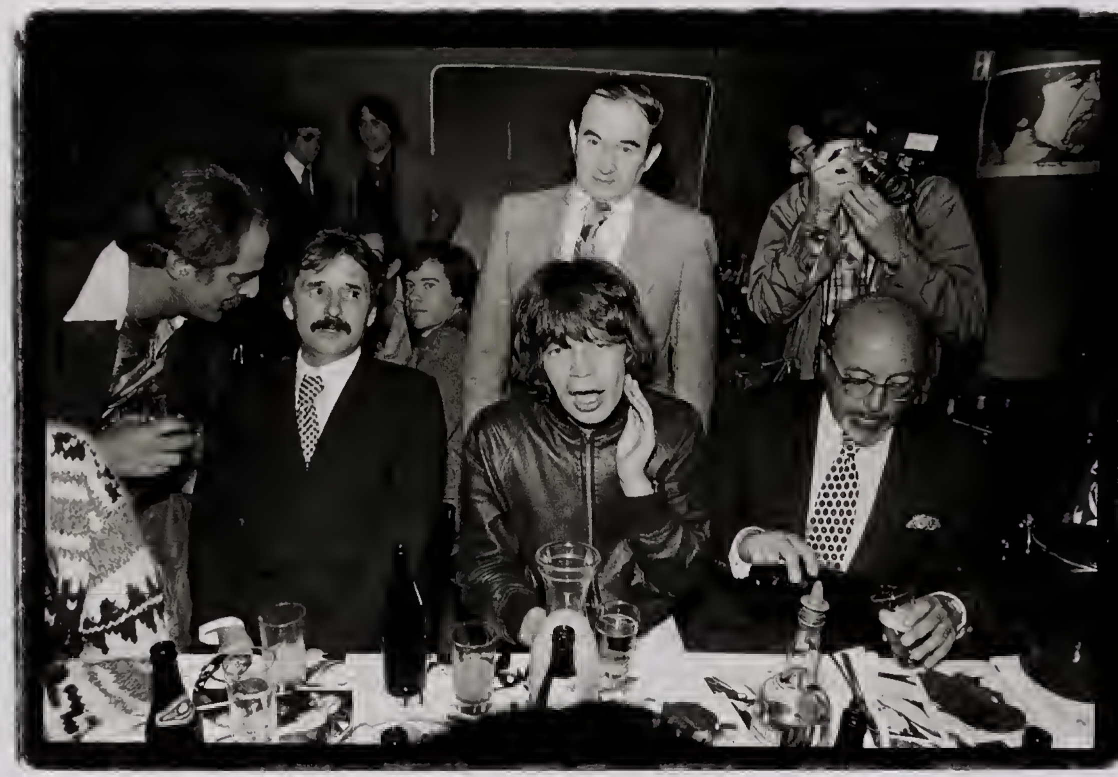
ndy Warhol, Lee Radziwill, and Truman Capote, *New York City, 1972*



Mick Jagger, *Kansas, 1972*



hmet Ertegun, *Beverly Hills, 1971*

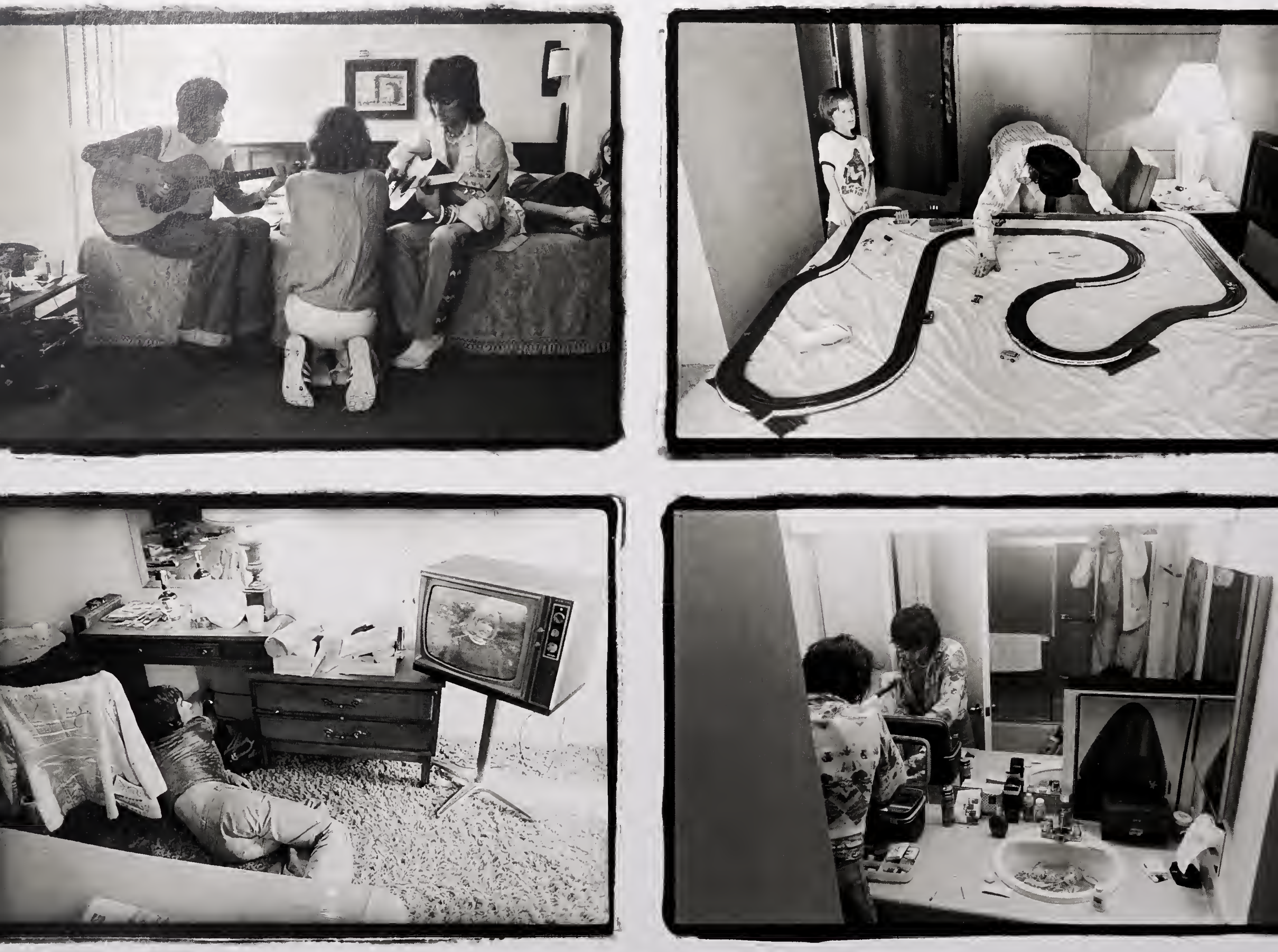


Earl McGrath, Mick Jagger, and Ahmet Ertegun, *New York City, 1975*

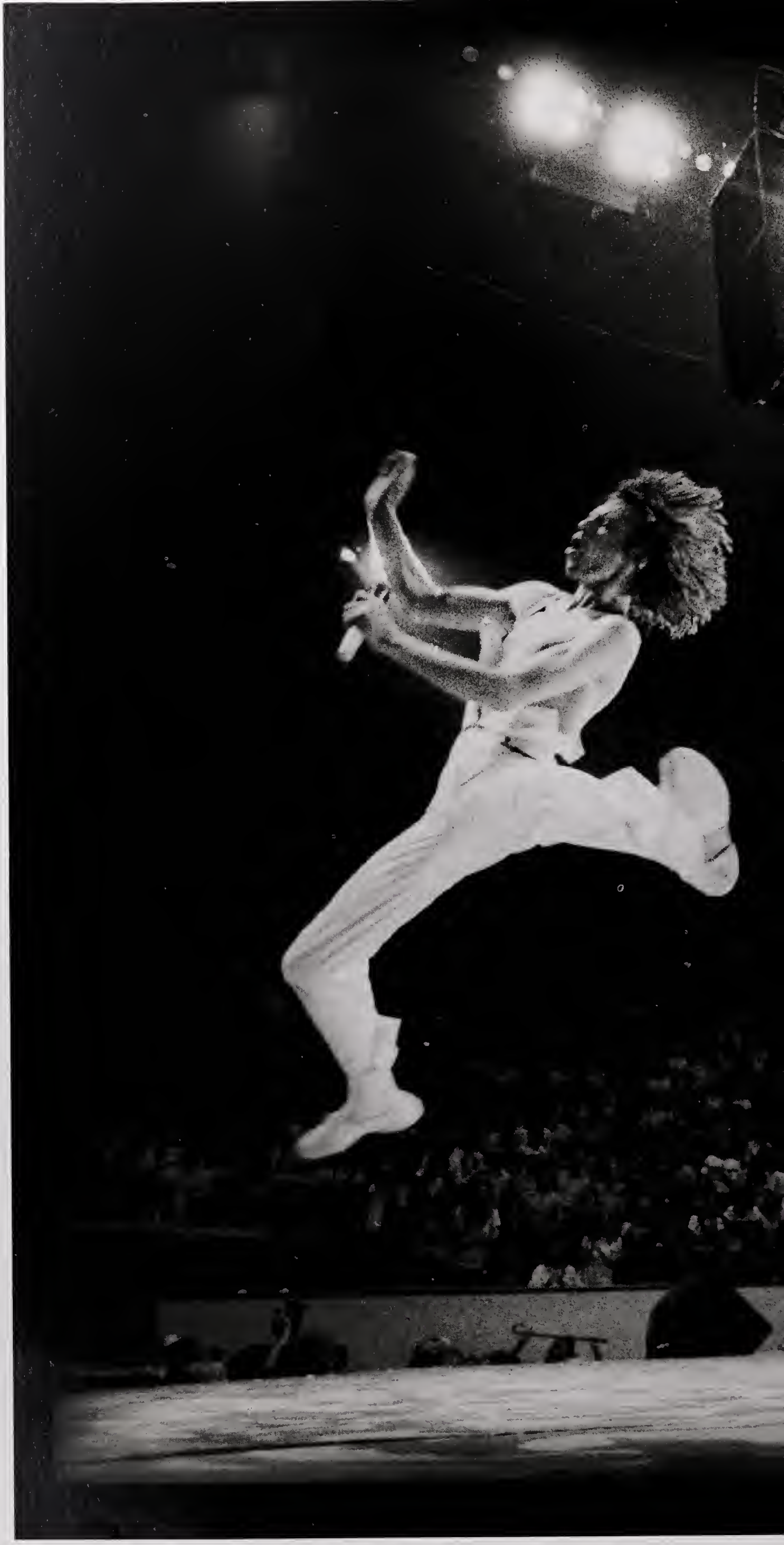
Keith Richards, *Toronto*, 1977

Preceding page:

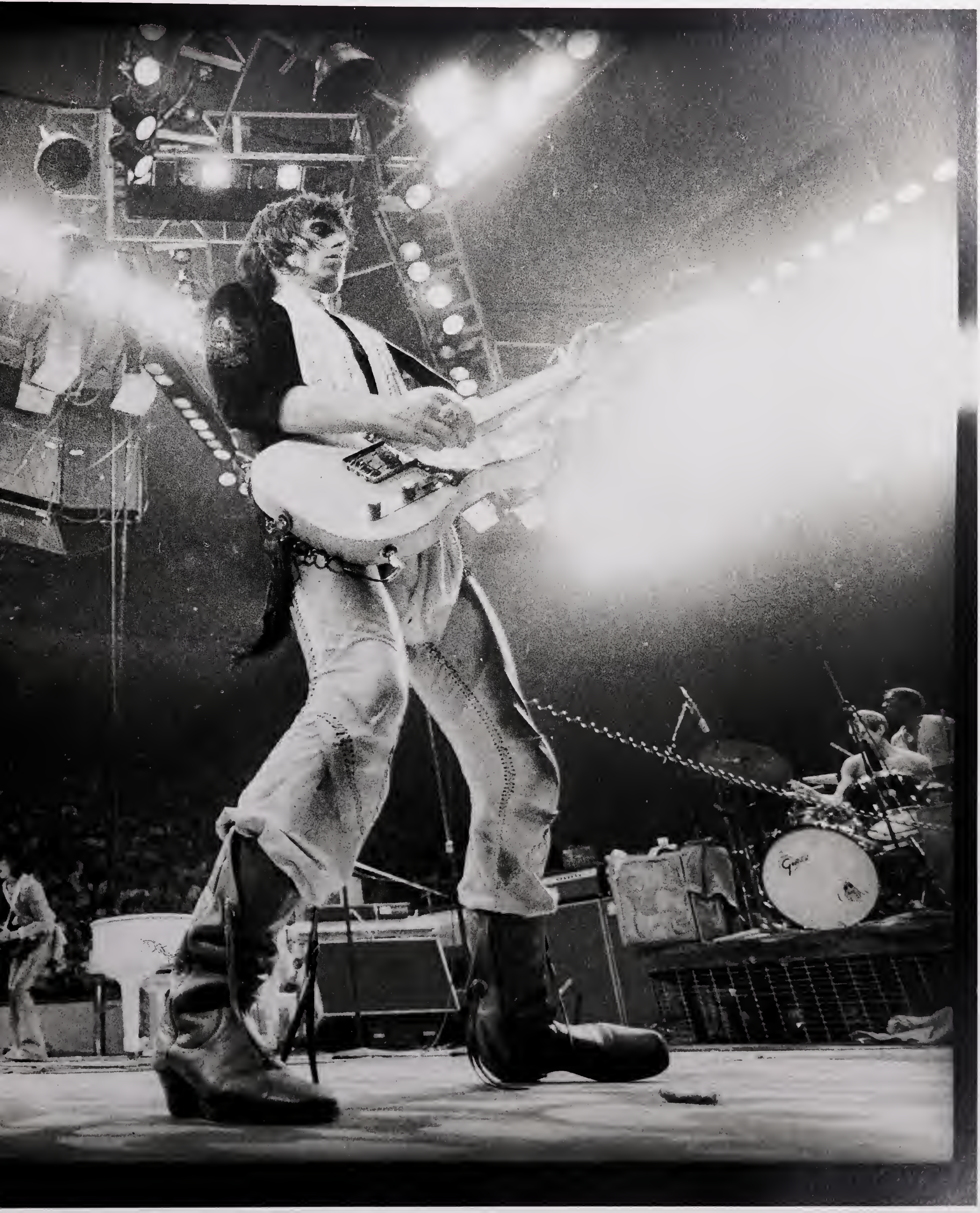
Bianca Jagger, *Kansas*, 1972

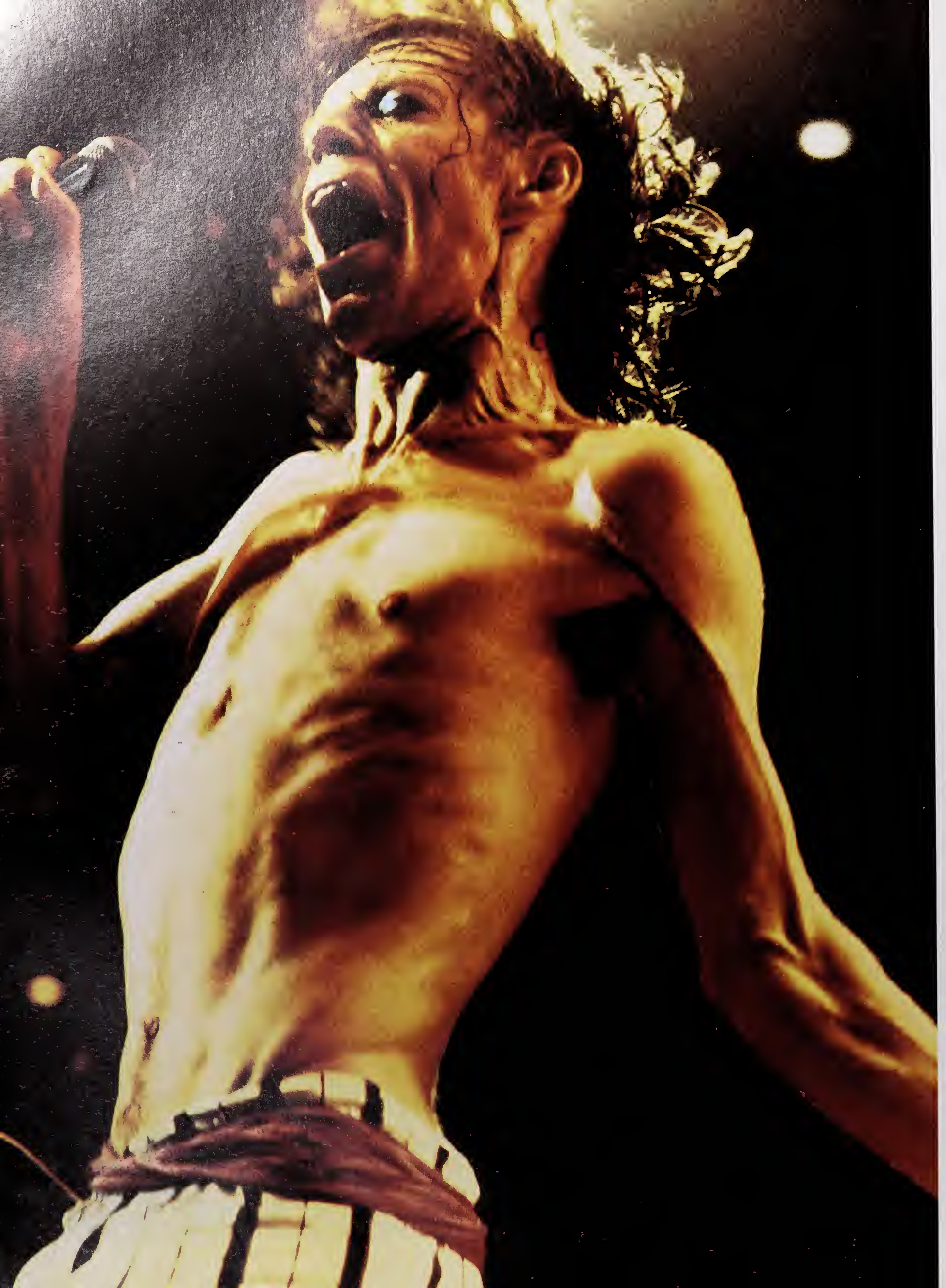


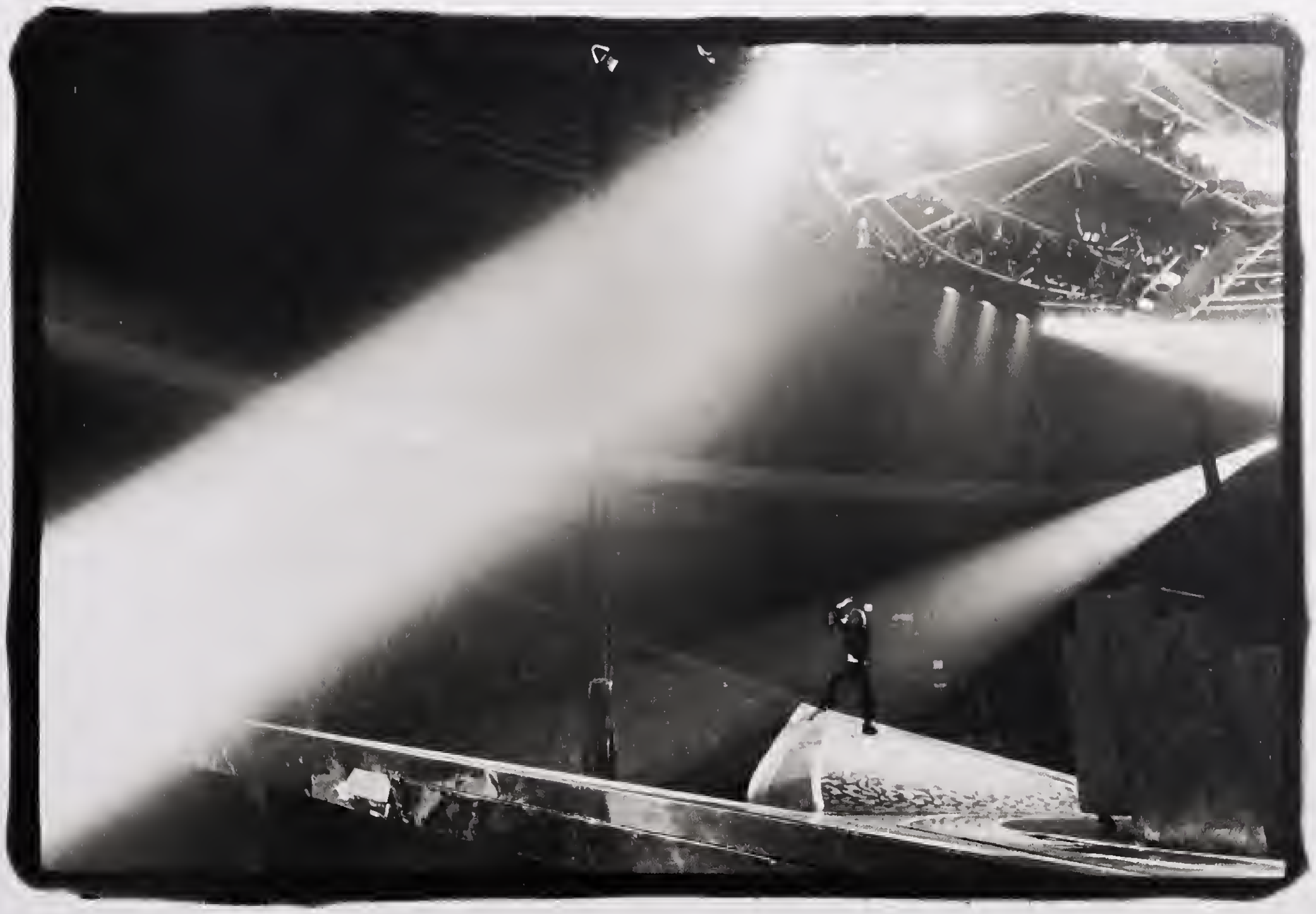
The Rolling Stones on the road, *1975*

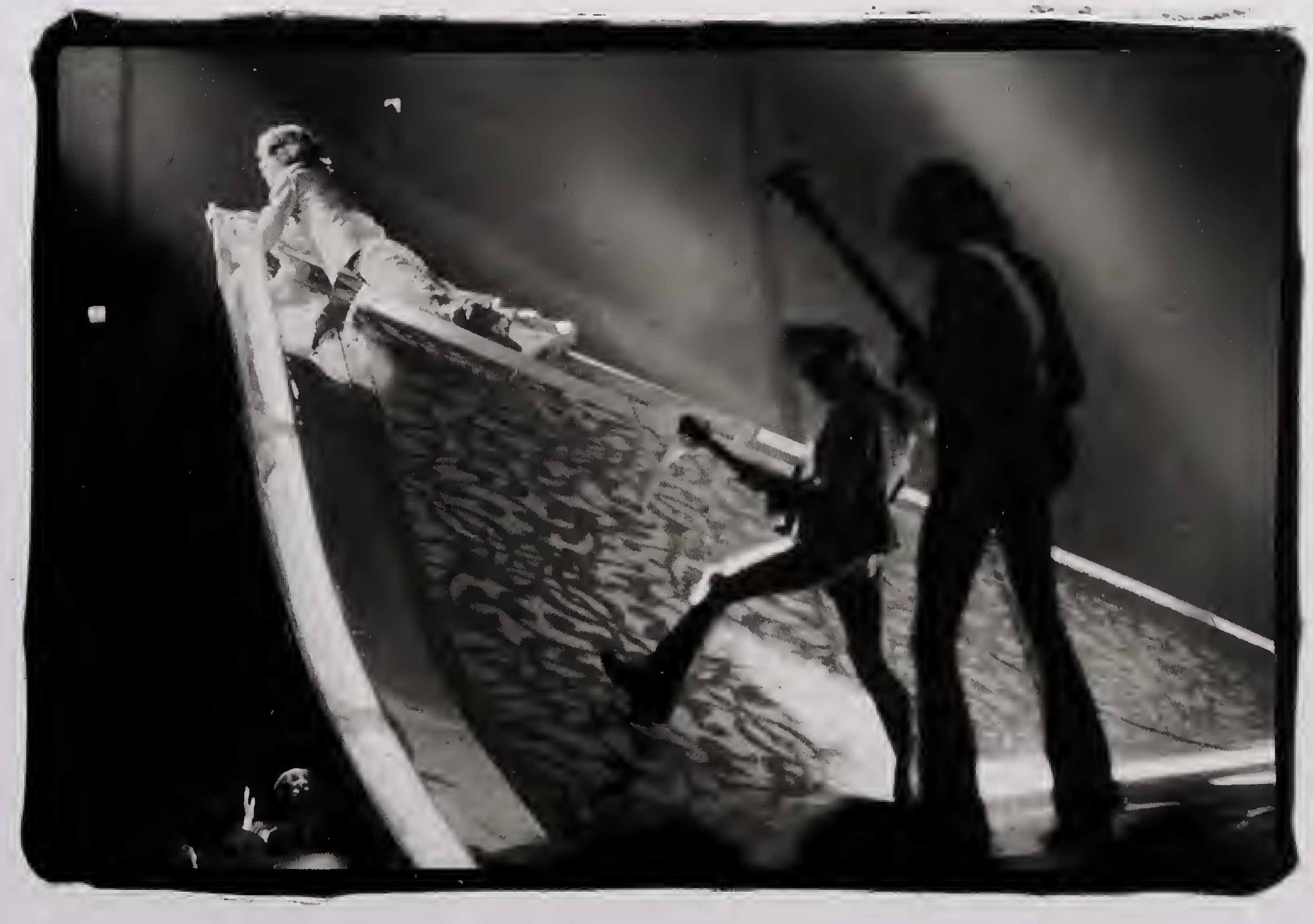


The Rolling Stones, *Philadelphia, 1975*


Gretsch



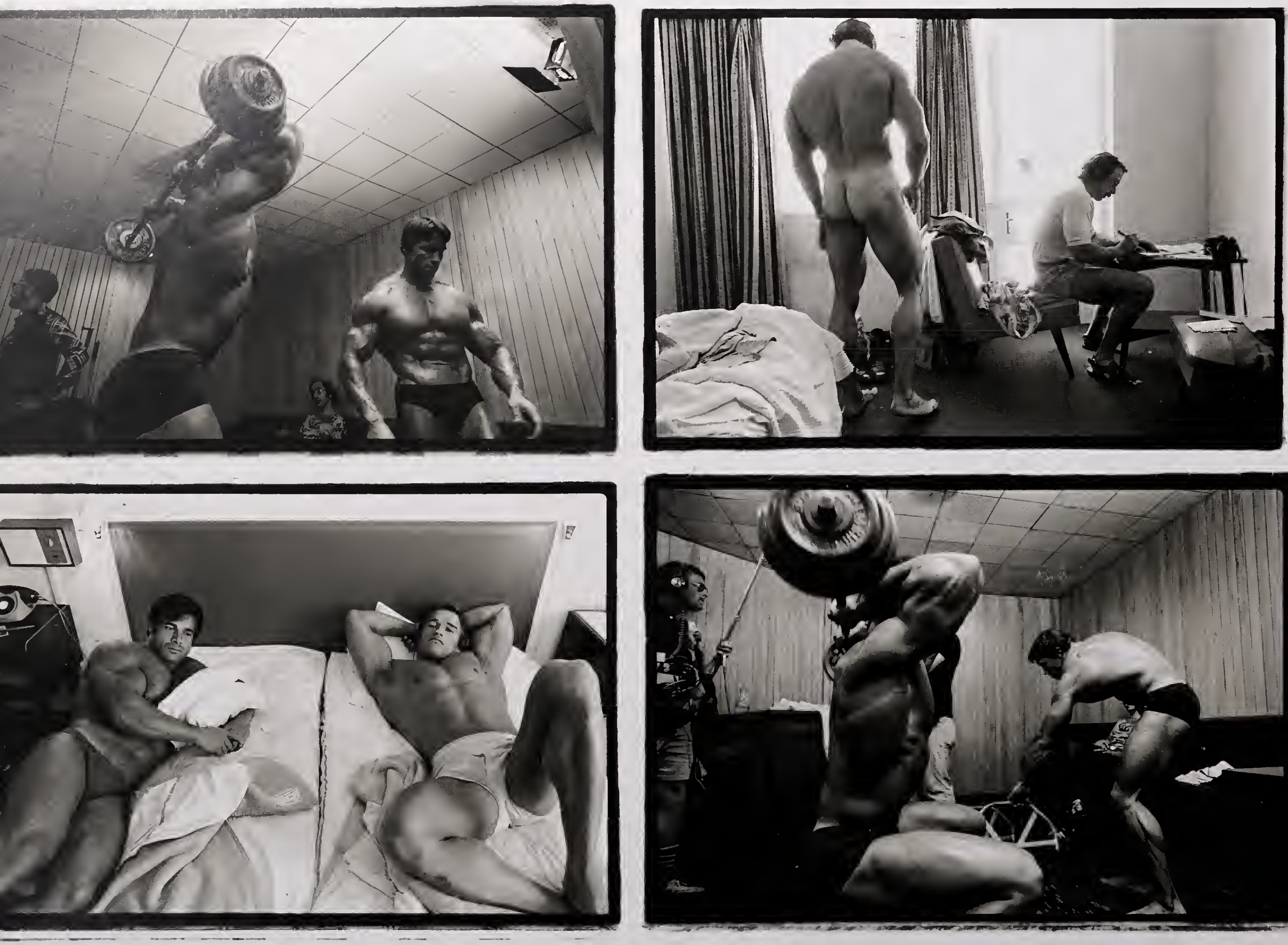




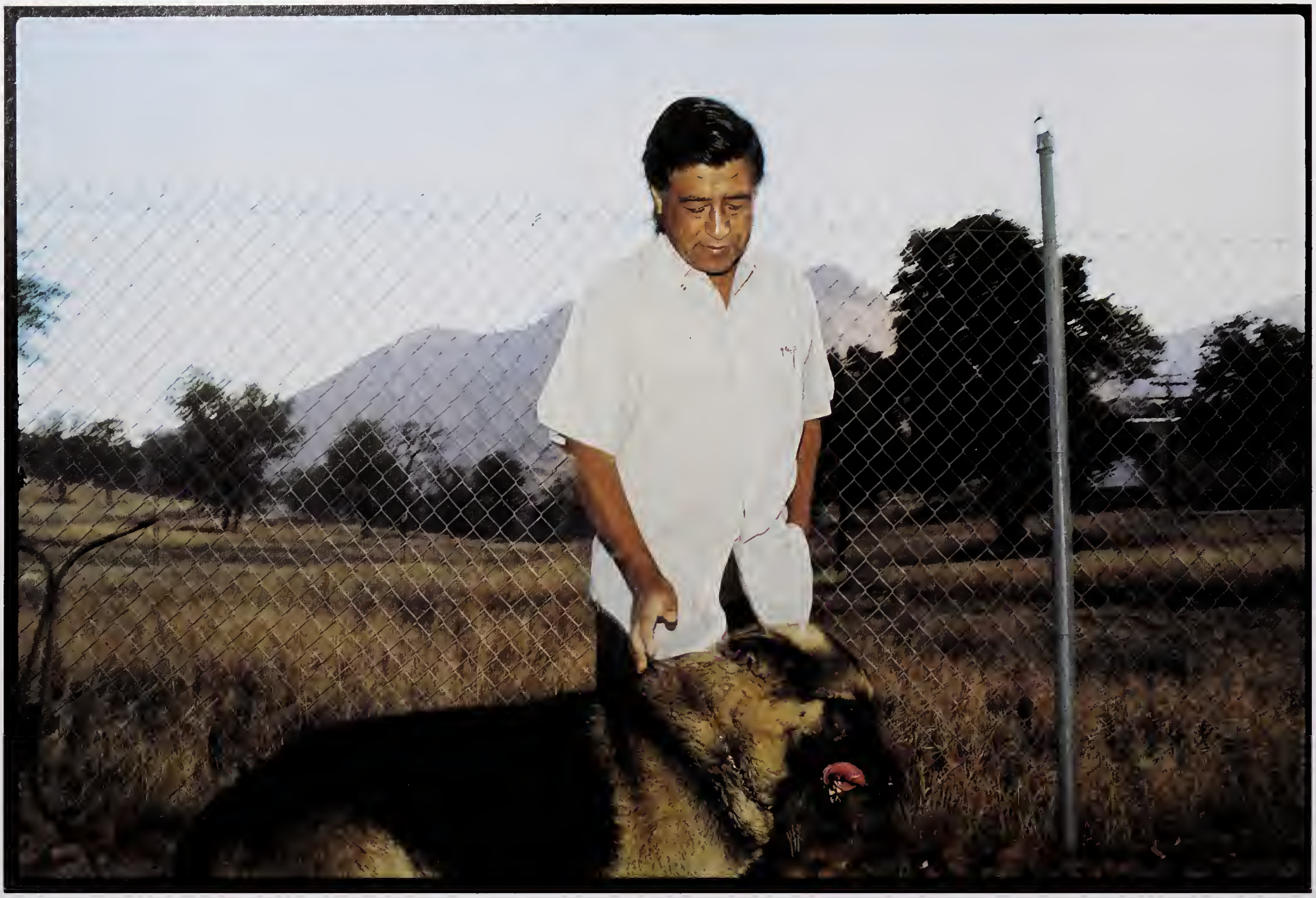
Mick Jagger, *Chicago, 1975*

Mick Jagger, Keith Richards, and Bill Wyman, *New York, 1975*

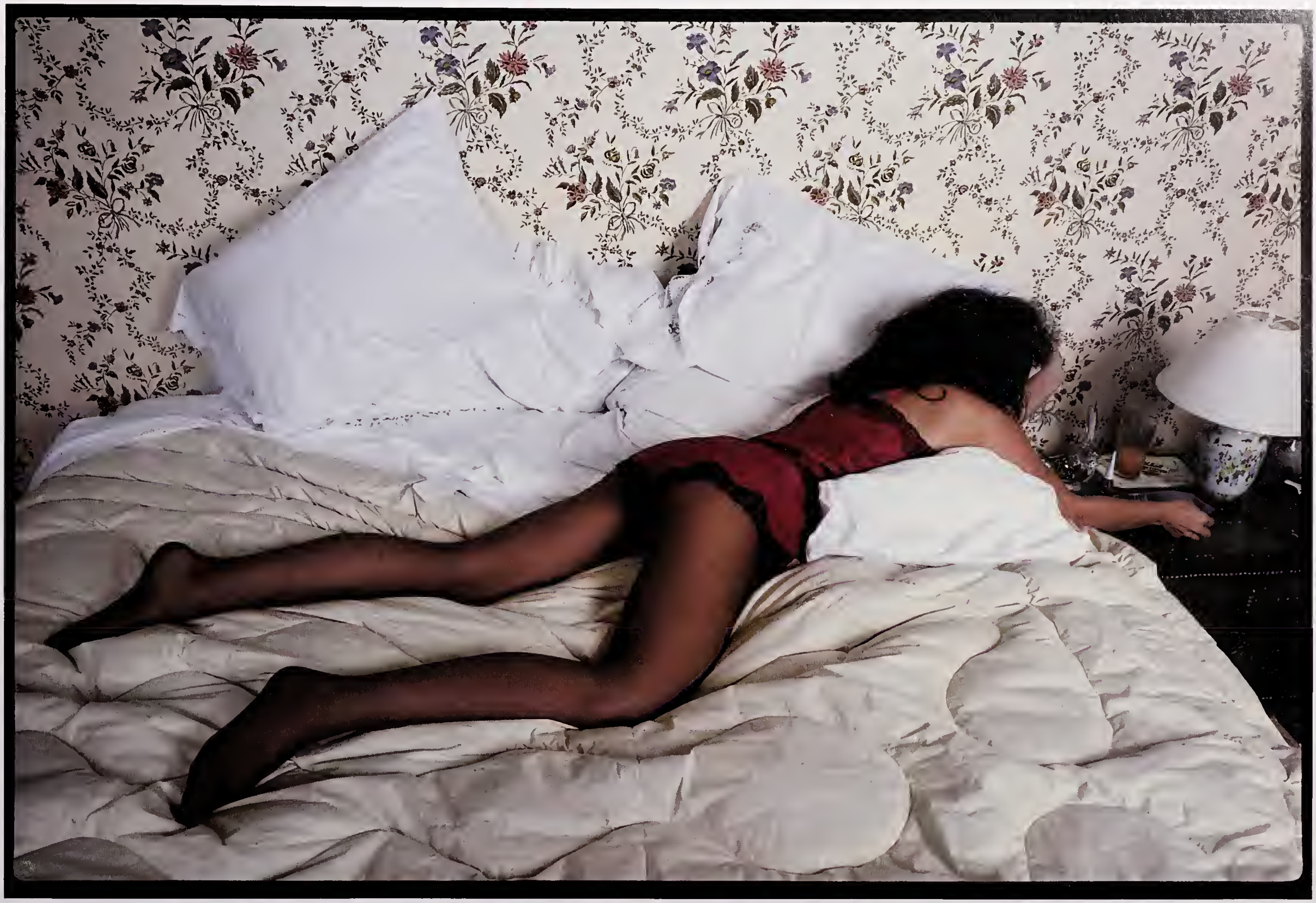
Mick Jagger, *Southampton, Long Island, and Buffalo, New York, 1975*



Arnold Schwarzenegger (with Franco Columbu, bottom left), *Johannesburg and Capetown, South Africa, 1976*

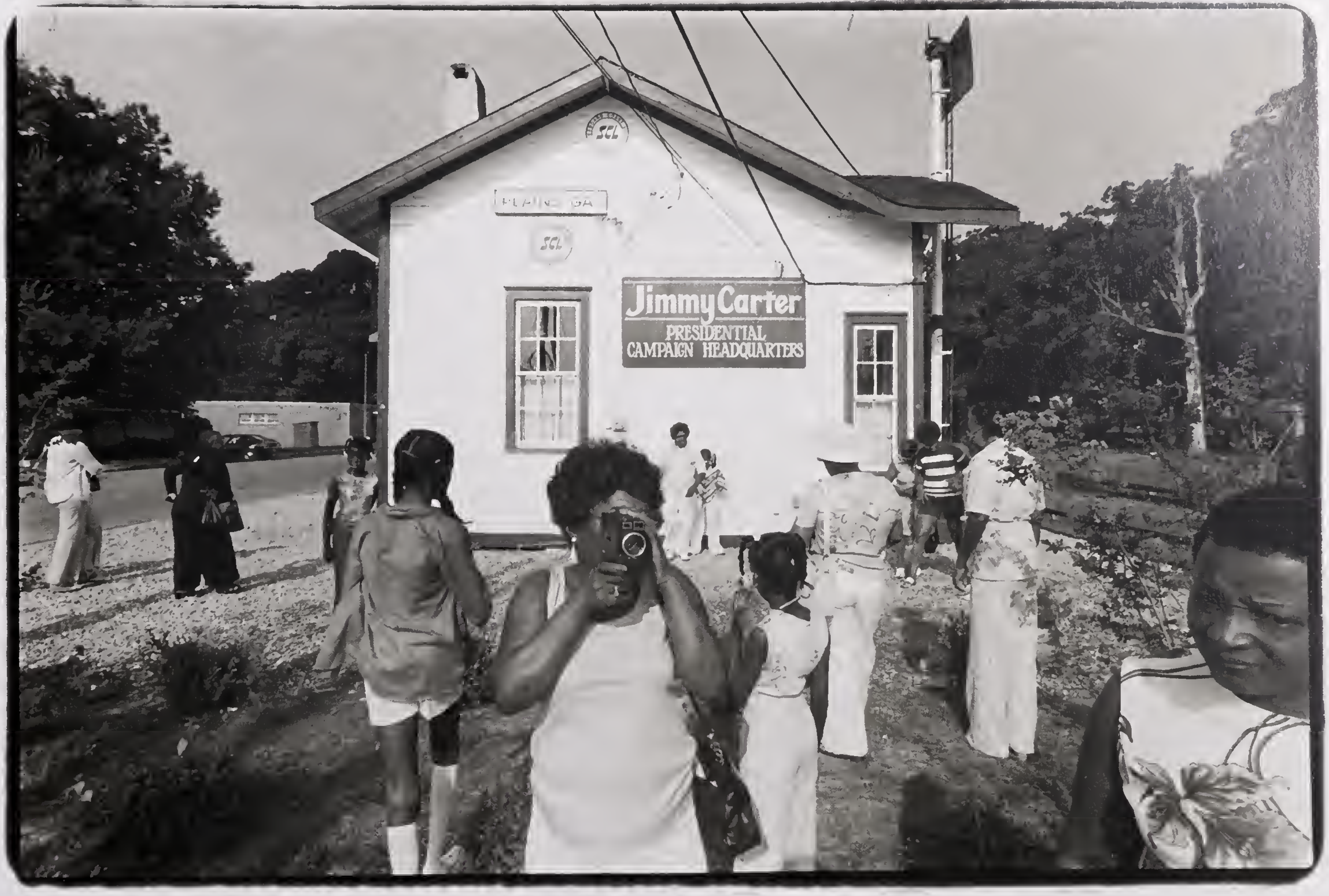


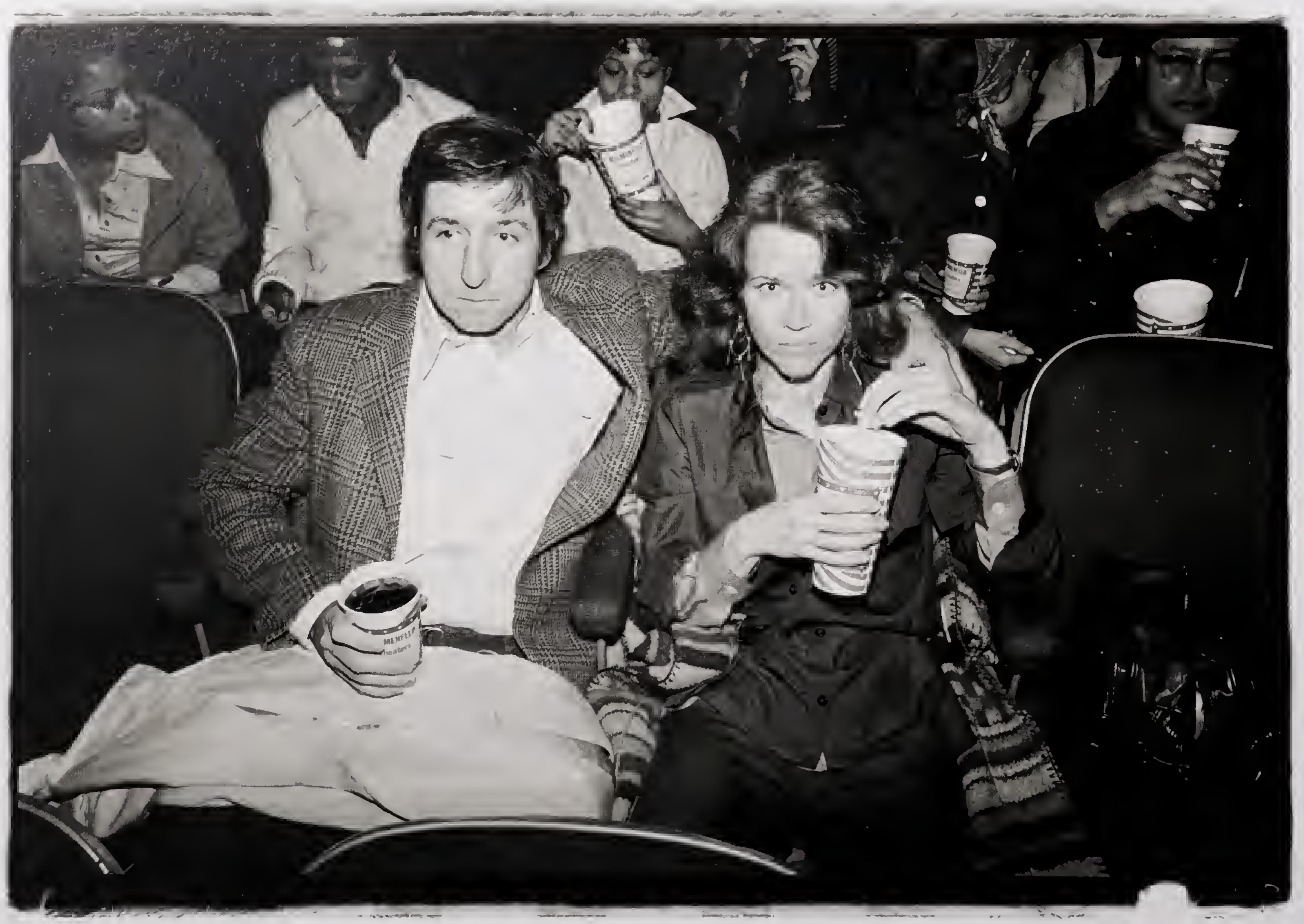
Cesar Chavez, *La Paz, California, 1976*



Linda Ronstadt, *Malibu, California, 1976*

BIG JOHN'S IN TOWN
PABST
OLD-TIME FLAVOR


PLAINS GA
SCL
Jimmy Carter
PRESIDENTIAL
CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS

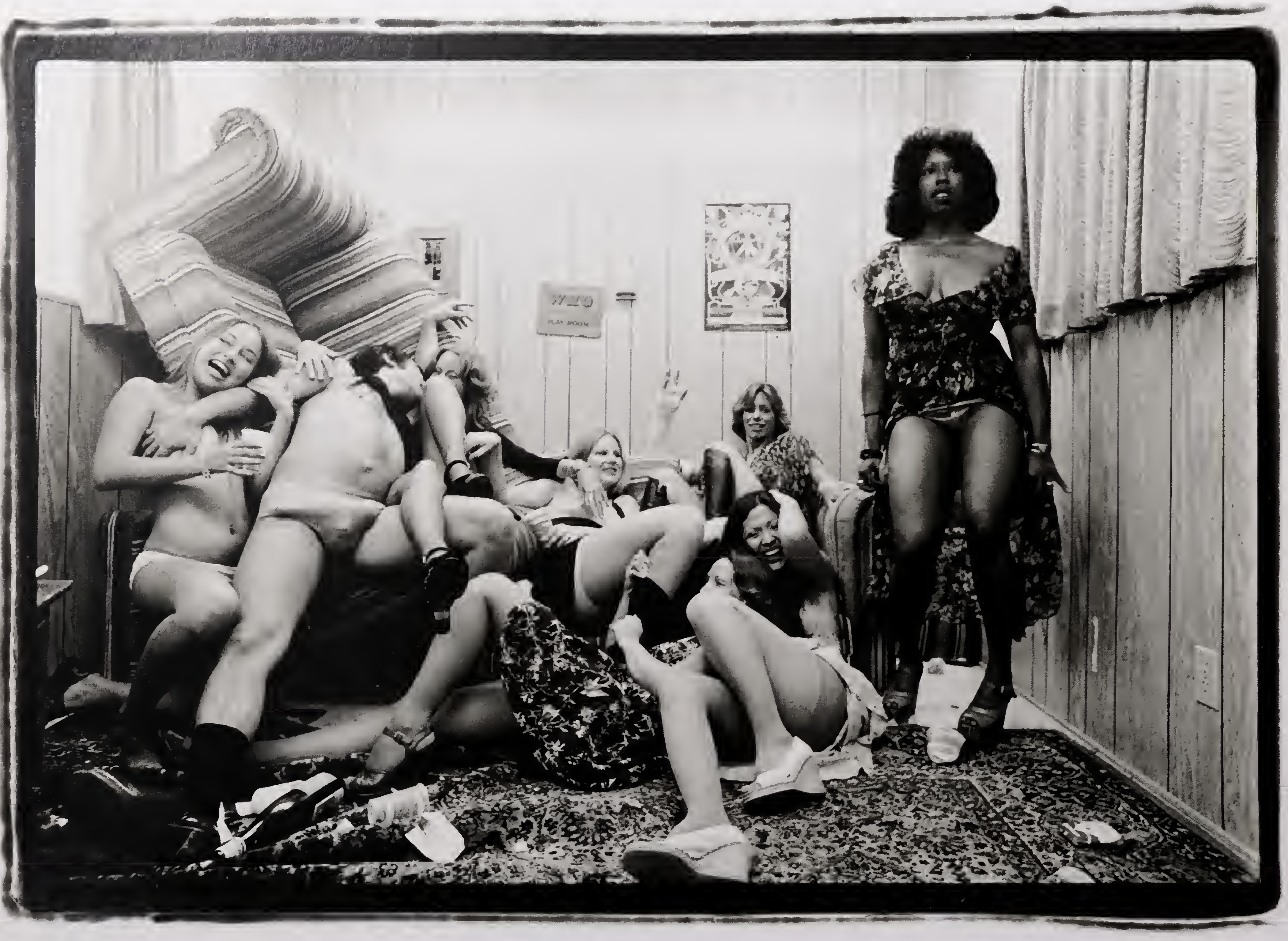


Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda, *San Francisco, 1978*

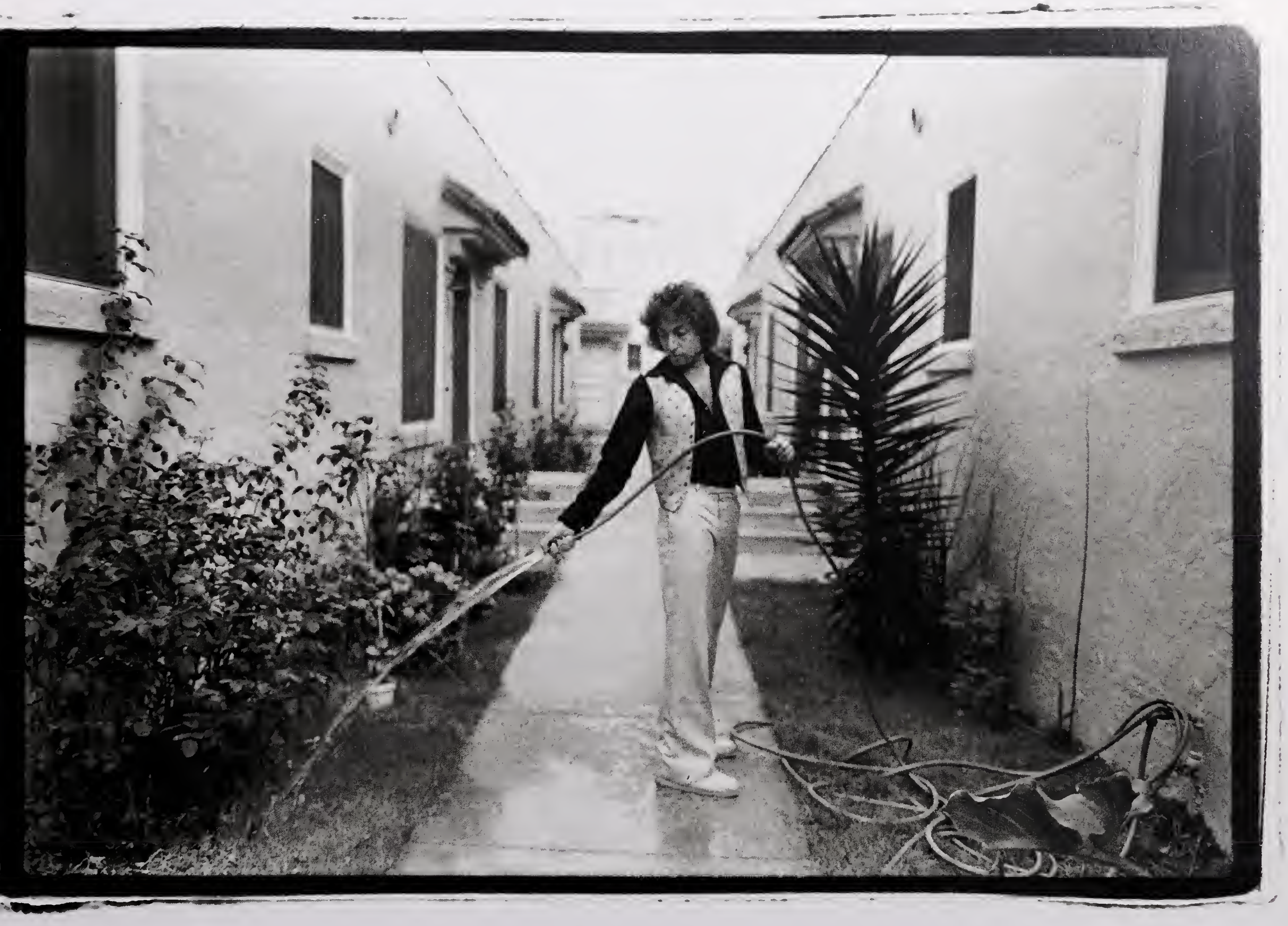
Brian Wilson, *Malibu, California, 1976*

Preceding pages:

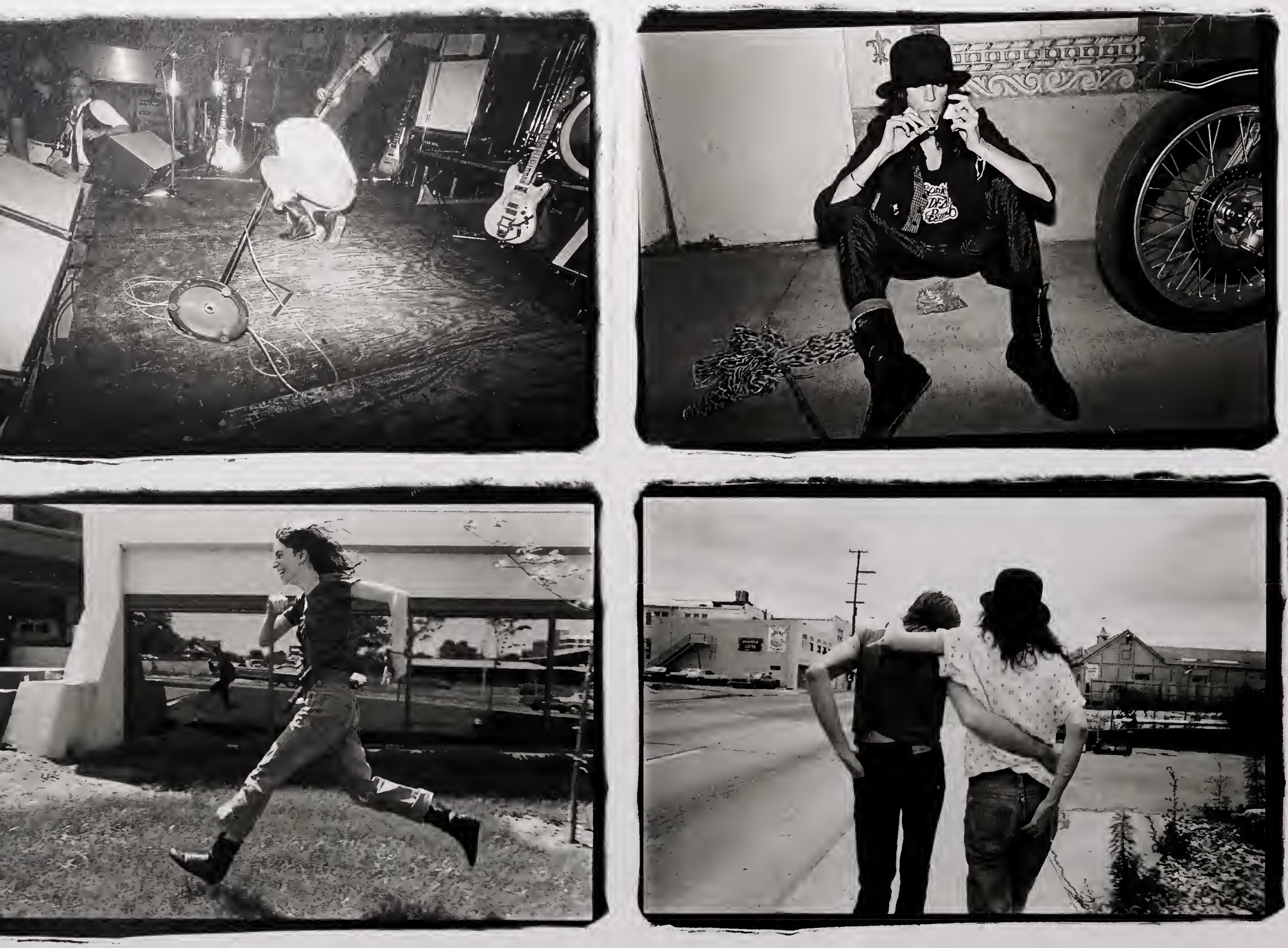
Jimmy Carter's presidential campaign, *Plains, Georgia, 1976.*
Sam Donaldson and Billy Carter (upper left and lower right)


WHO
PLAY ROOM

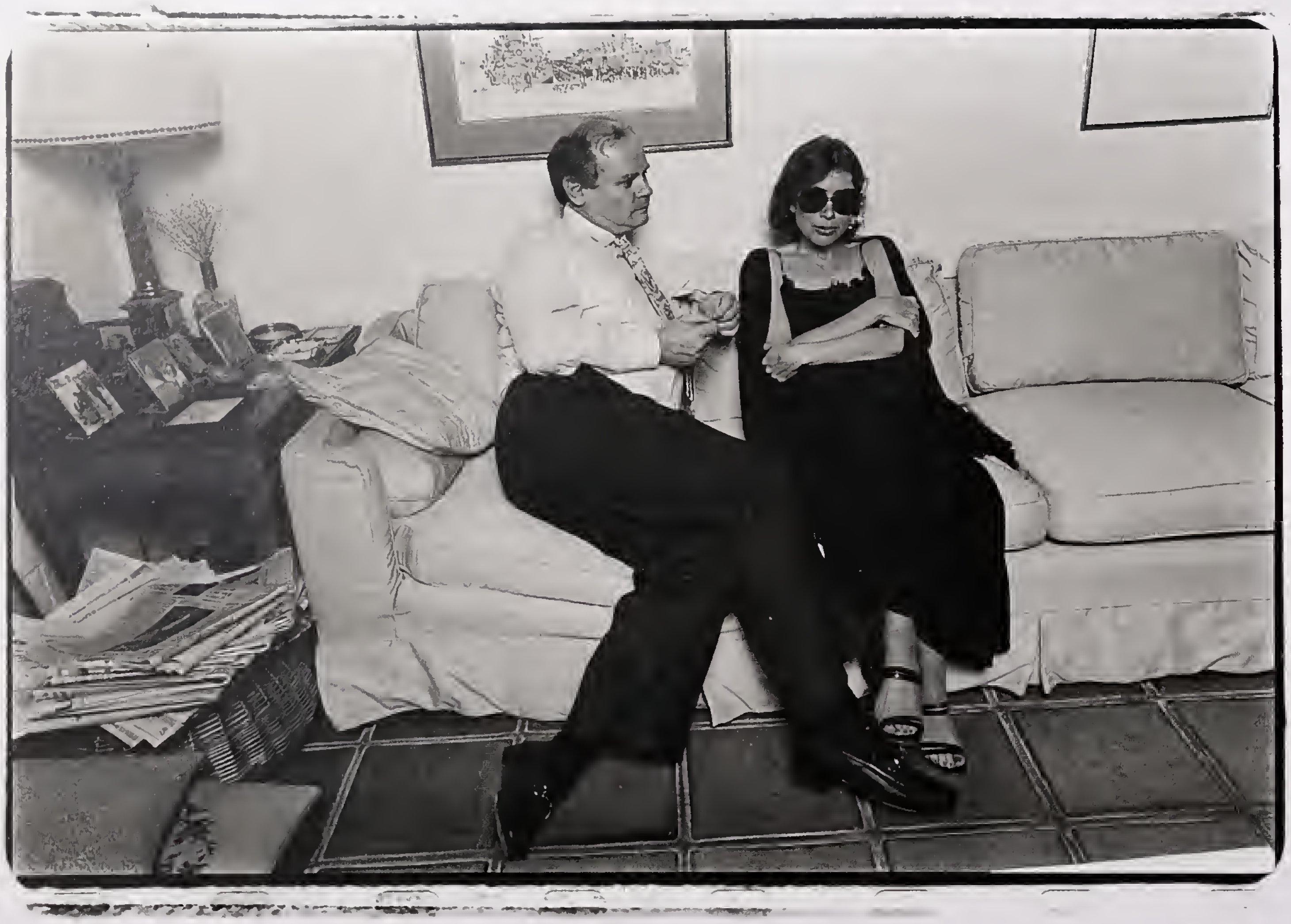
Keith Moon backstage, *Oakland, California, 1976*

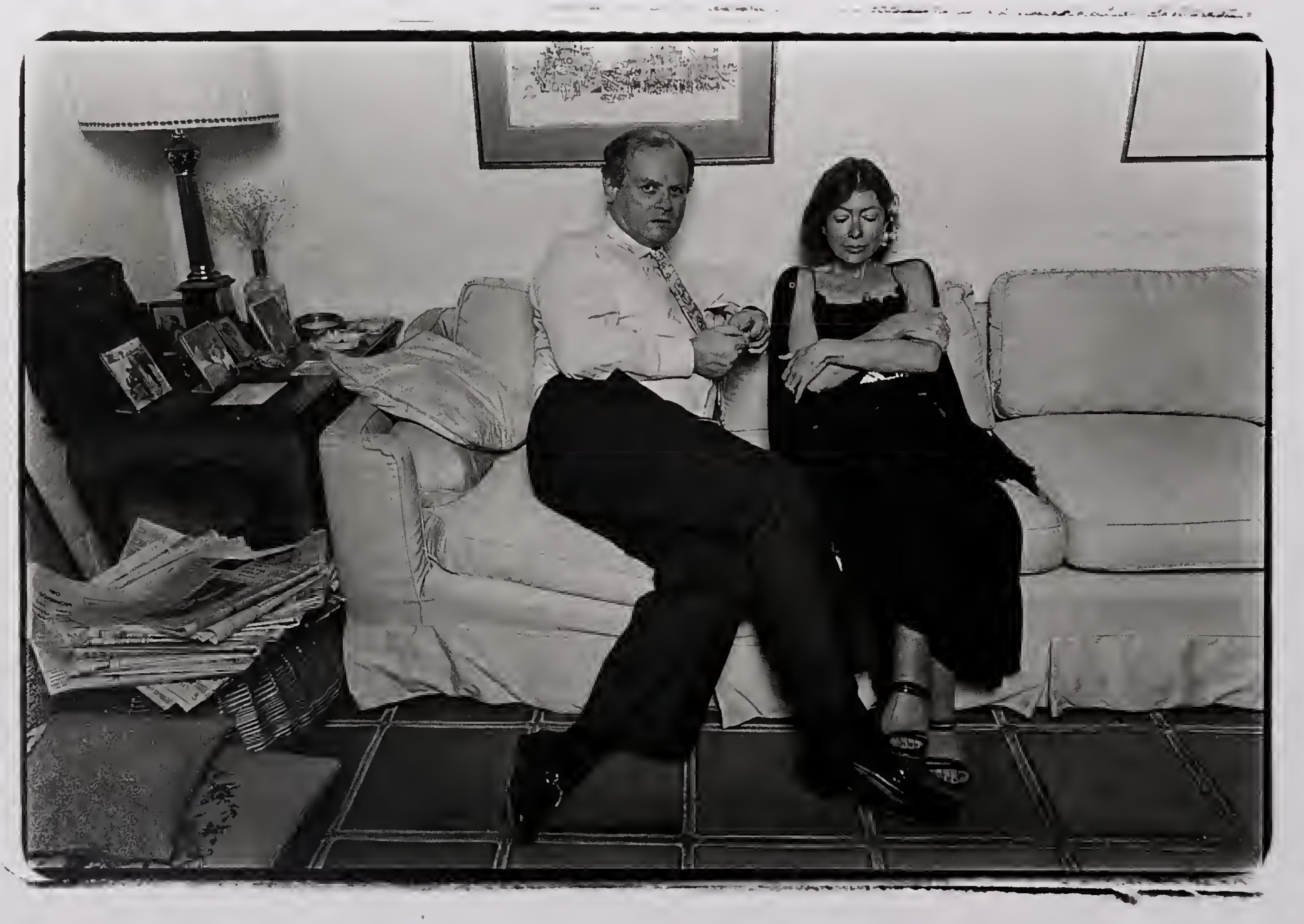


Bob Dylan, *Hollywood, 1978*



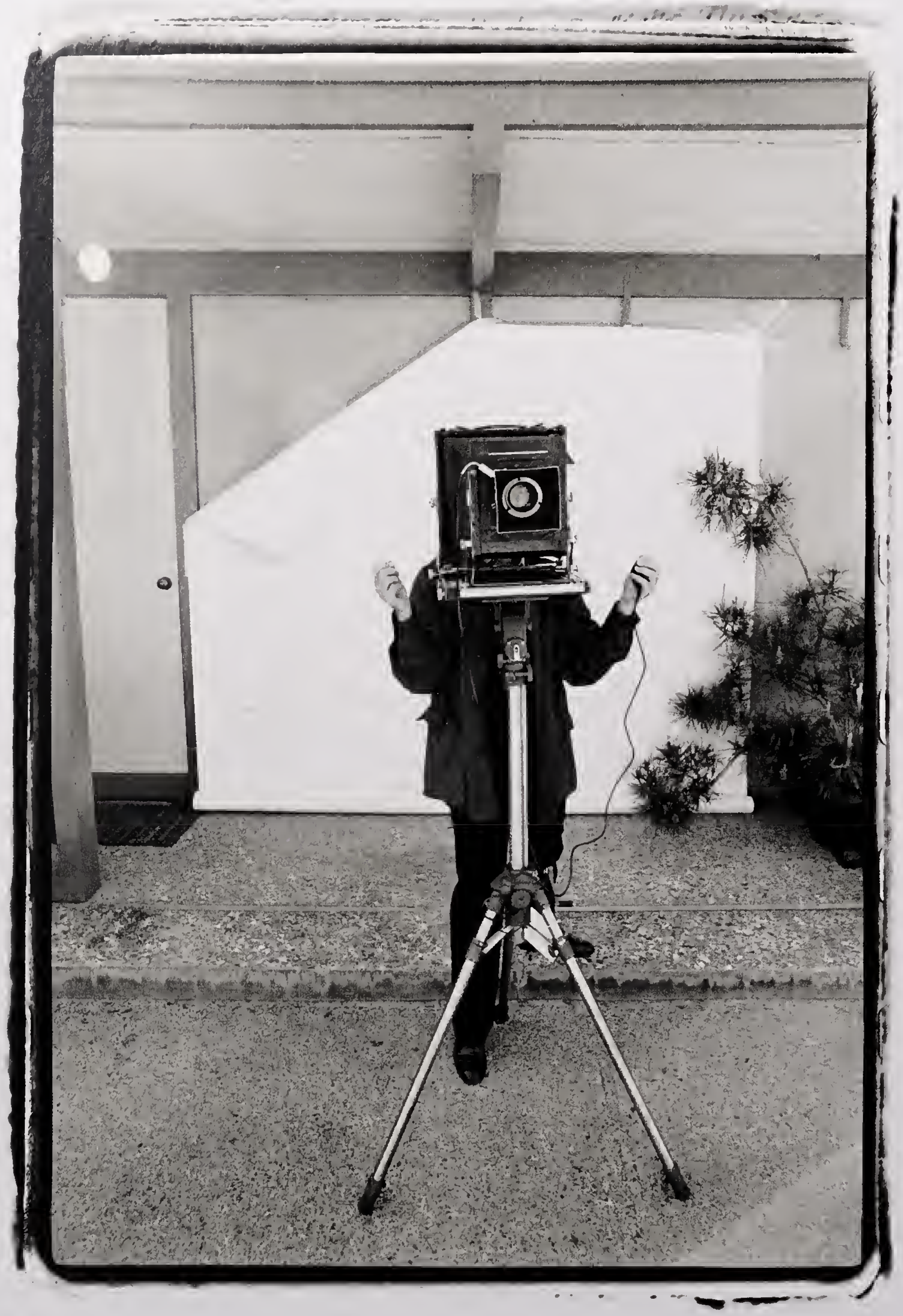
Patti Smith on tour, *St. Louis, Dallas, and New Orleans, 1978*





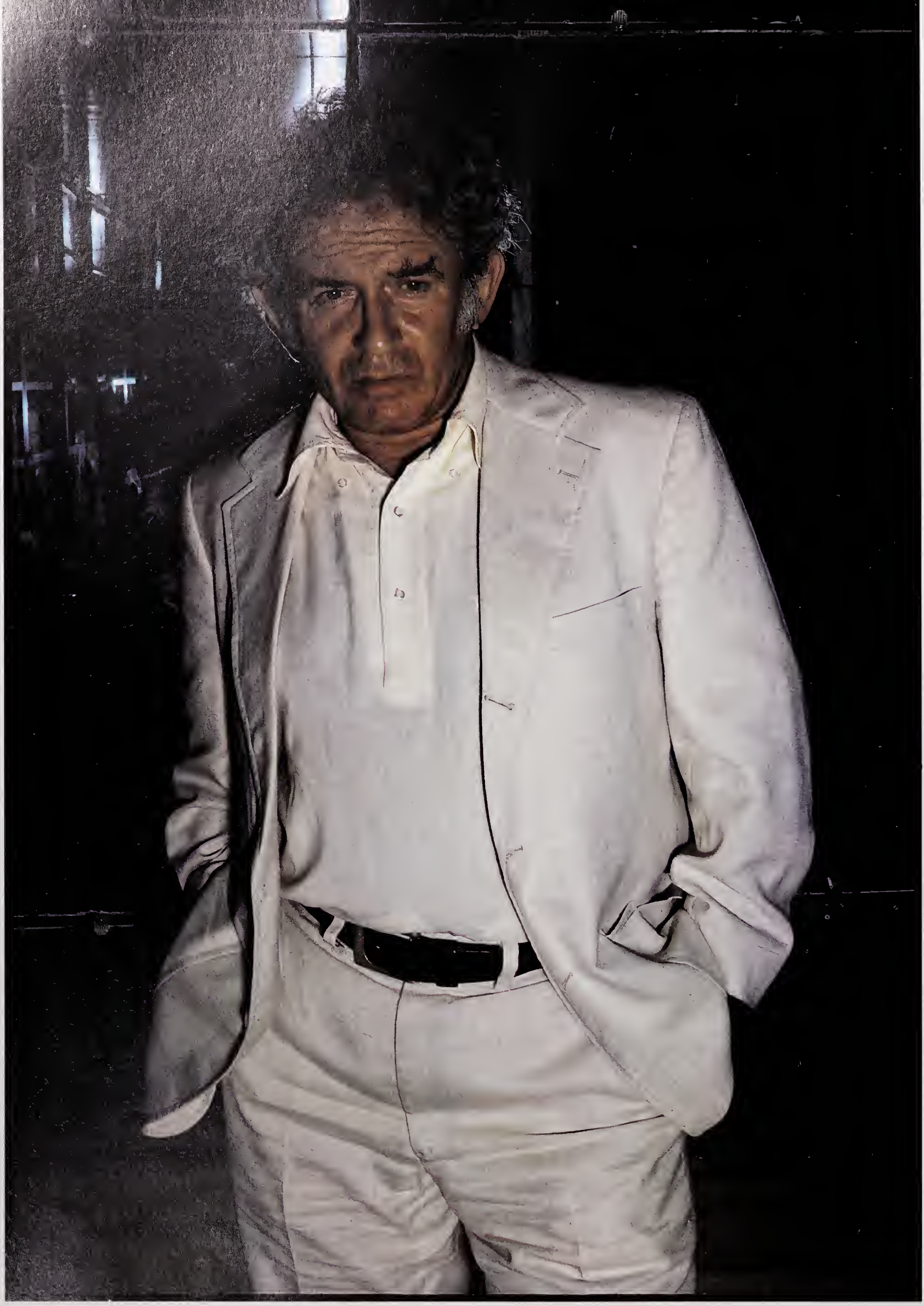
John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion, *Malibu, California, 1978*

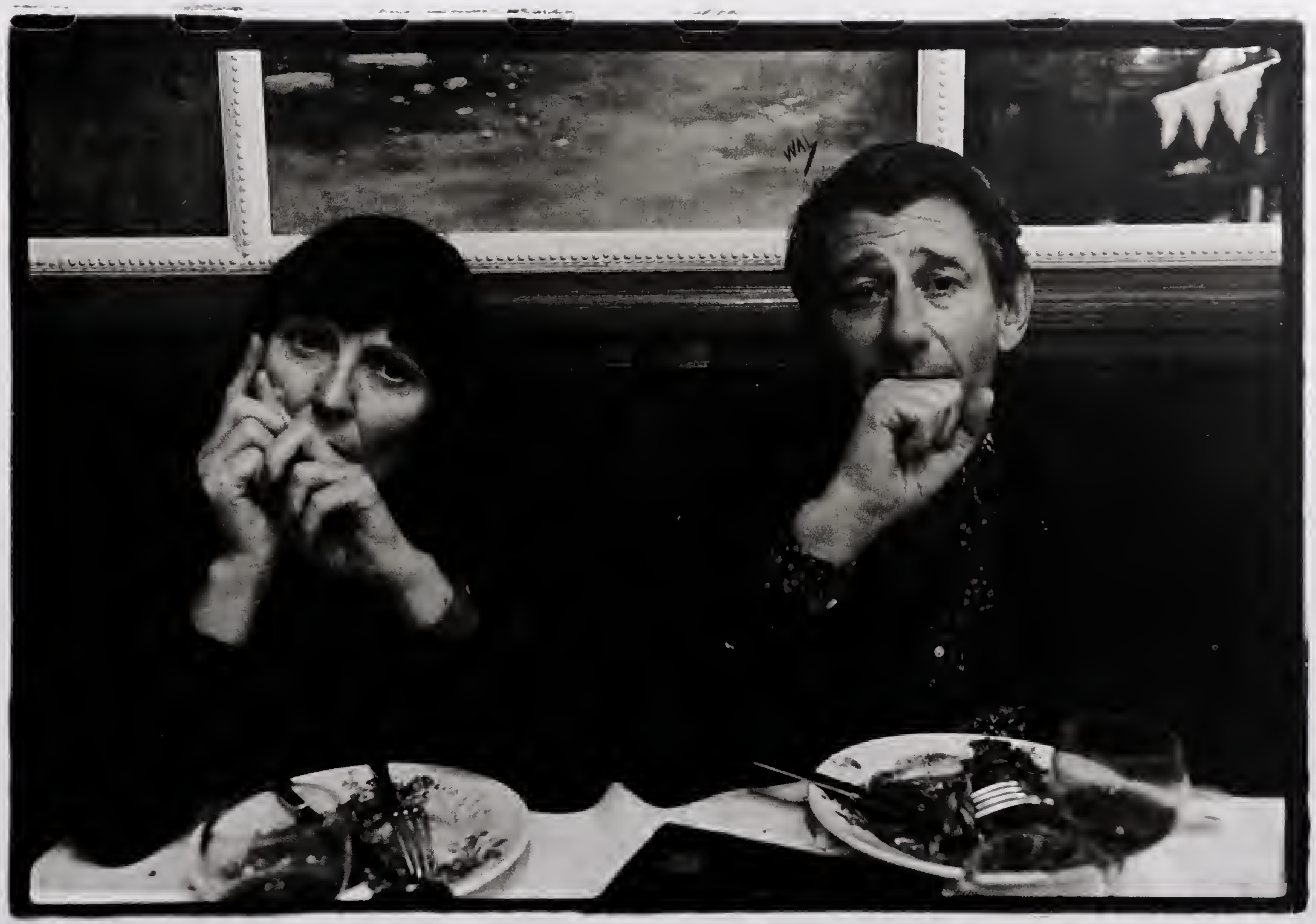
Sally Rand, *New York City, 1978*



Richard Avedon, *Palo Alto, California, 1976*

Muhammad Ali, *Chicago, 1978*



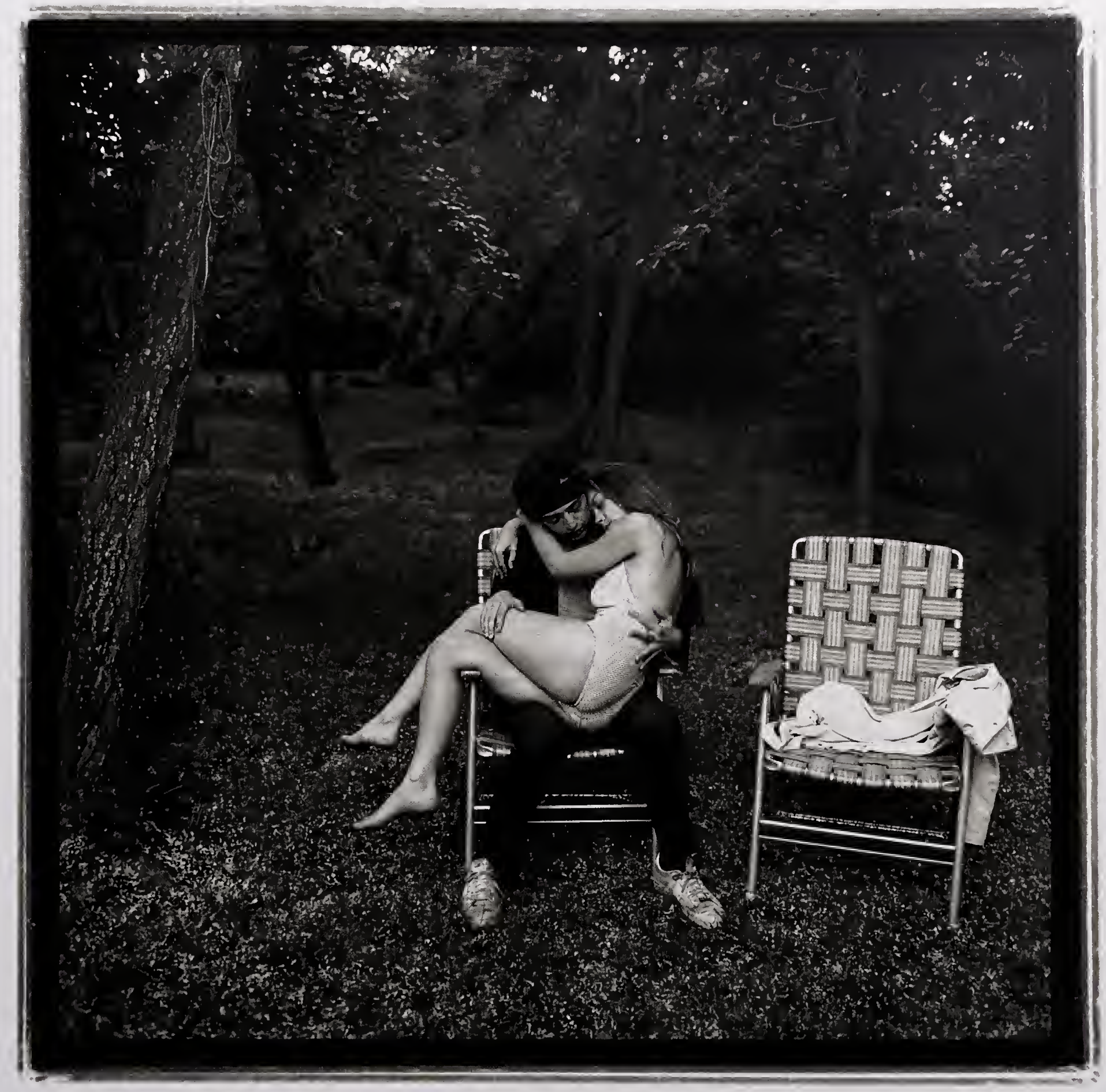


Norman Mailer, *Bar Harbor, Maine, 1974*

Alice Springs and Helmut Newton, *Paris, 1976*

ENQUIRER
CERTAIN FOODS MAKE YOU TALK MORE
ENQUIRER
CERTAIN FOODS MAKE YOU TALK MORE

CASH



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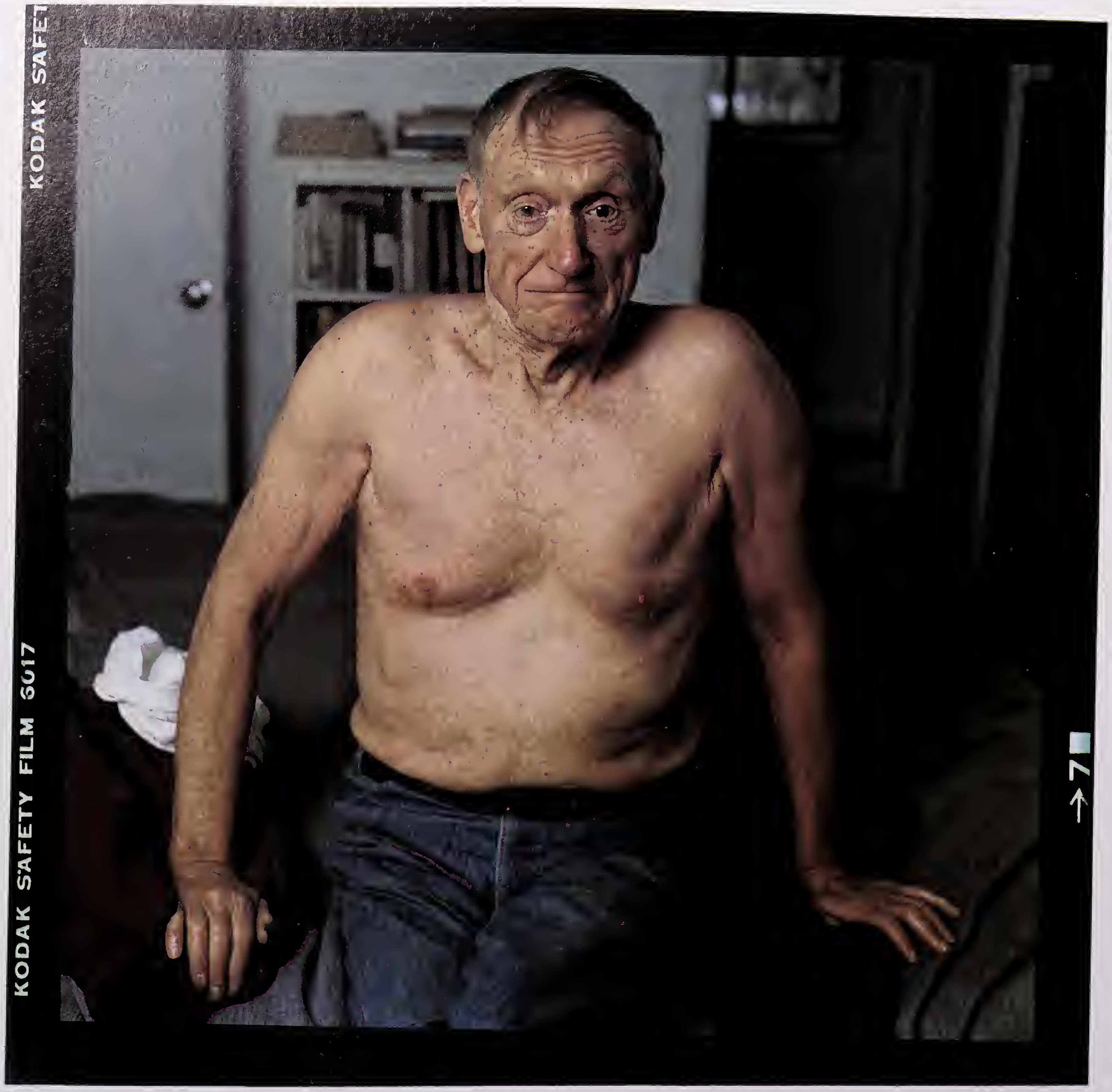
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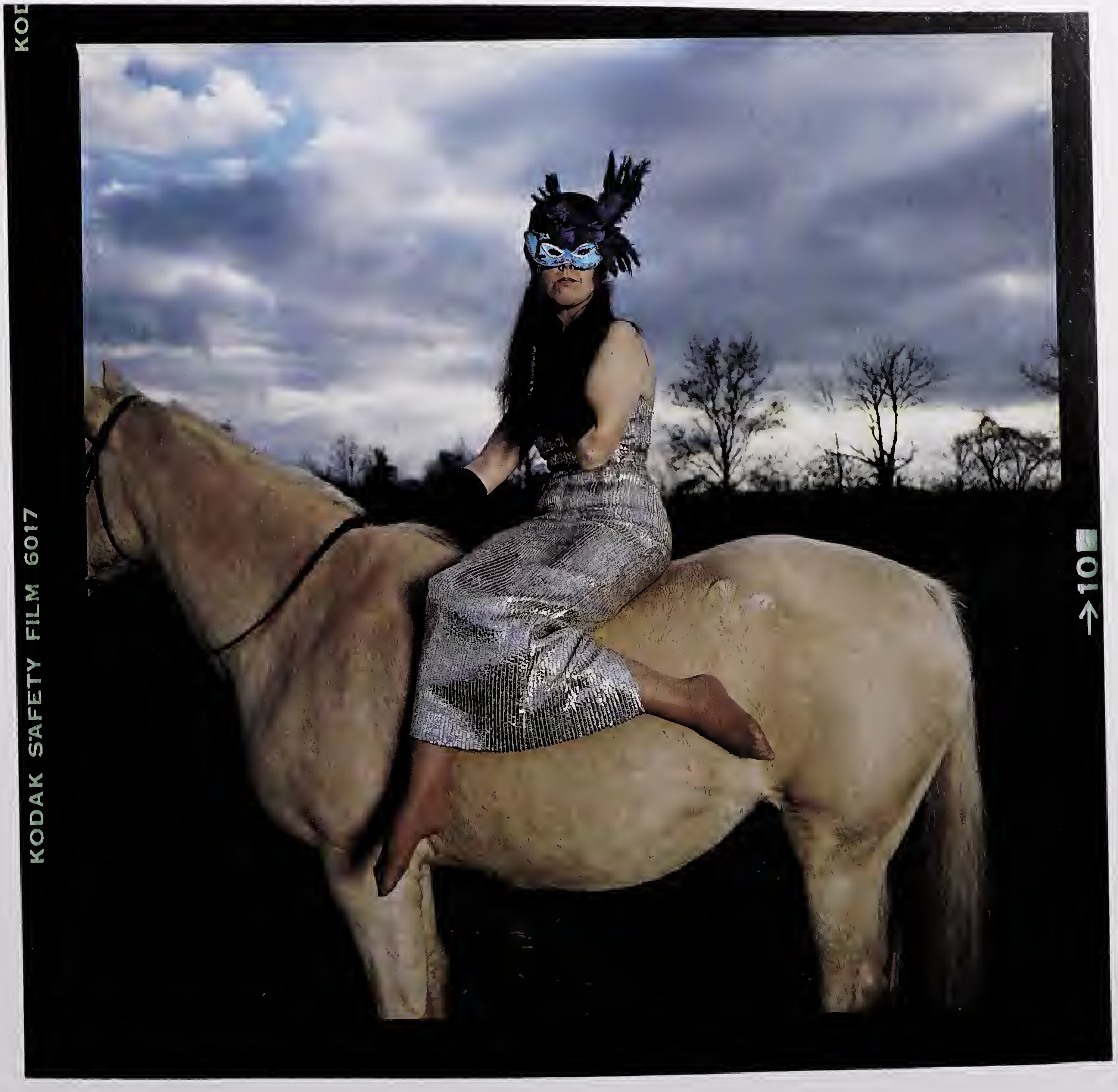
Robert Penn Warren, *Fairfield, Connecticut, 1980*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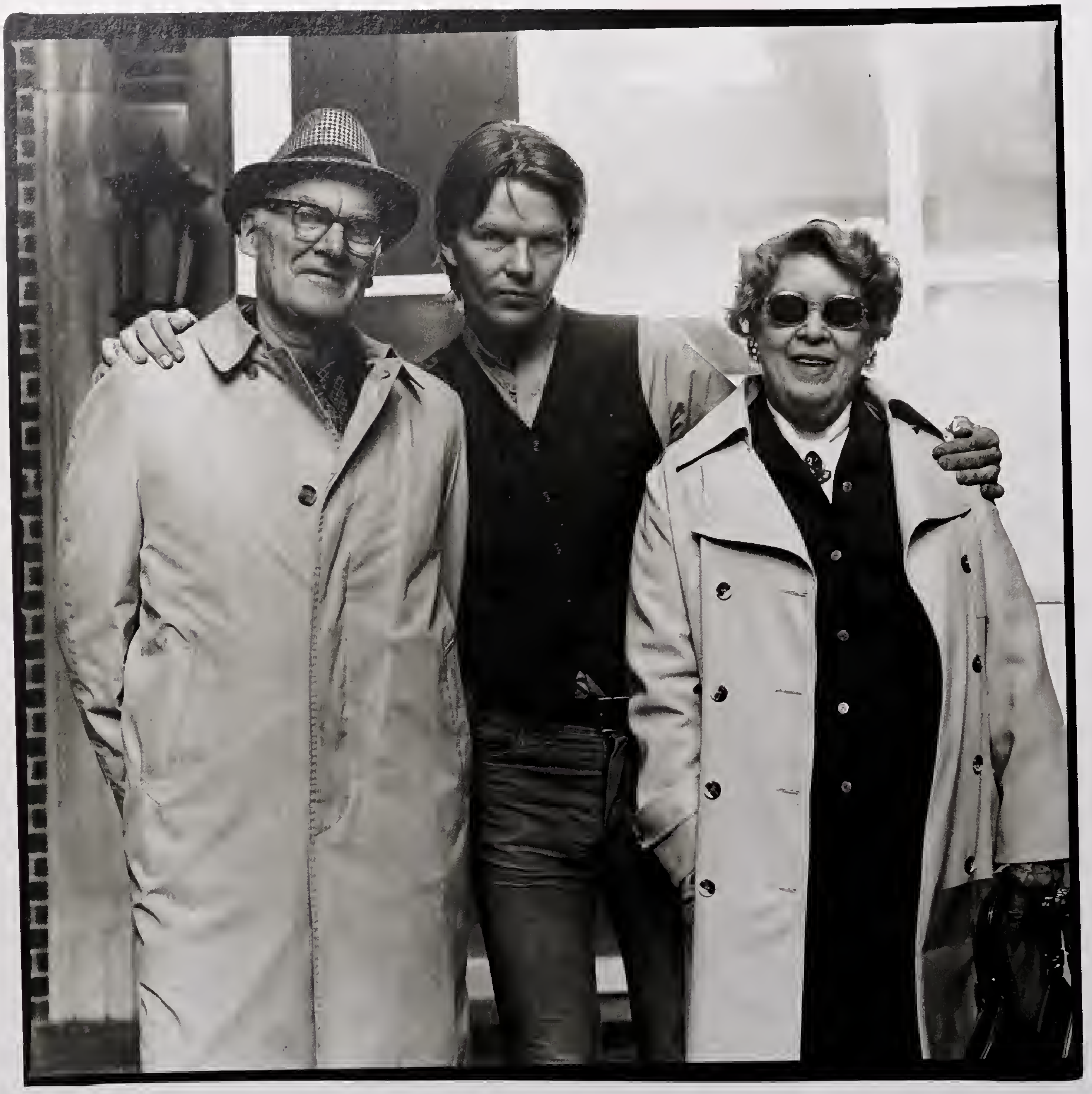
Tess Gallagher, *Syracuse, New York, 1980*



Jim Carroll and his parents, *New York City, 1980*

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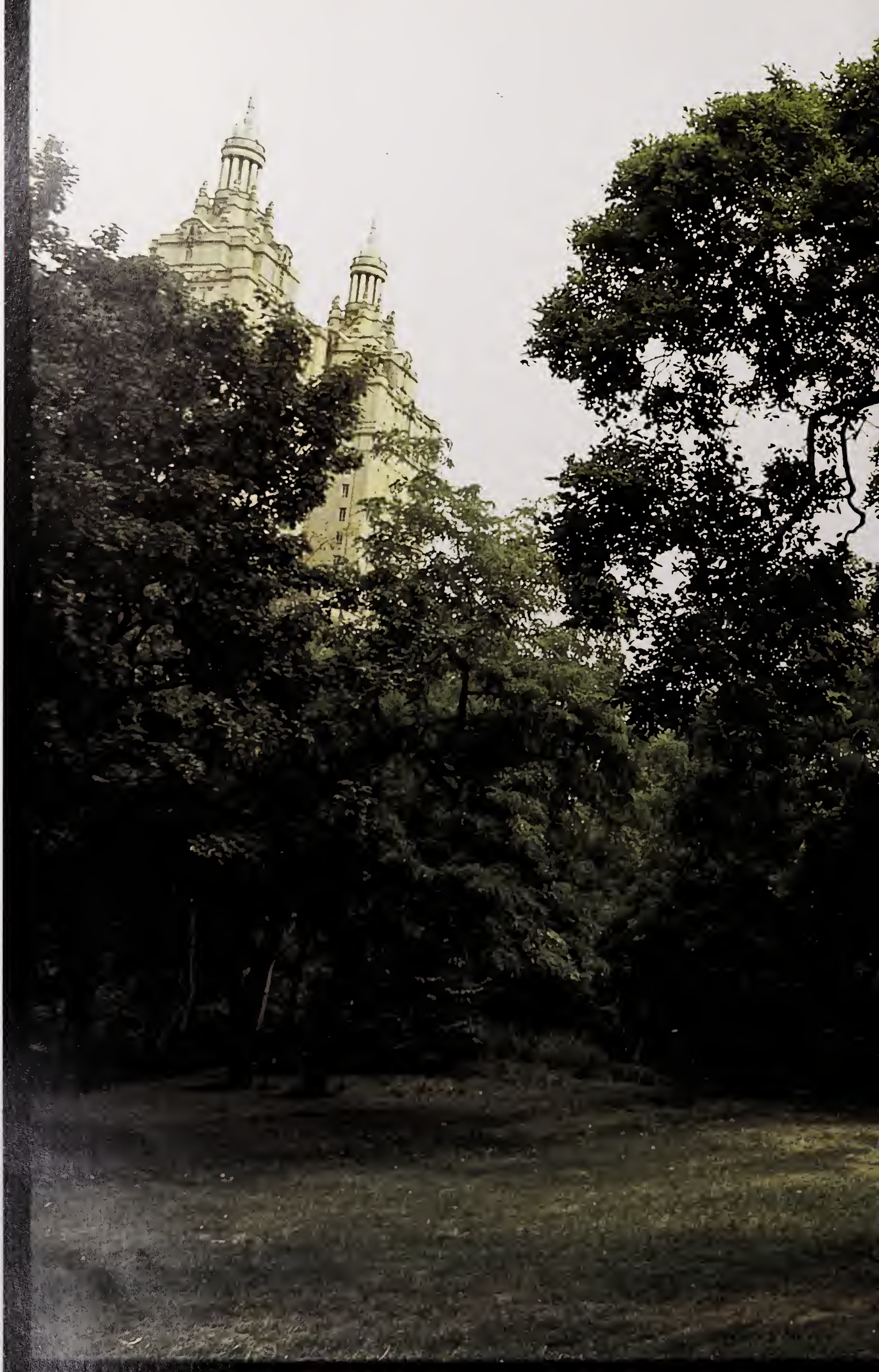
John Lennon and Yoko Ono, *New York City, December 8, 1980*



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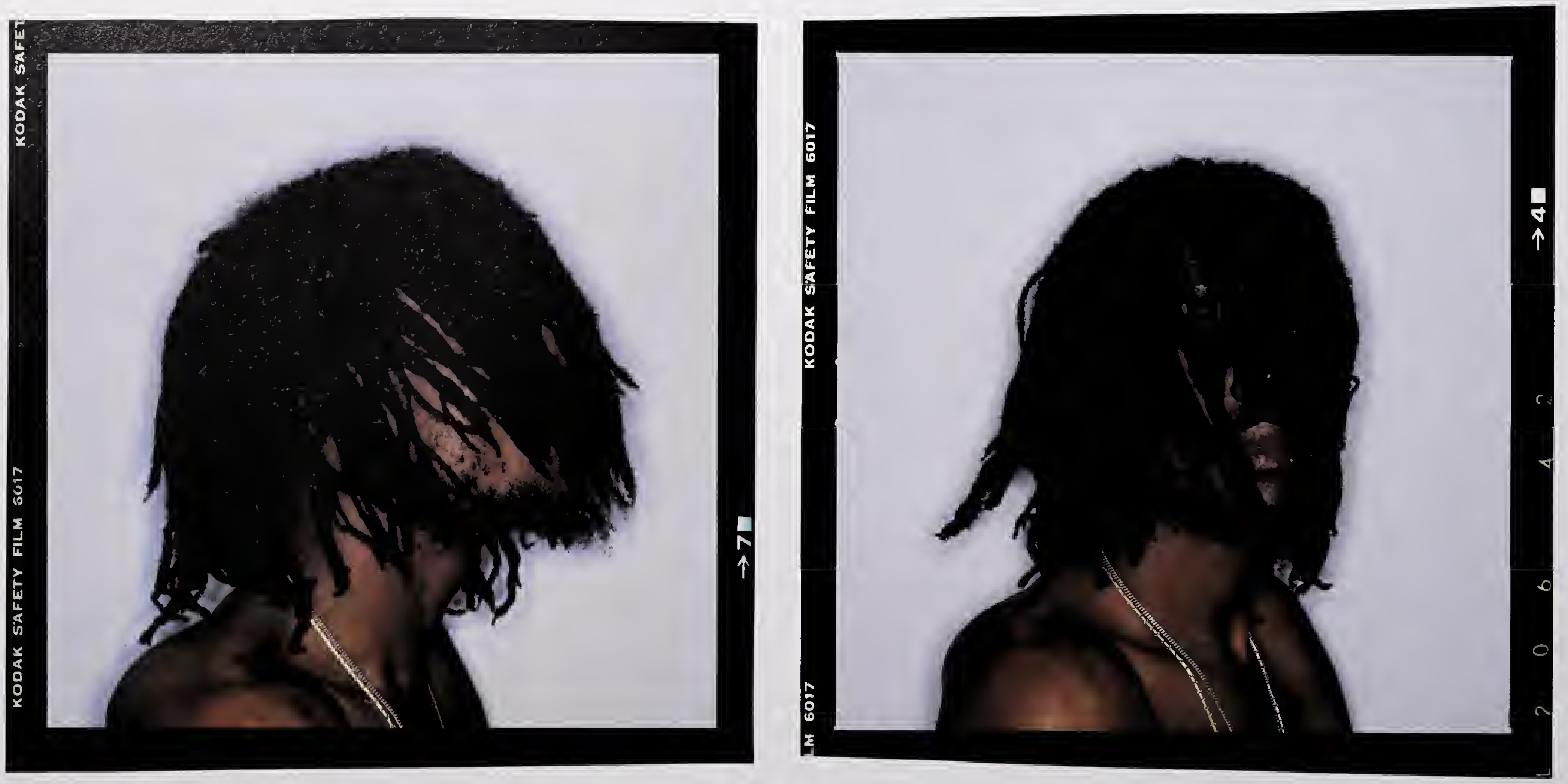
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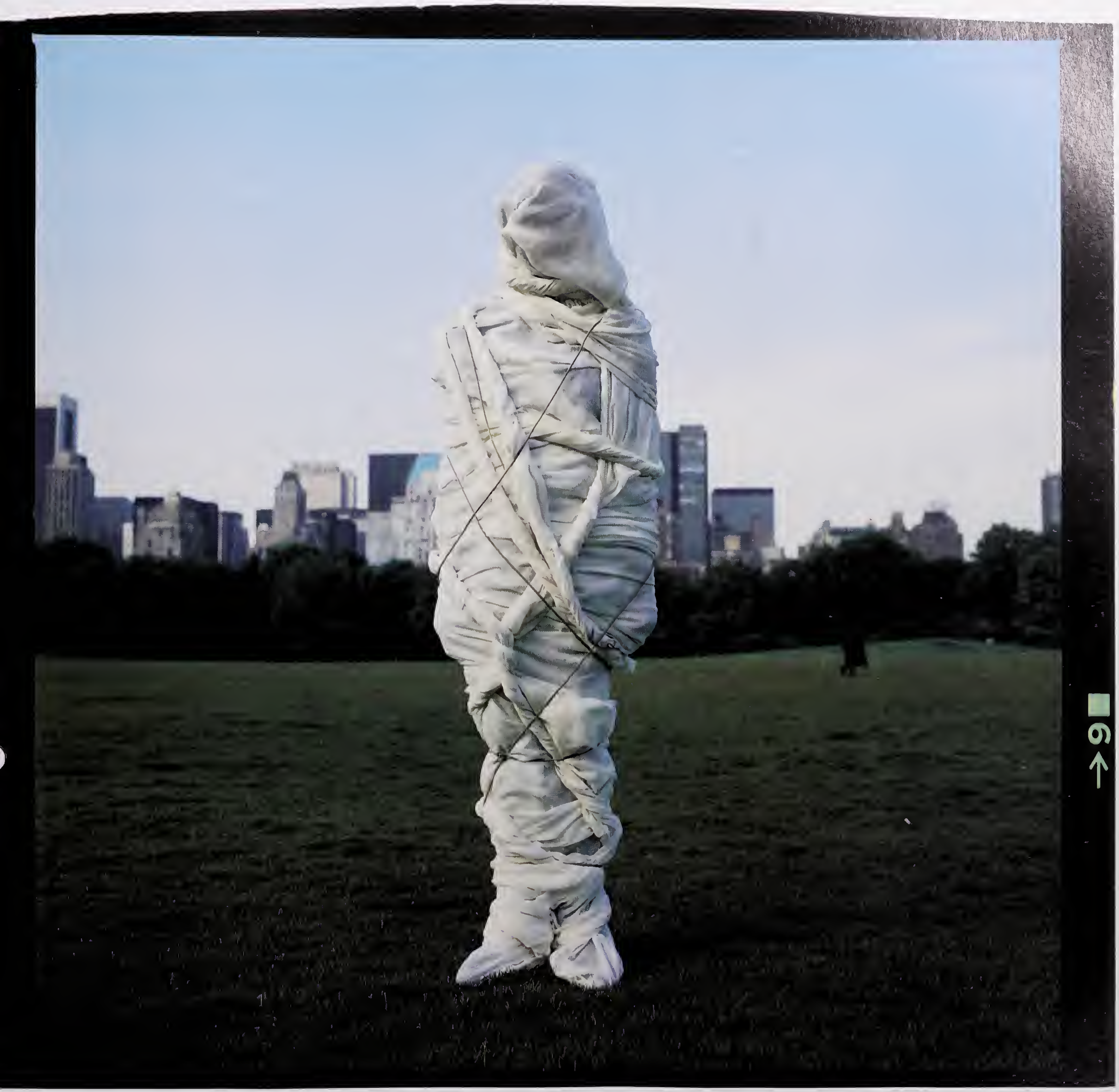
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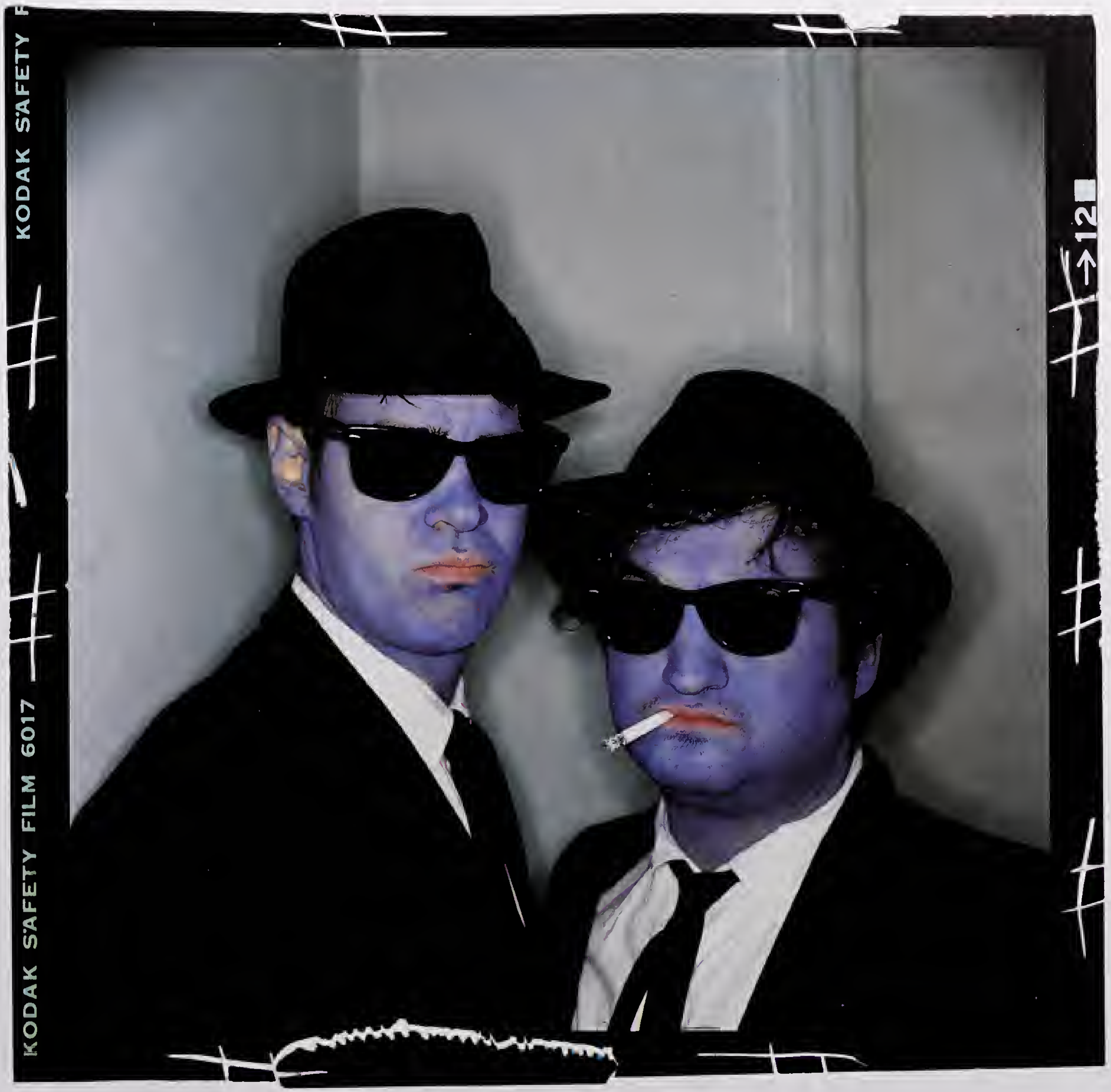
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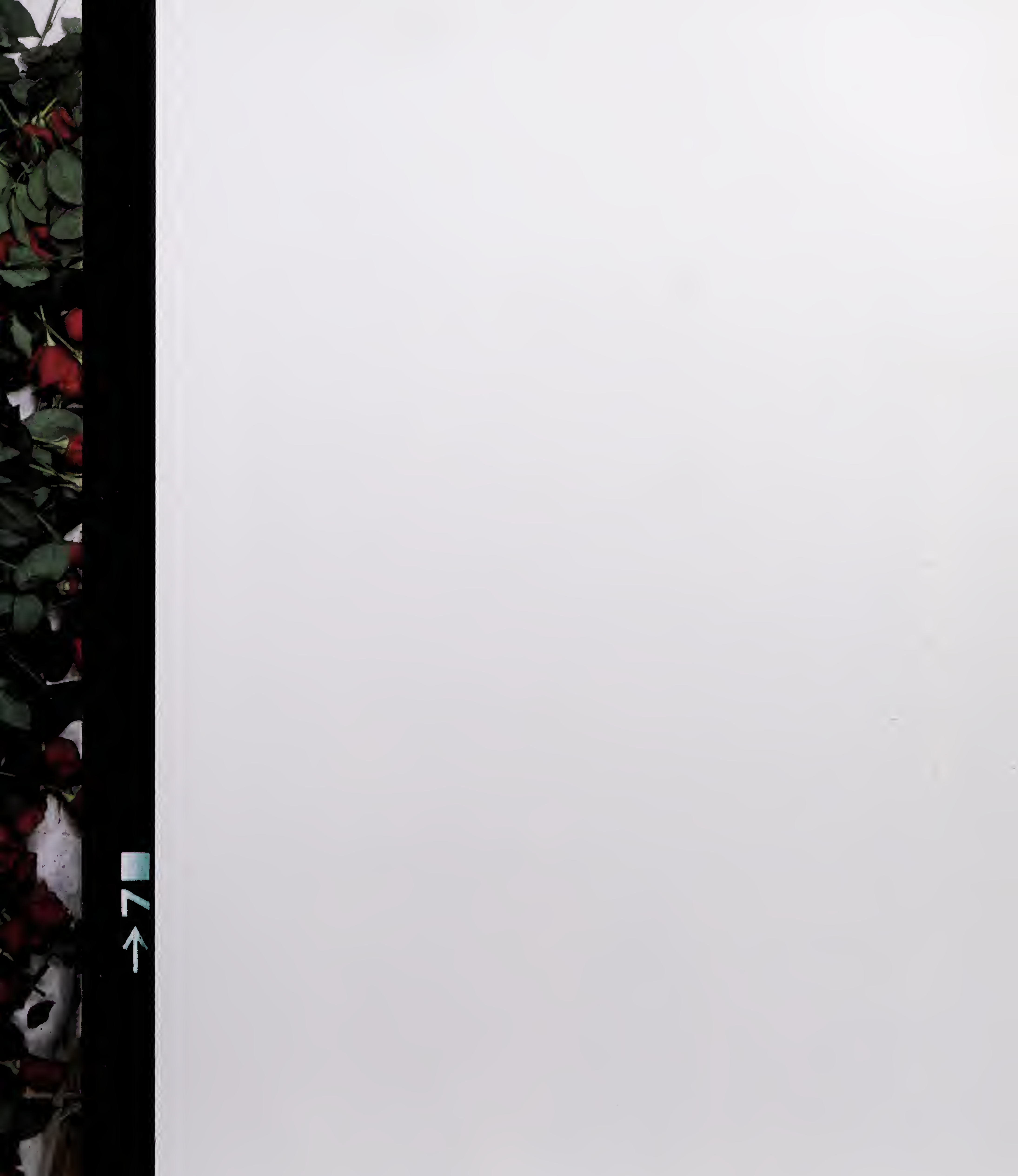

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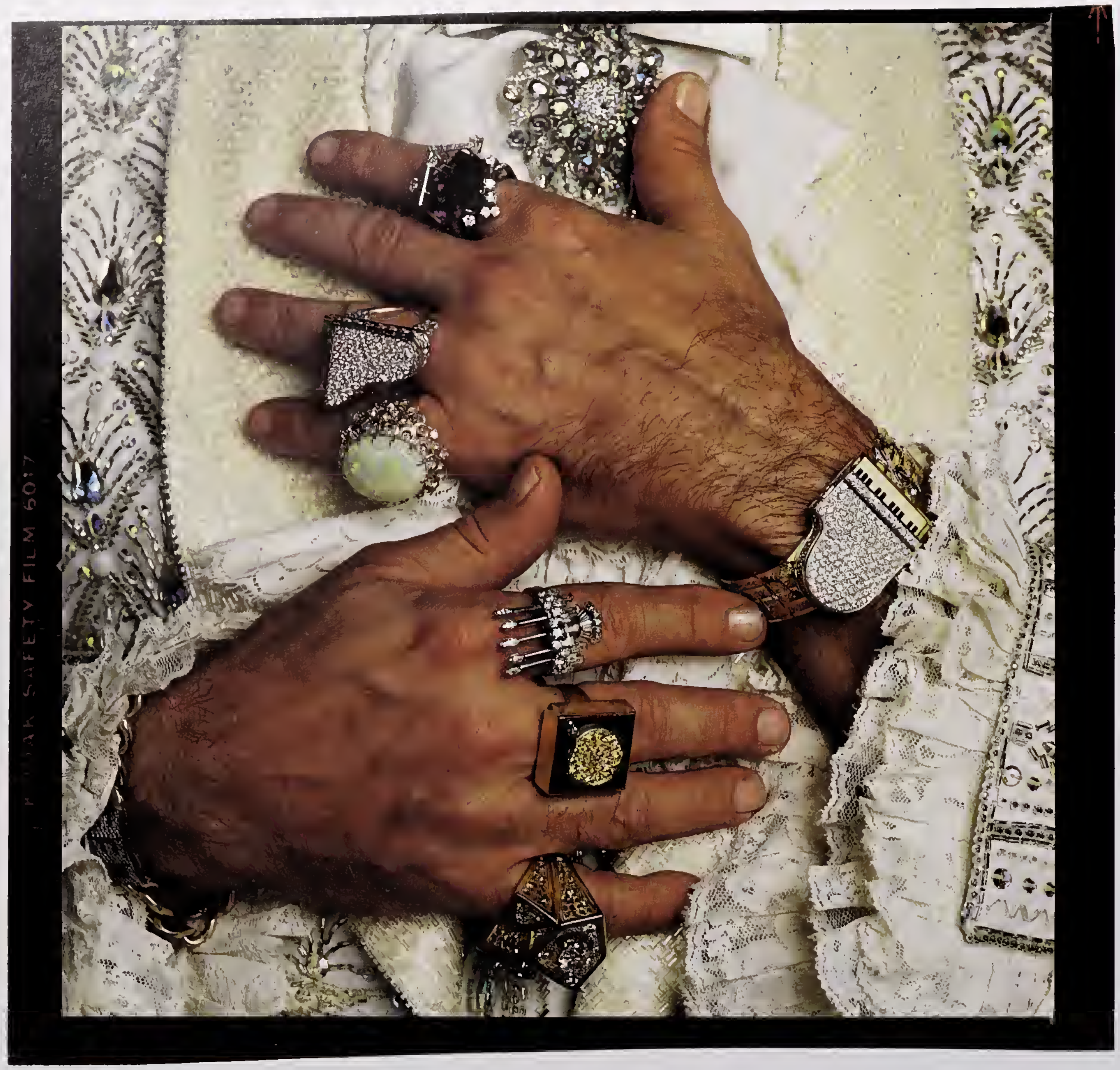
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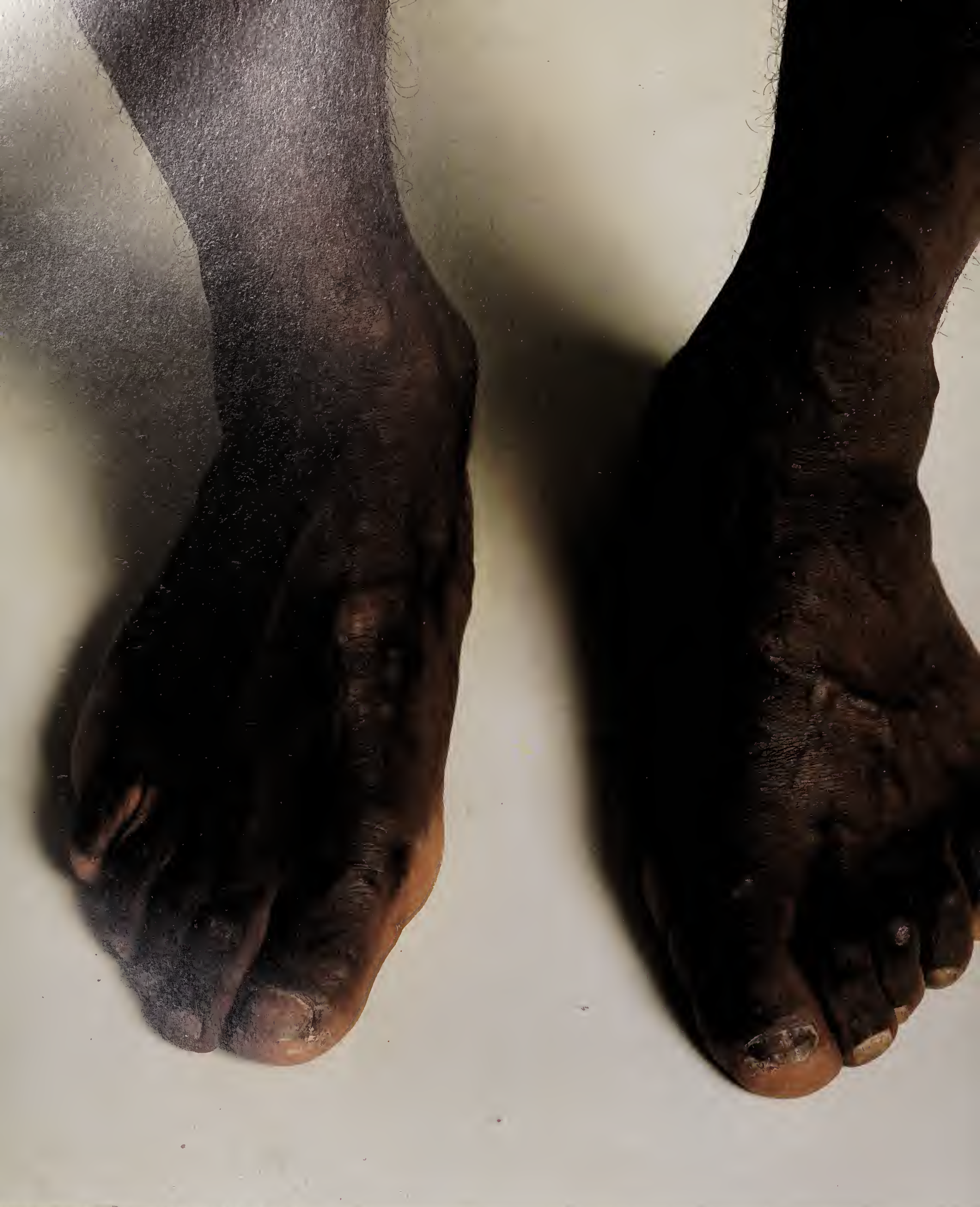

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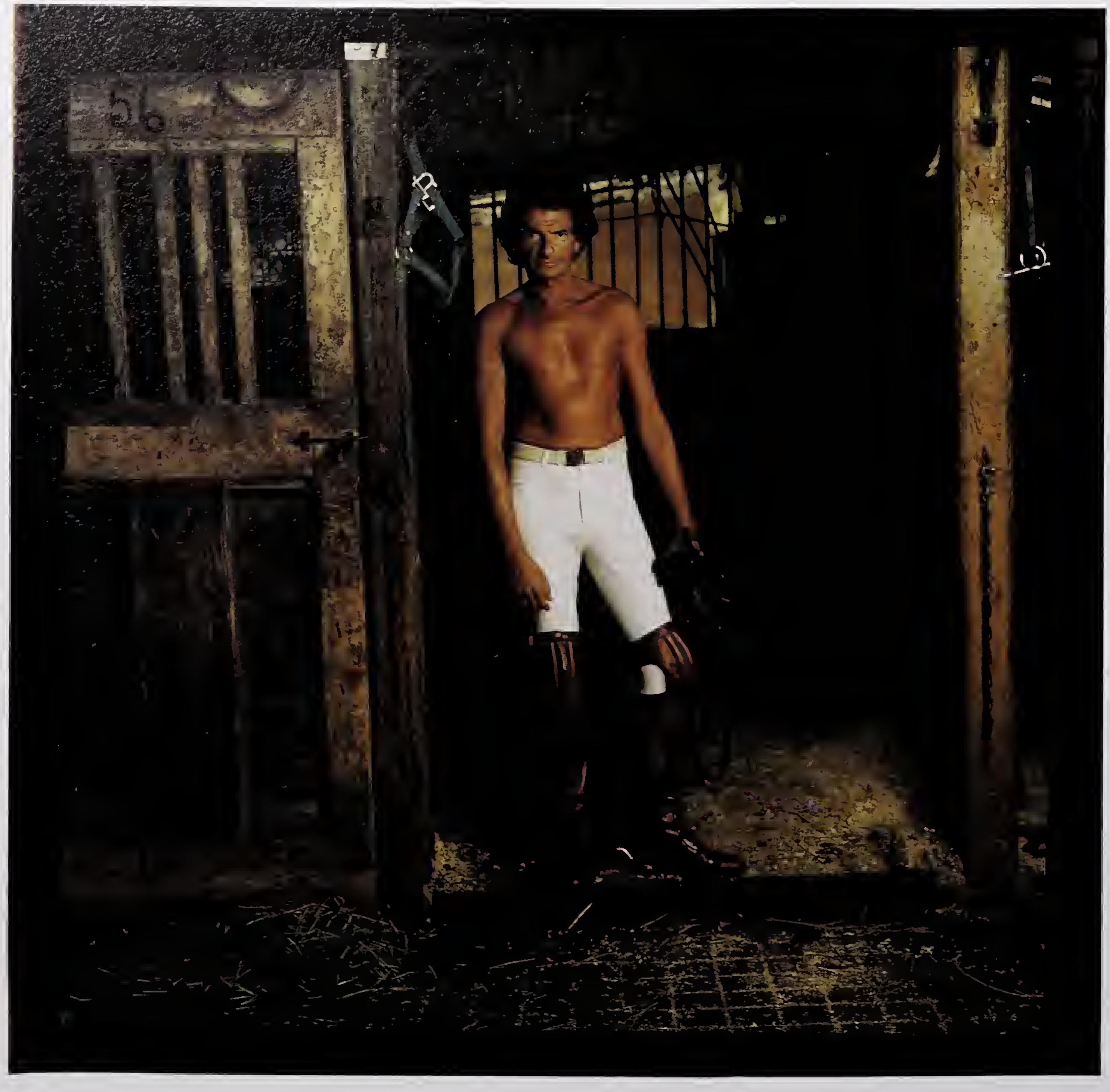

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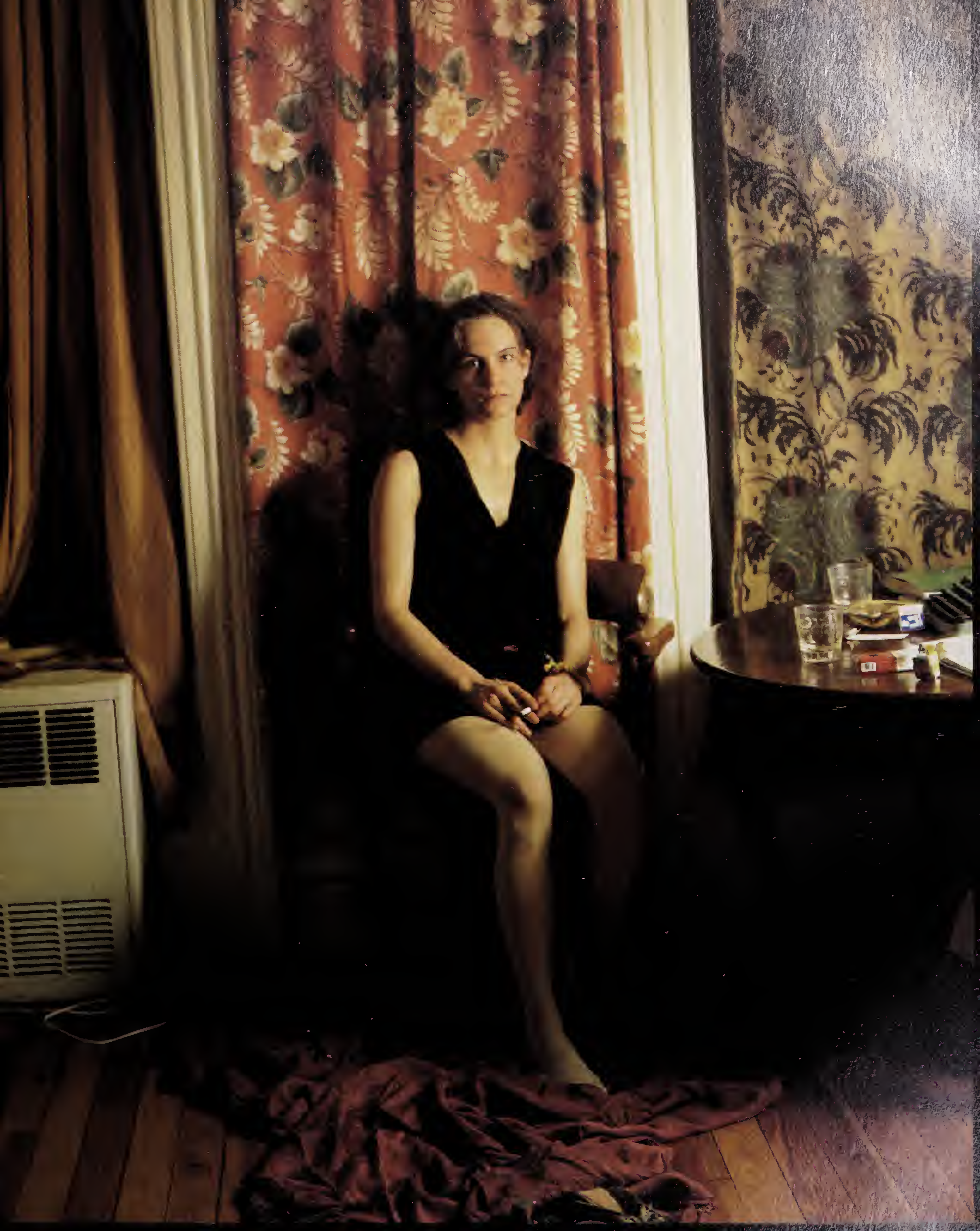

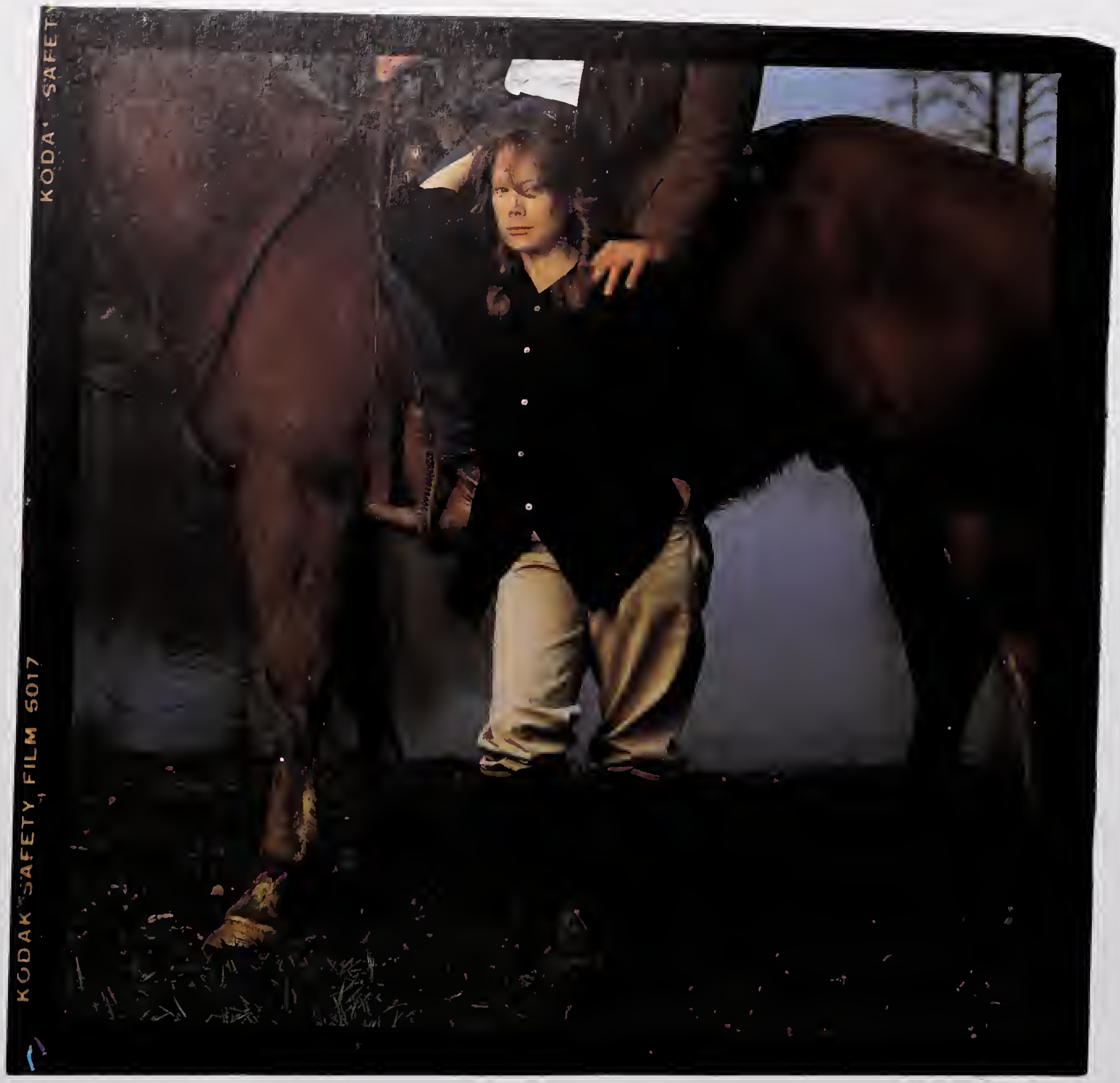
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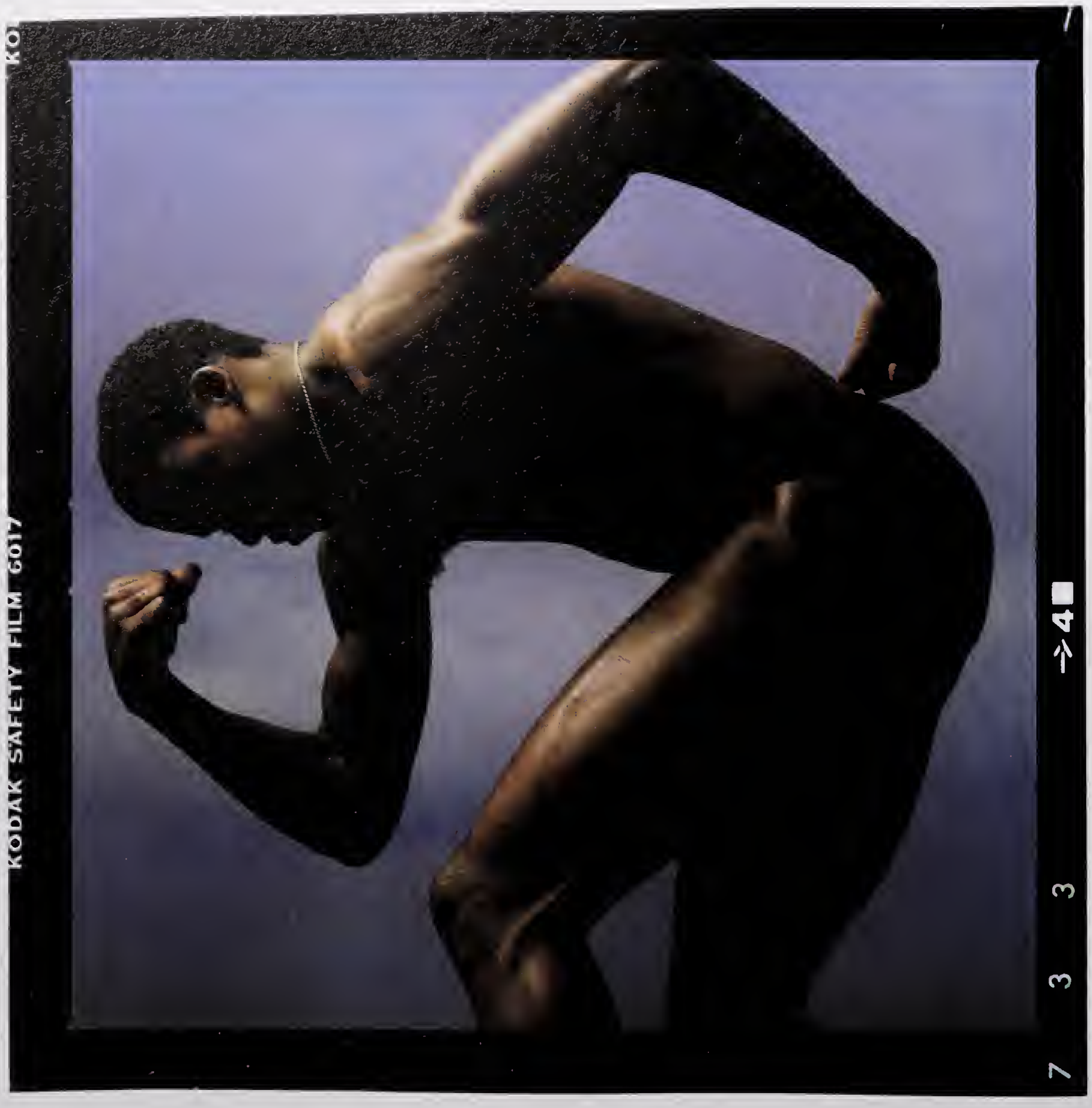
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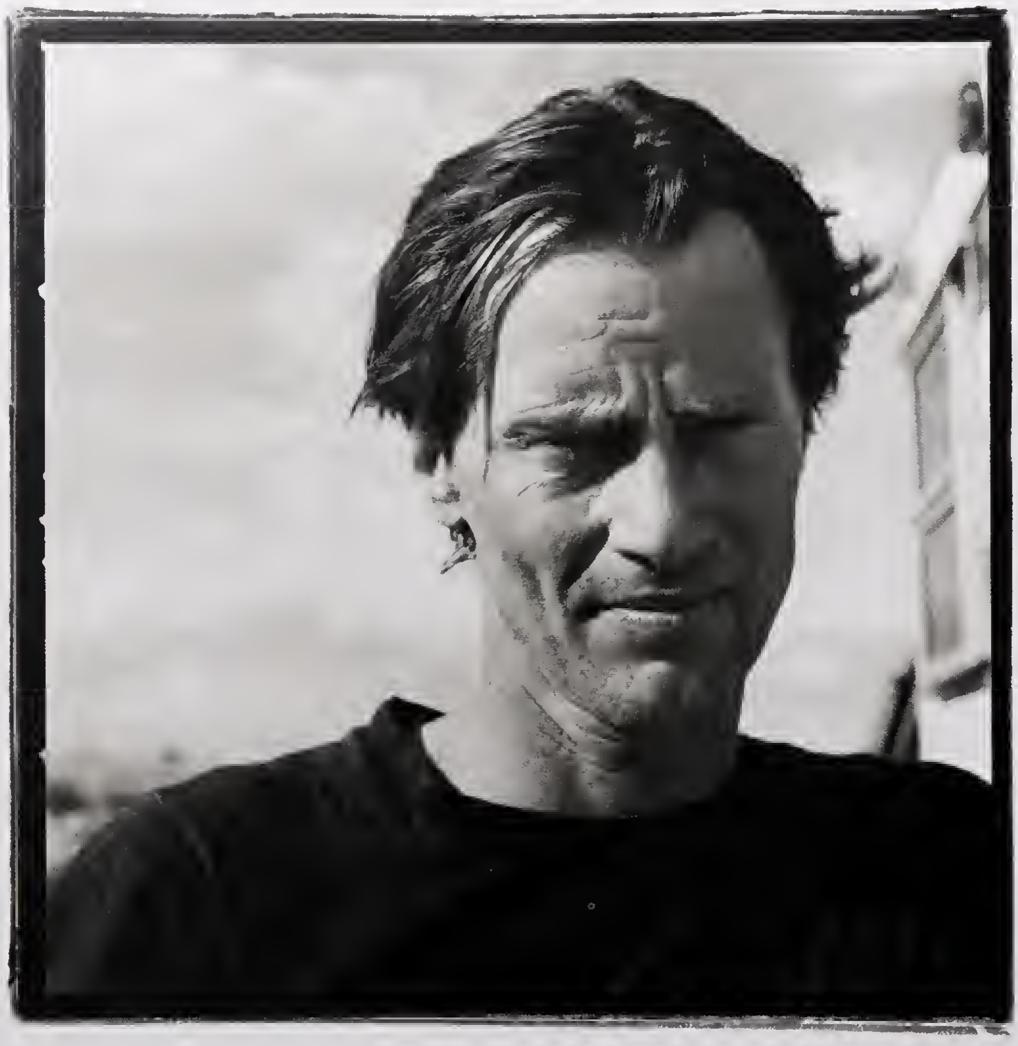

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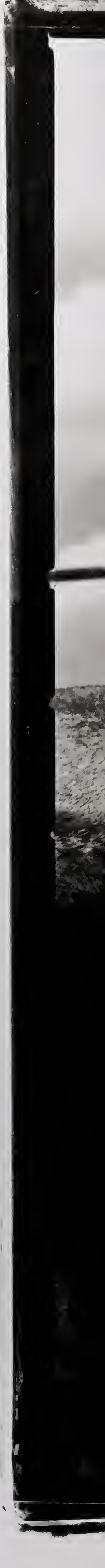

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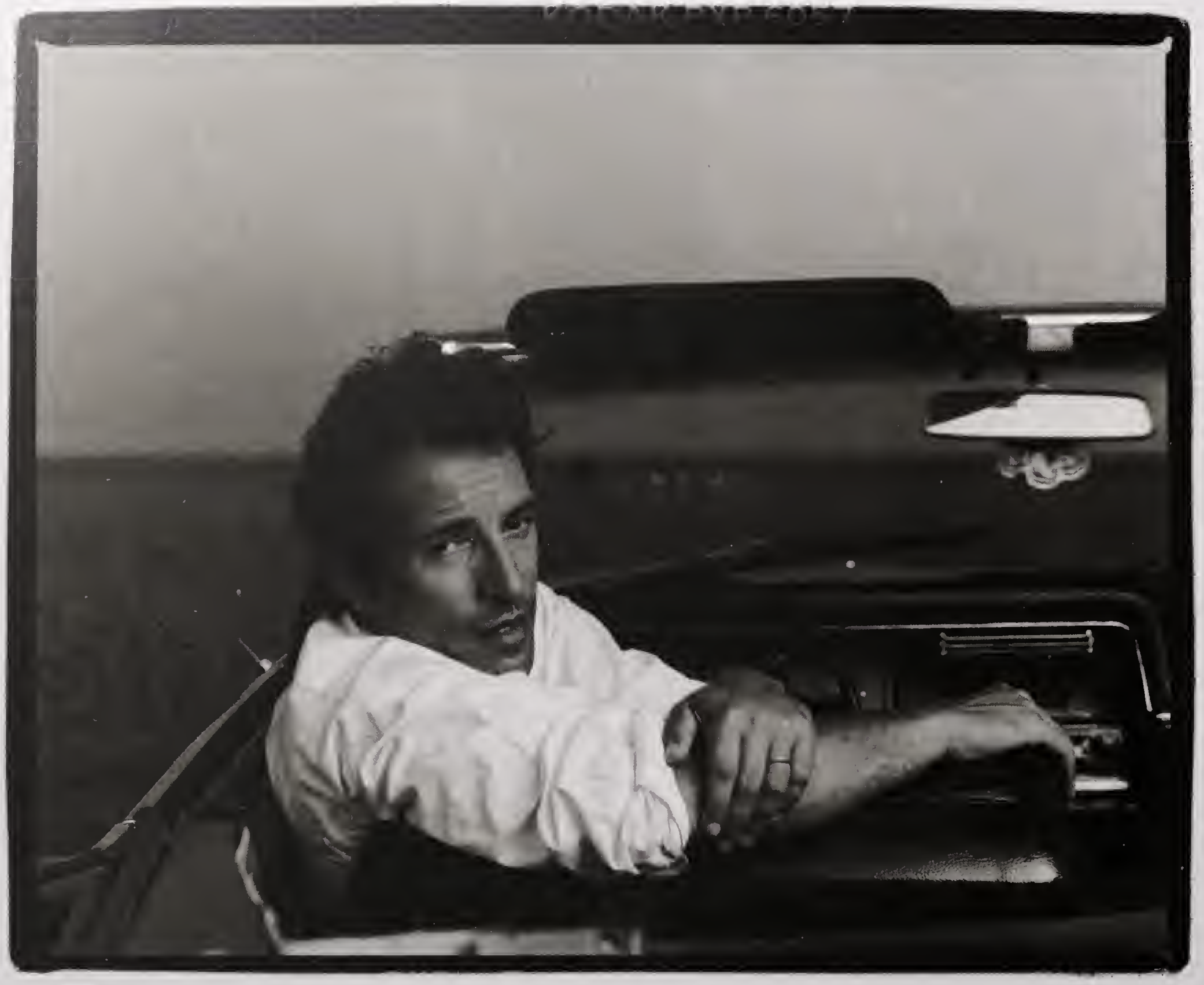

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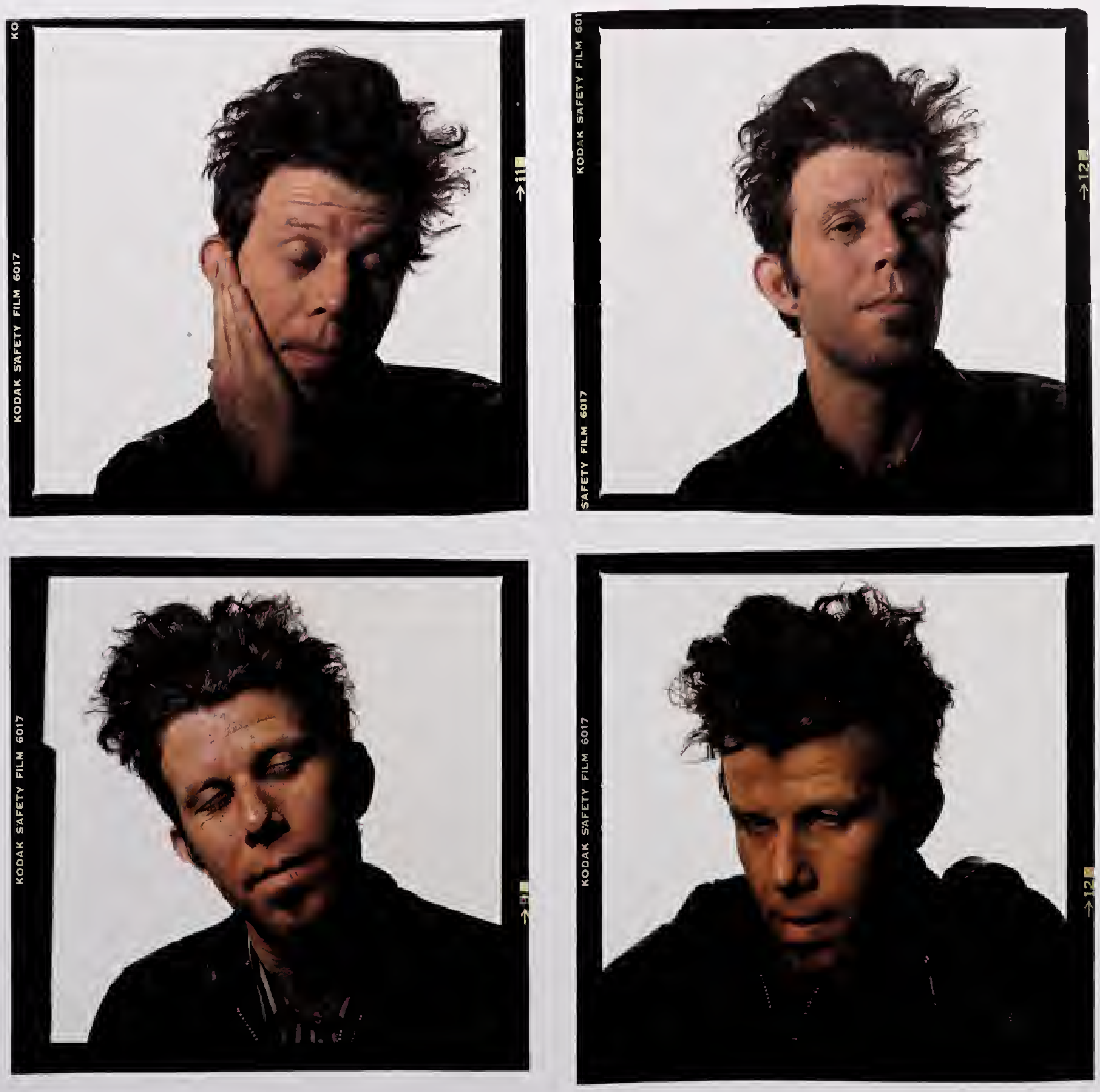
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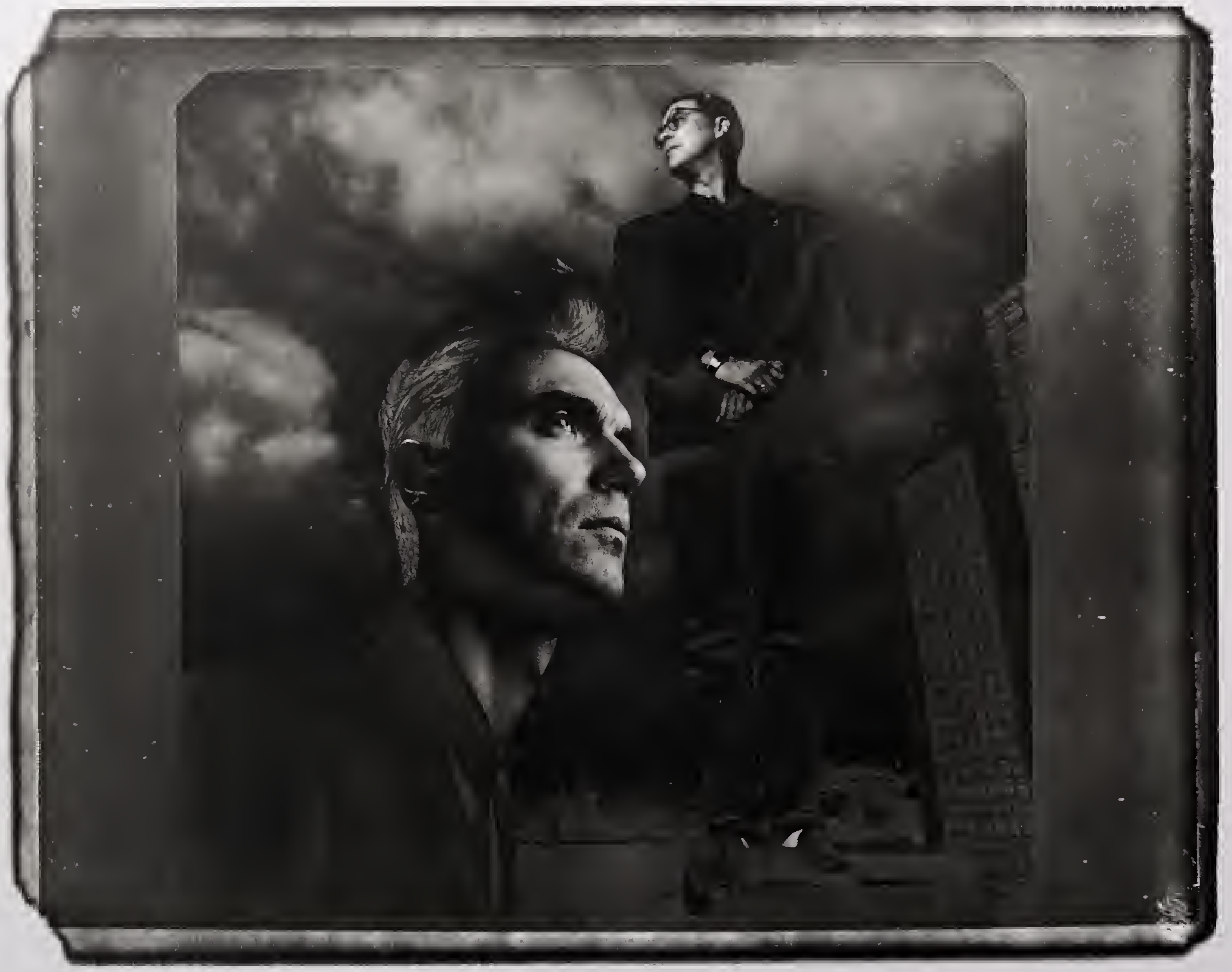

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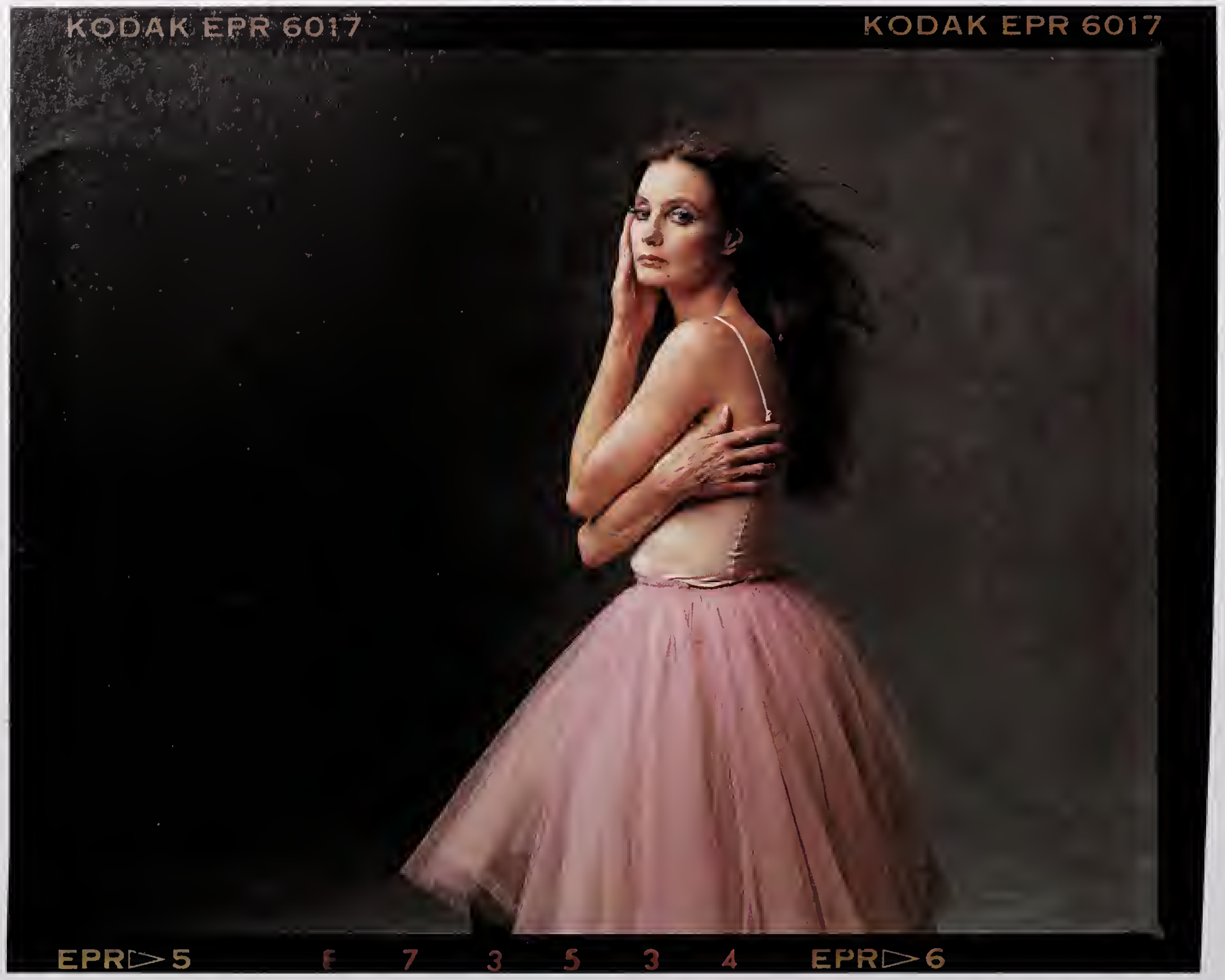
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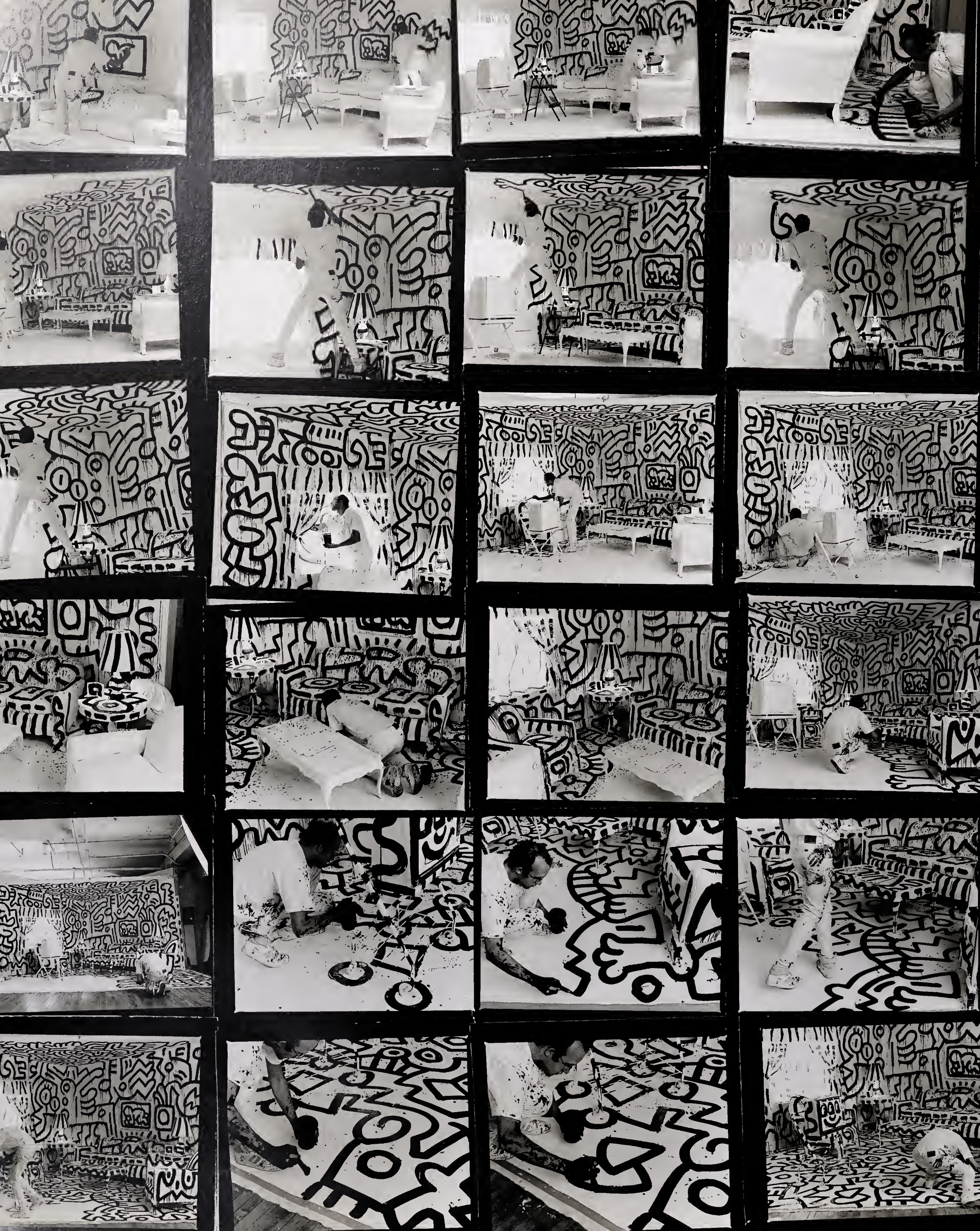

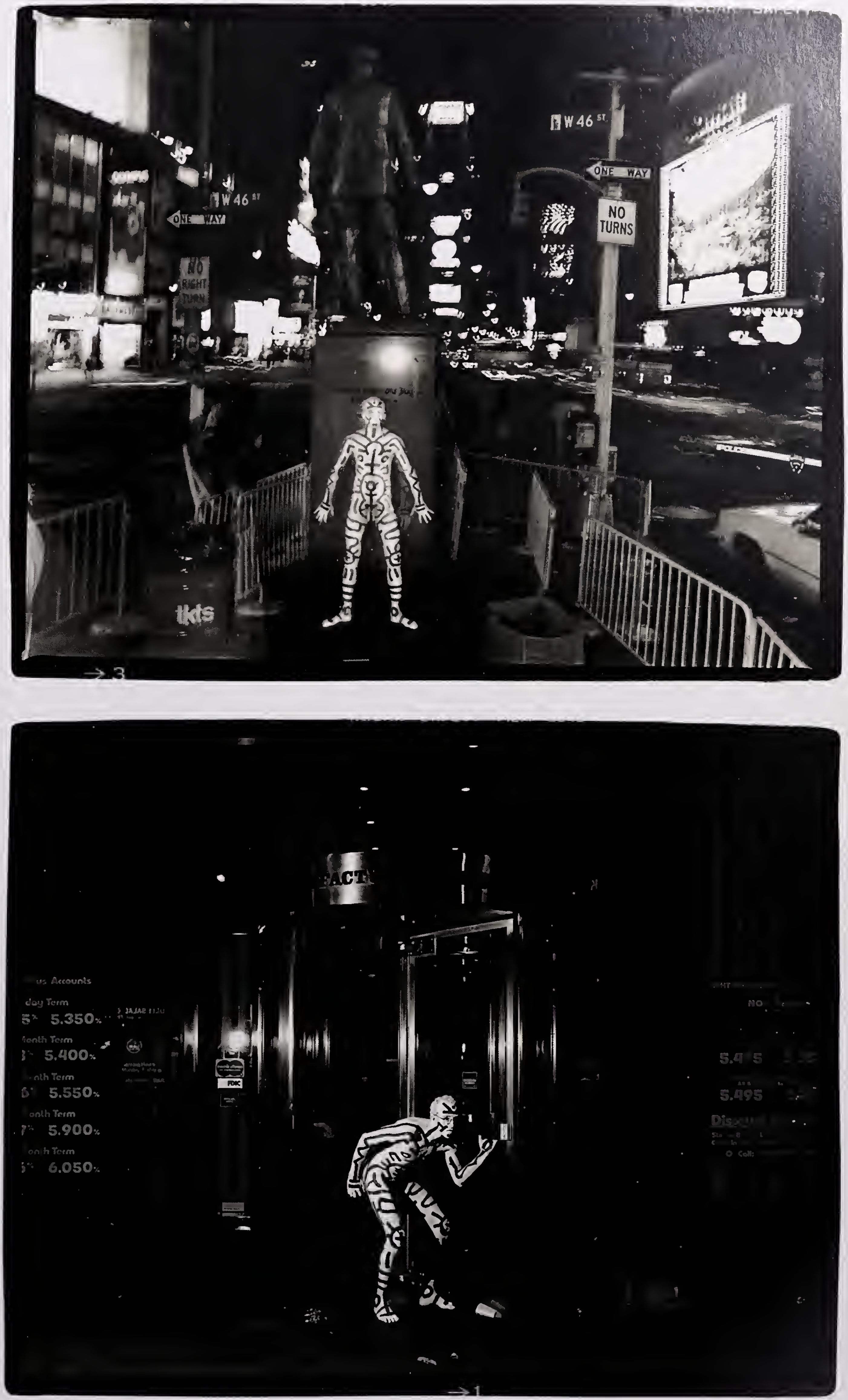
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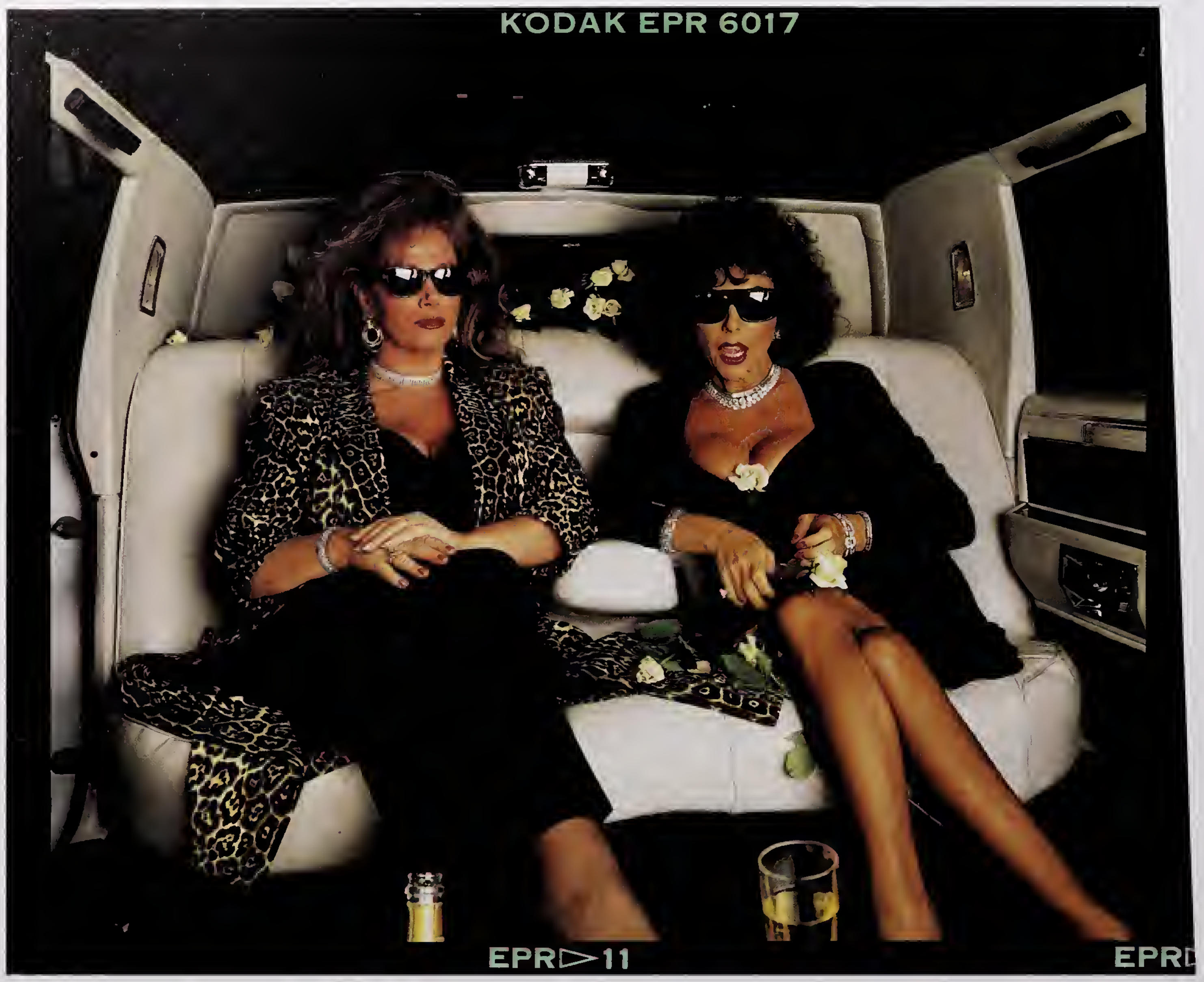
Keith Haring, *New York City, 1986*

Keith Haring, *New York City, 1986*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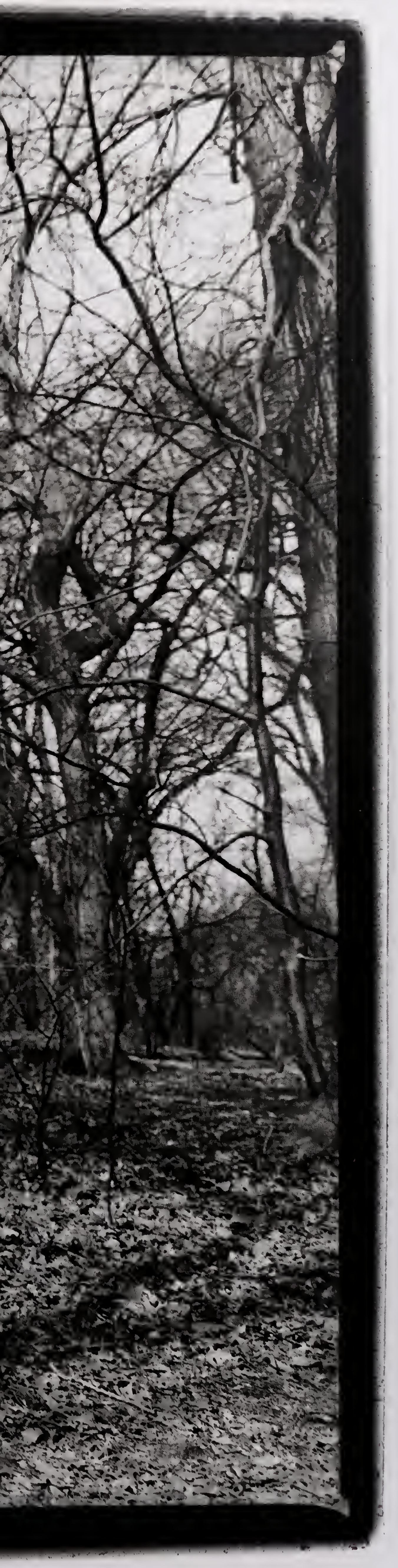

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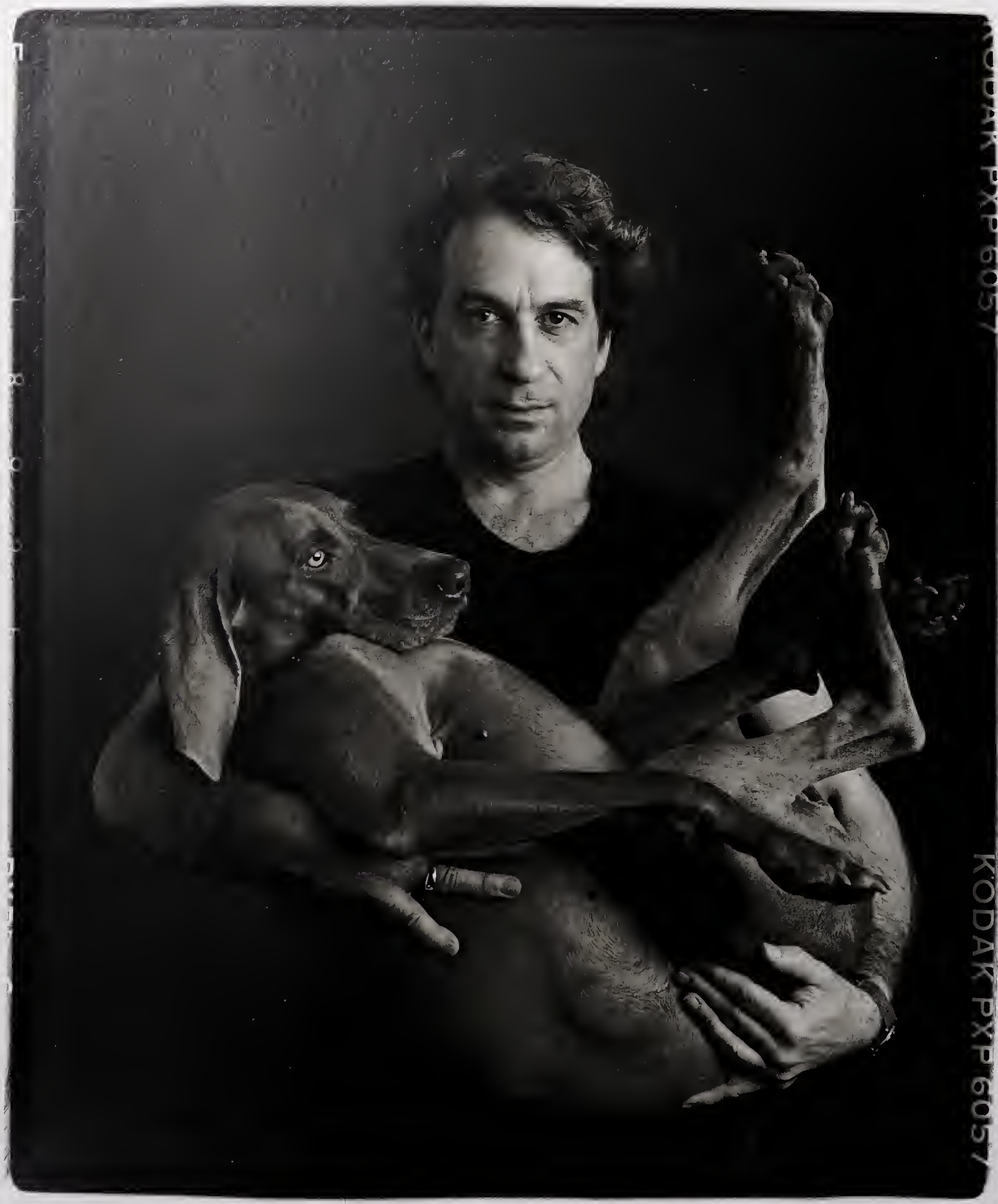
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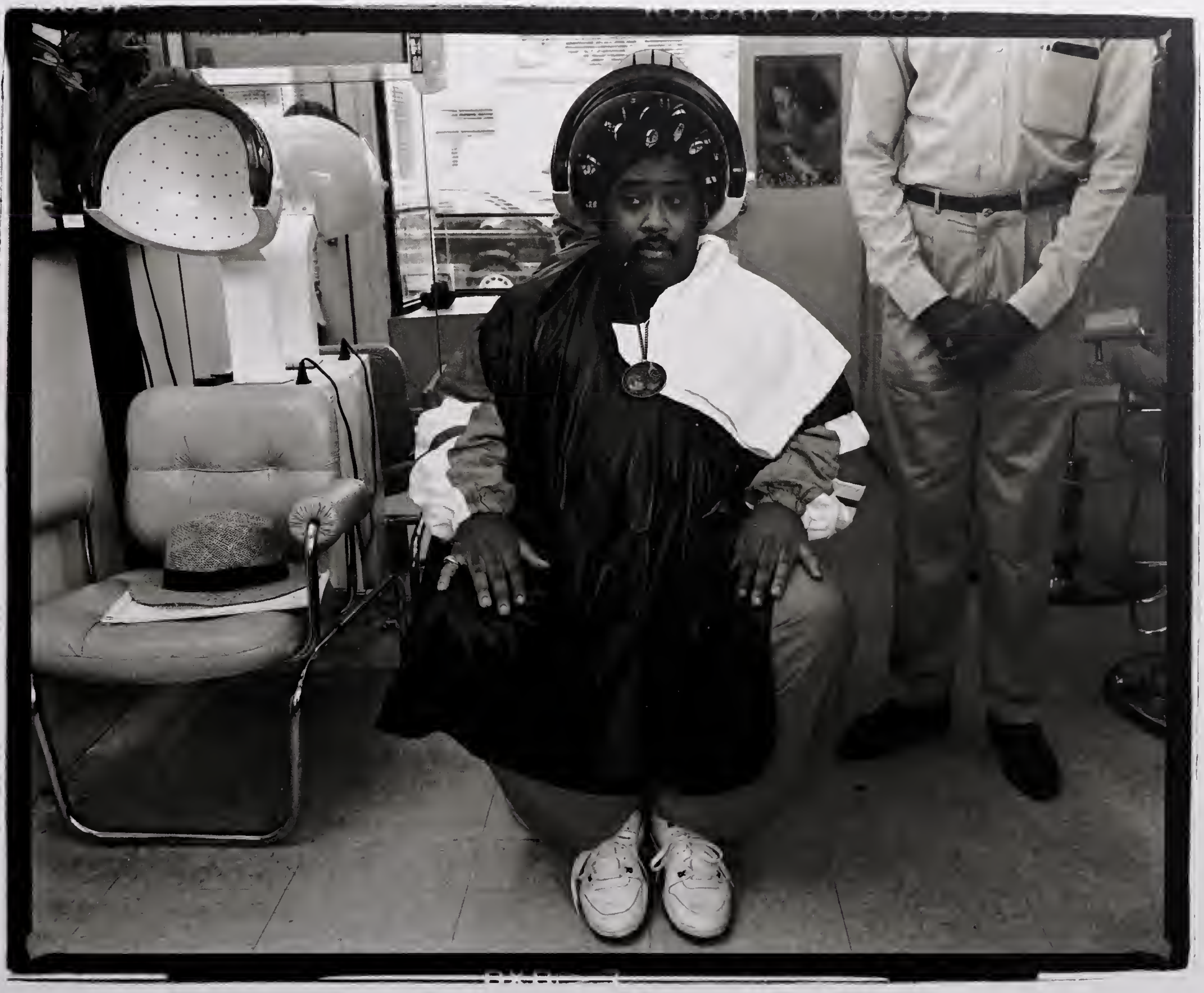

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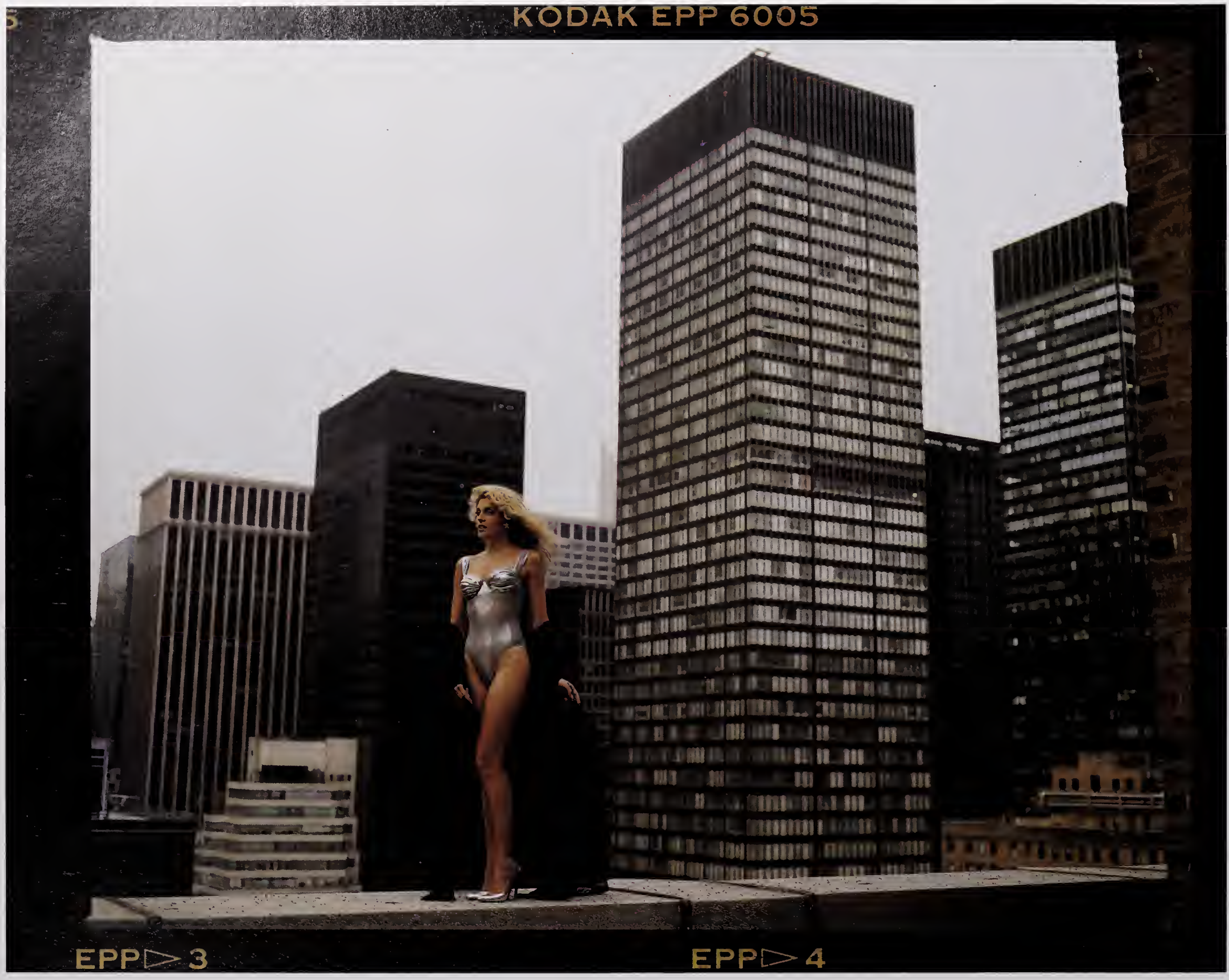
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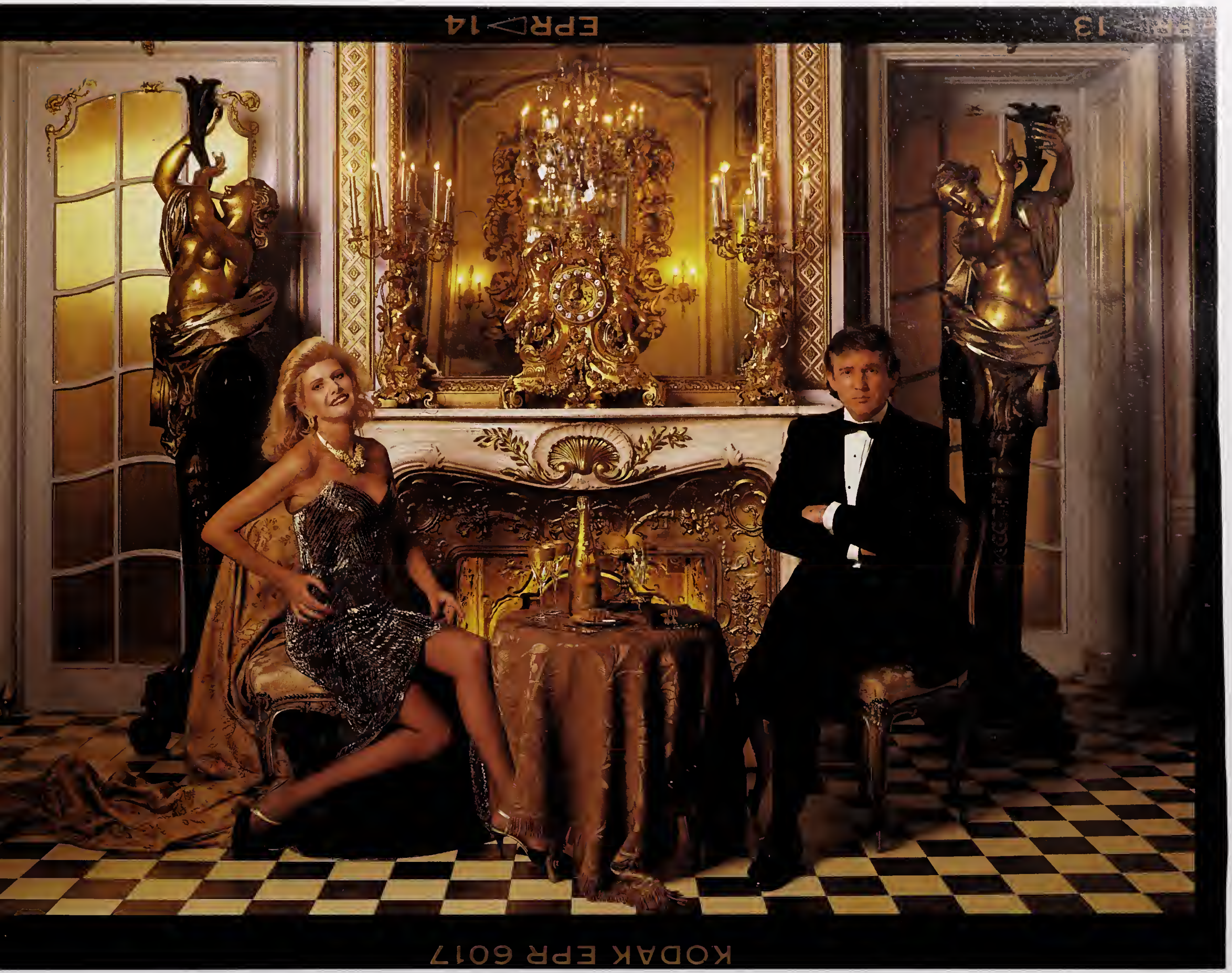
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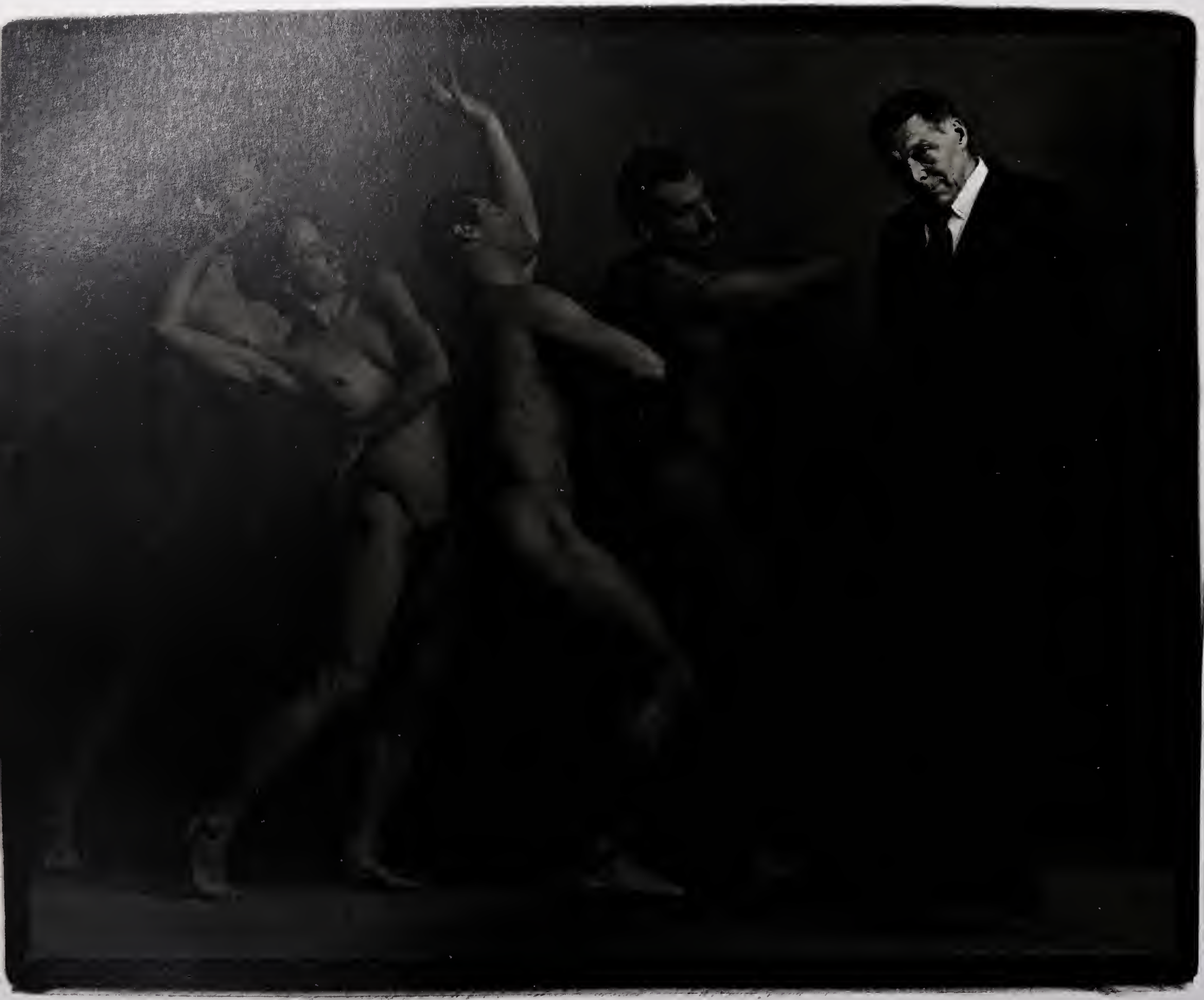

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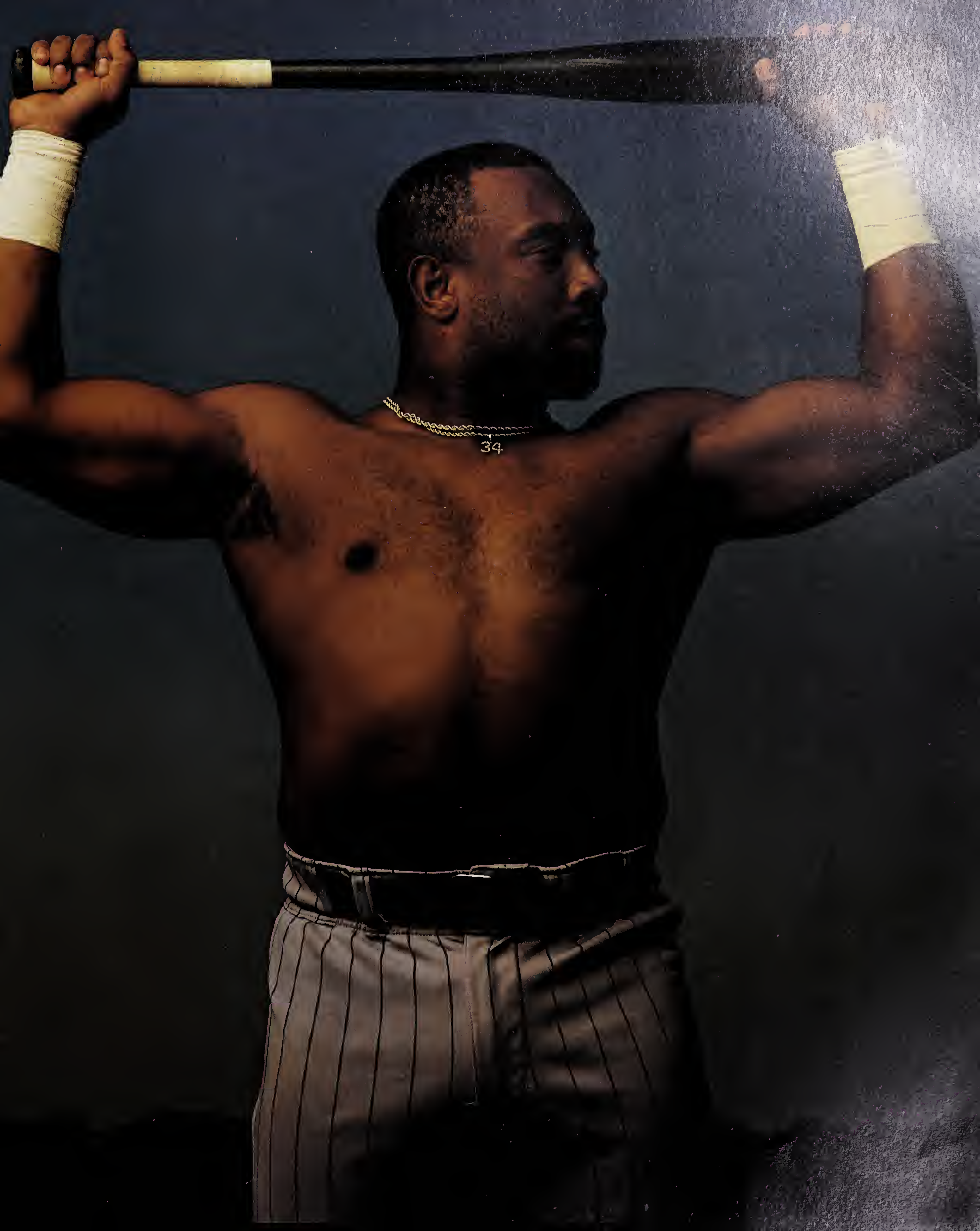
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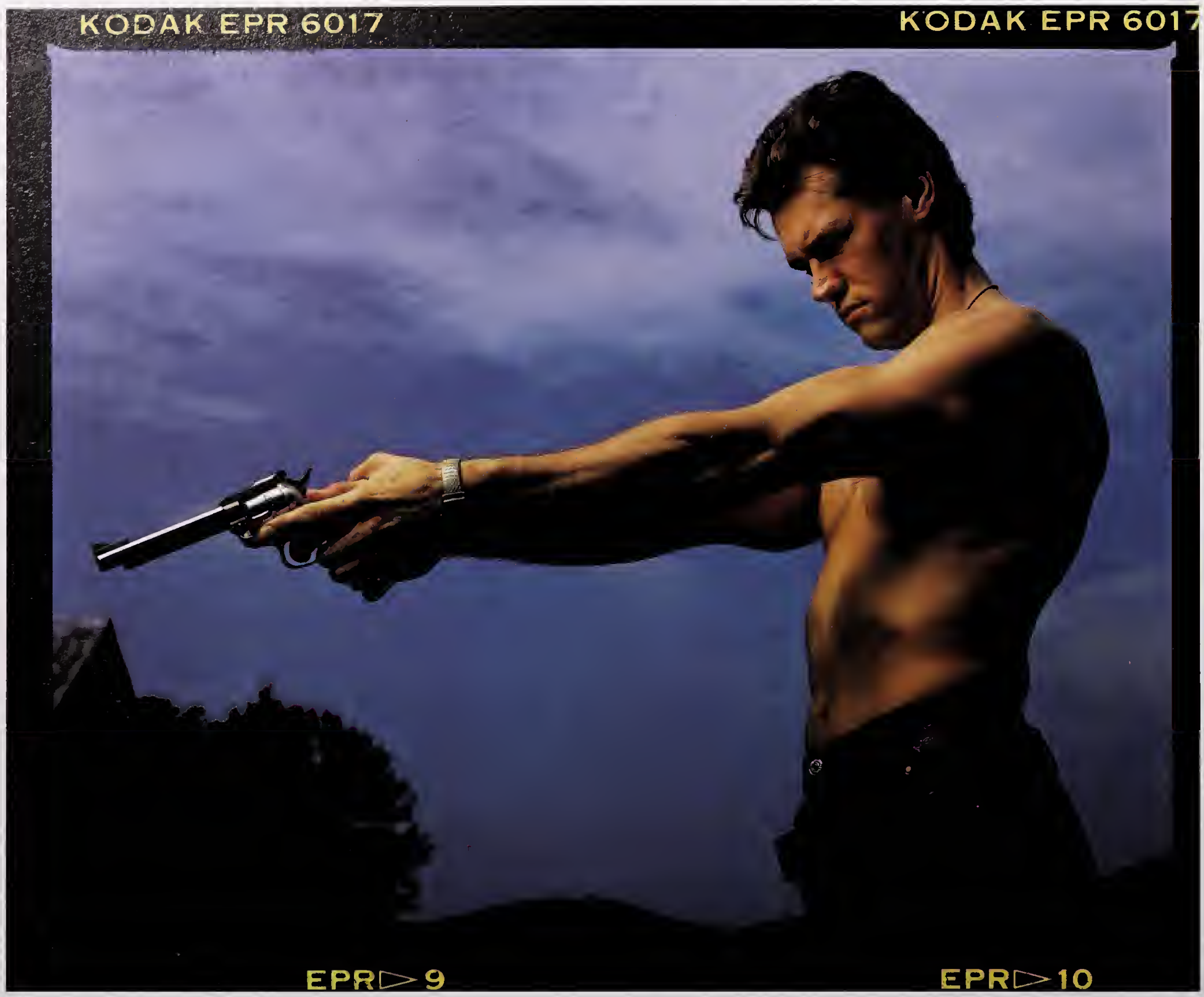
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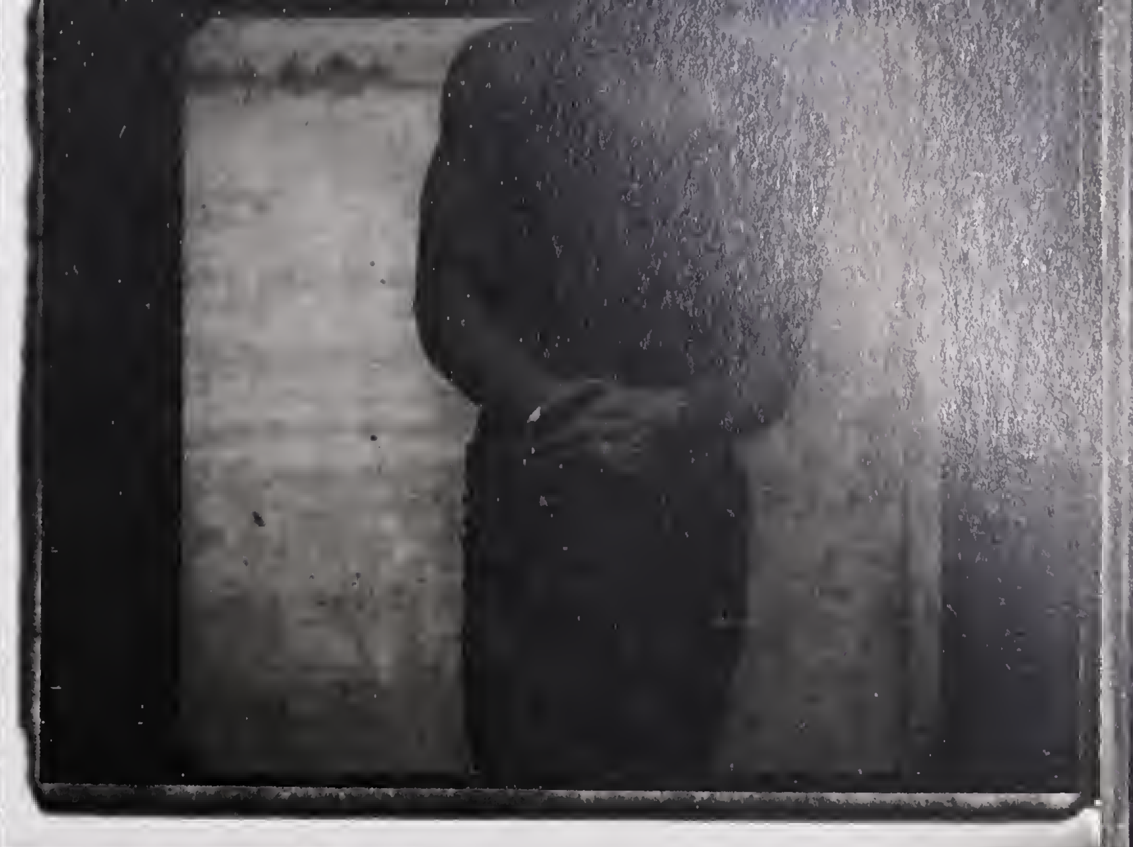

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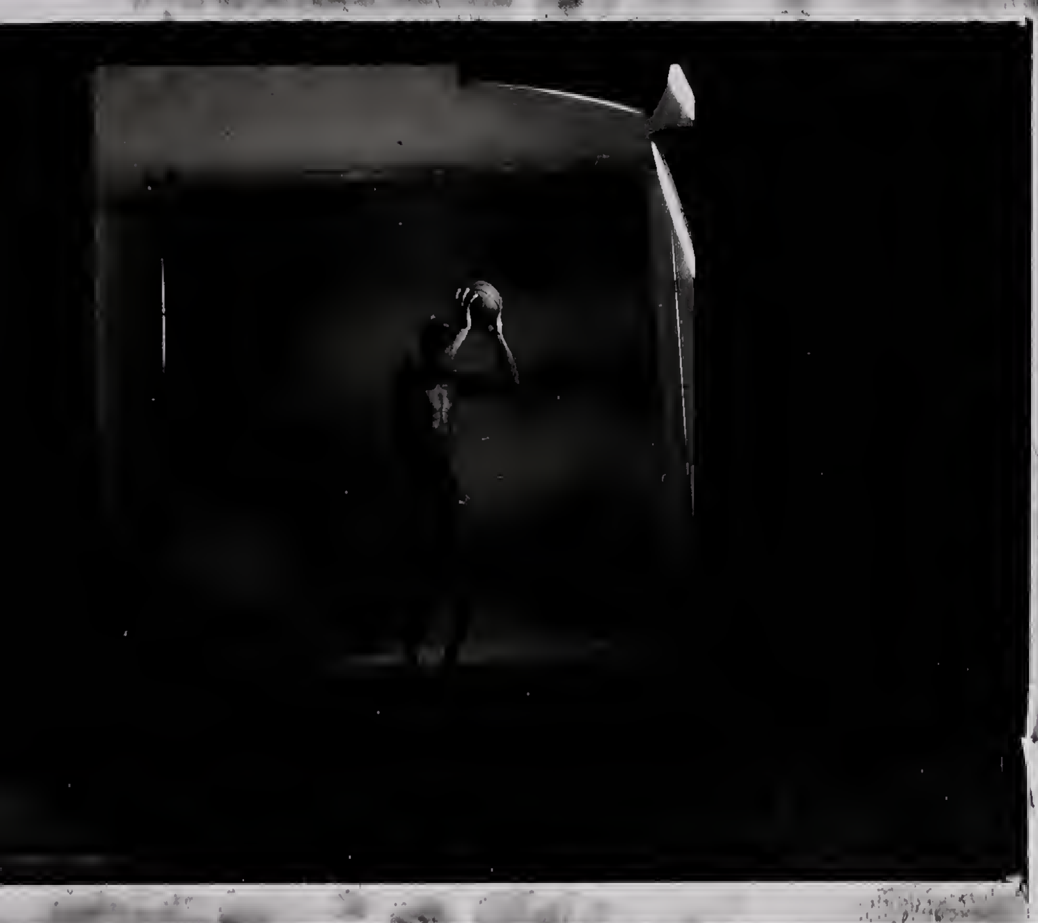

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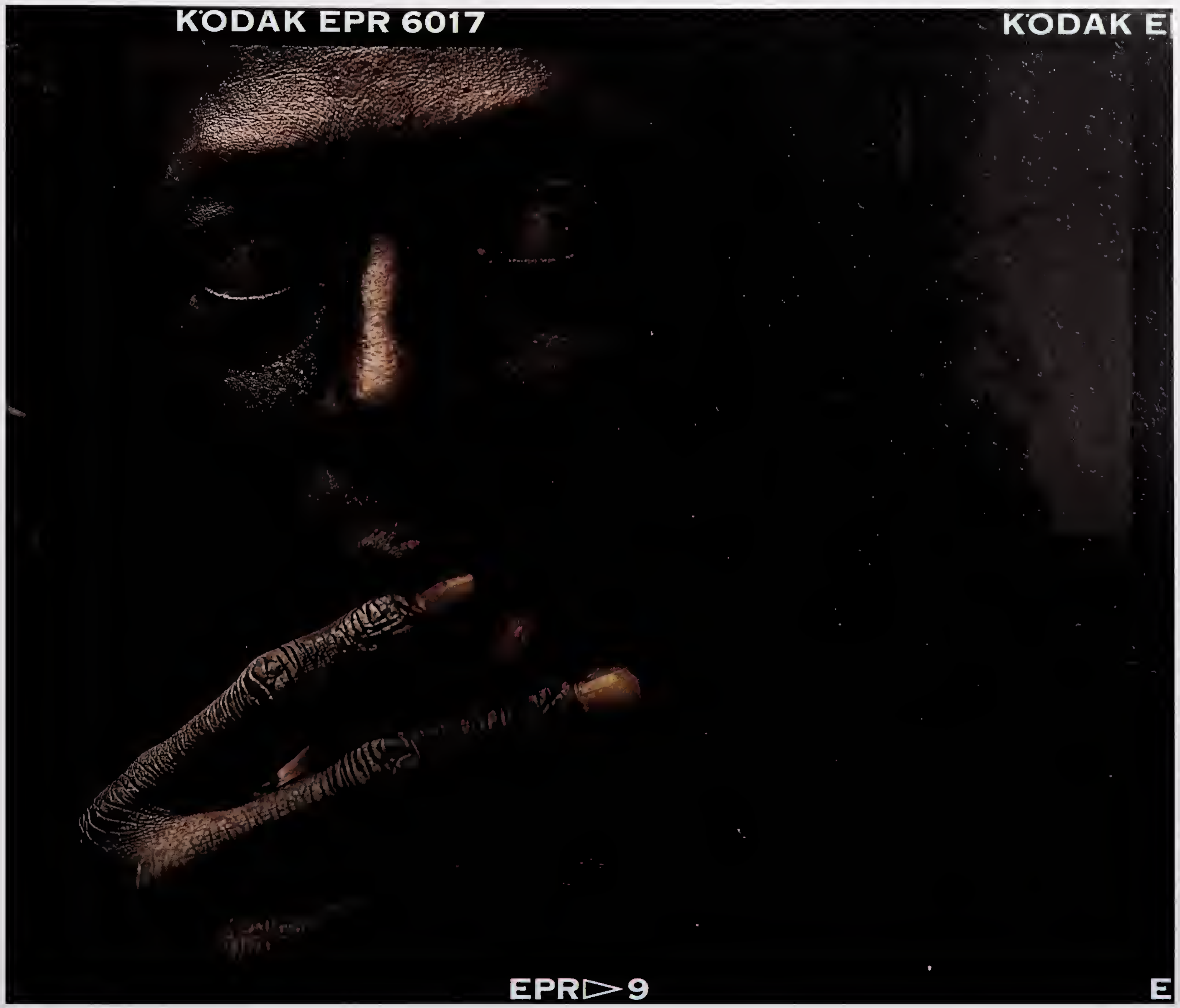
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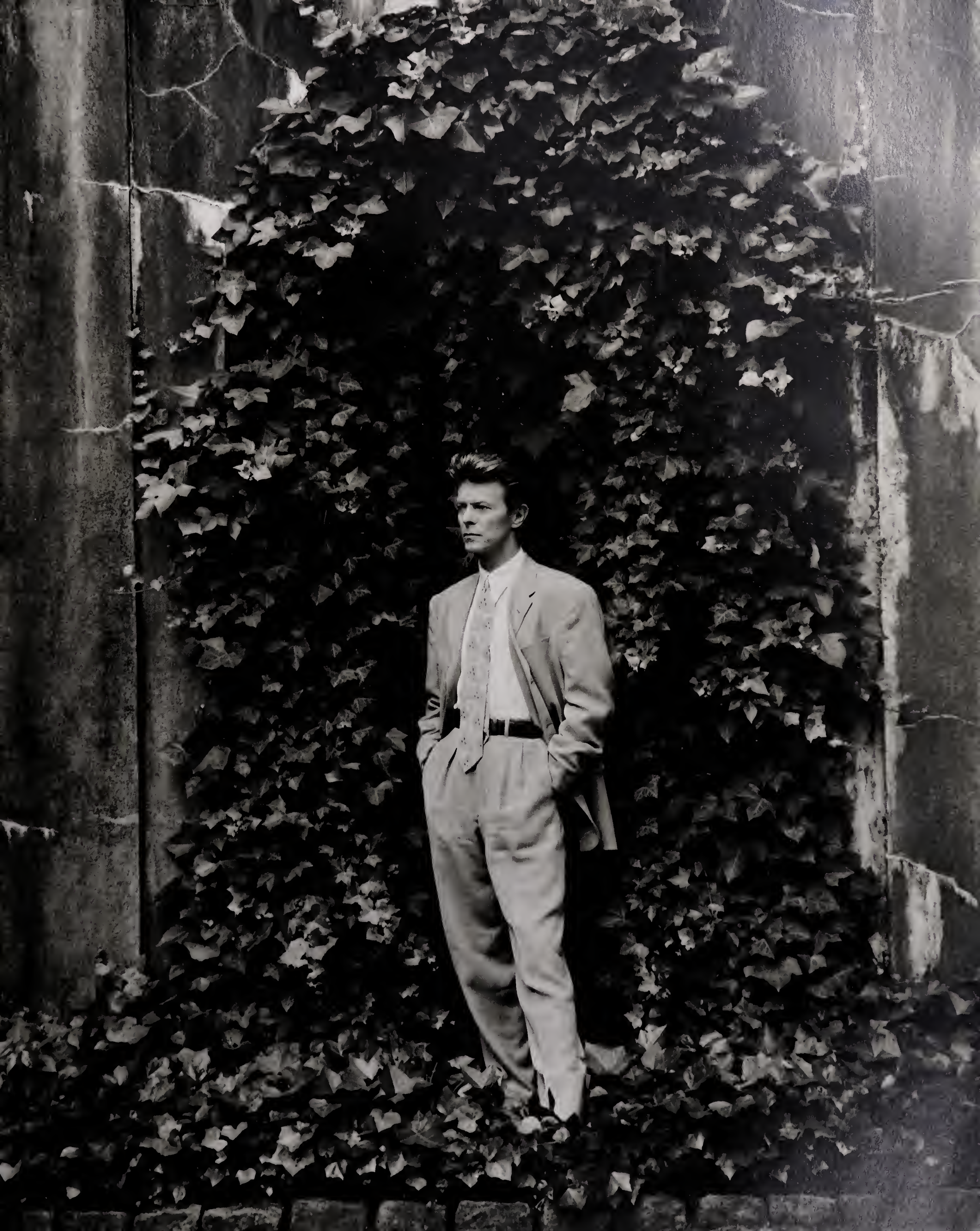

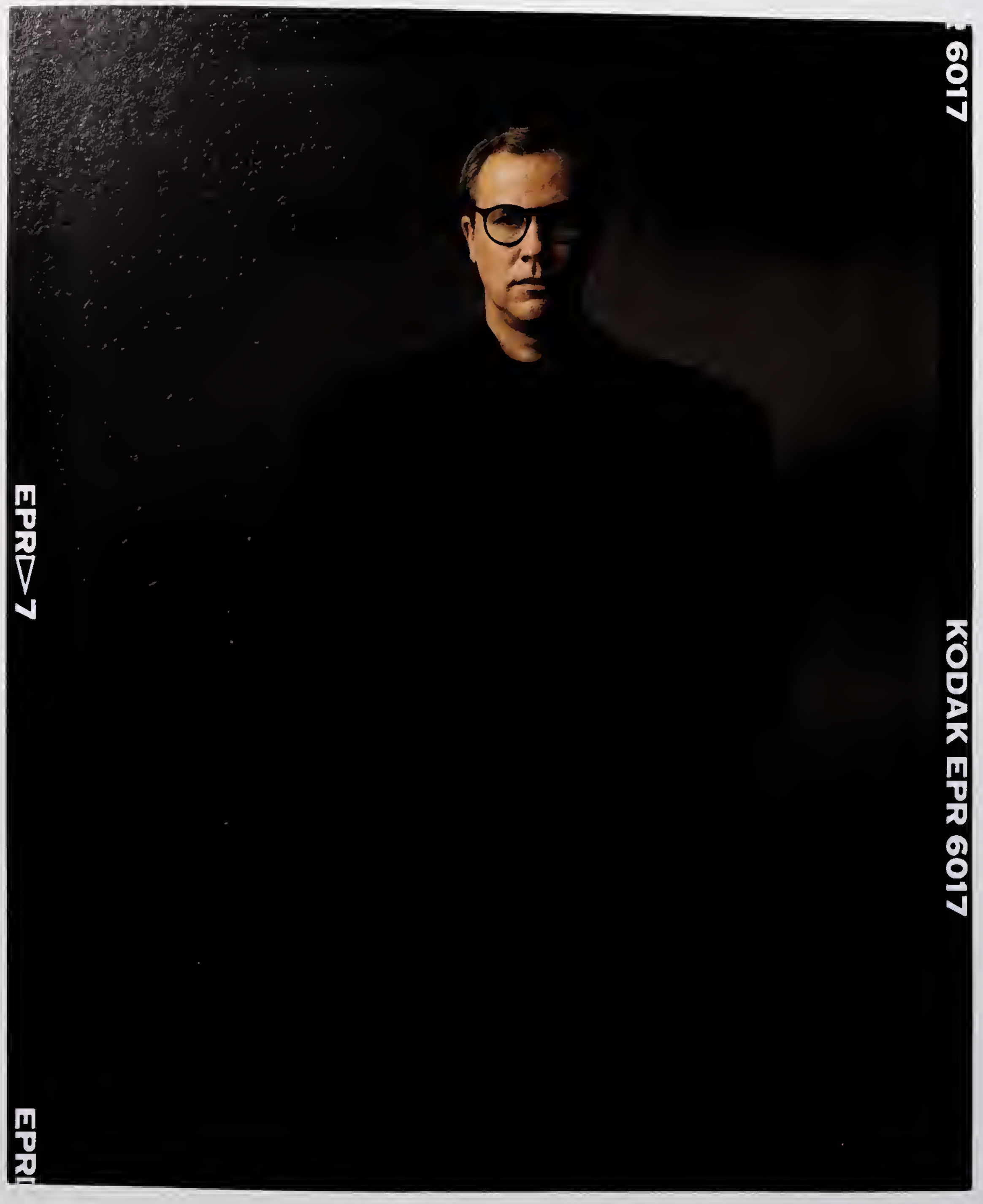
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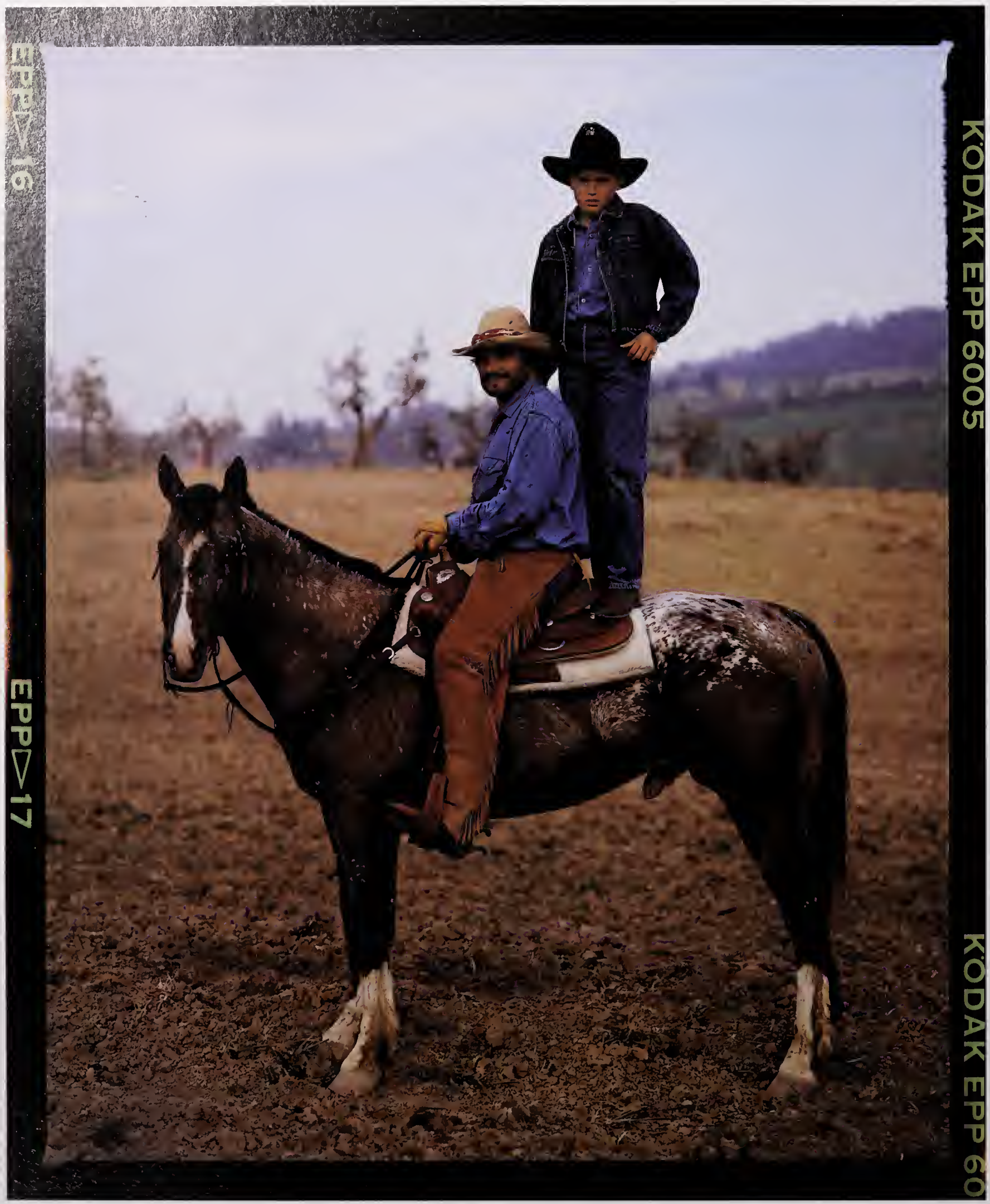
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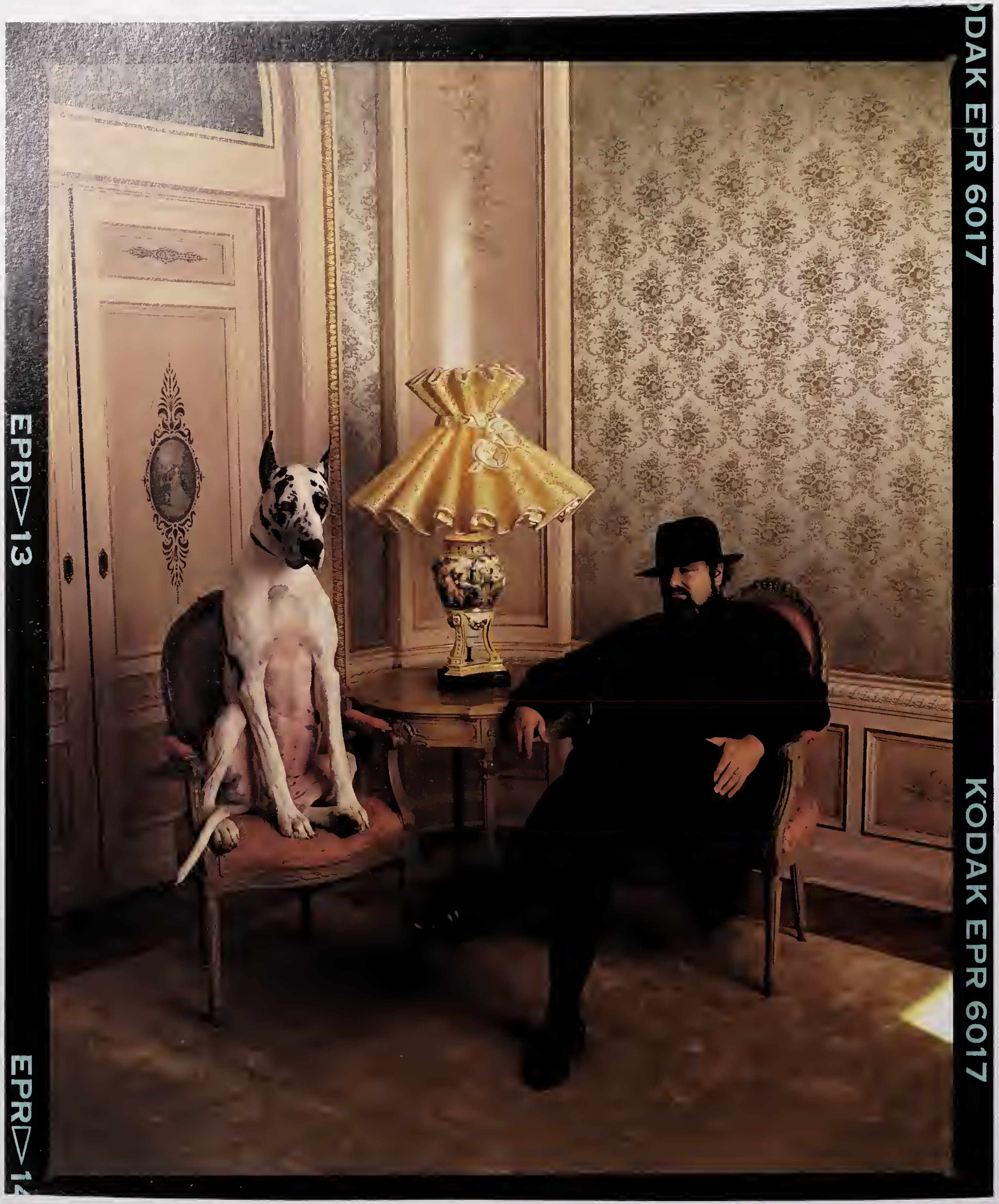
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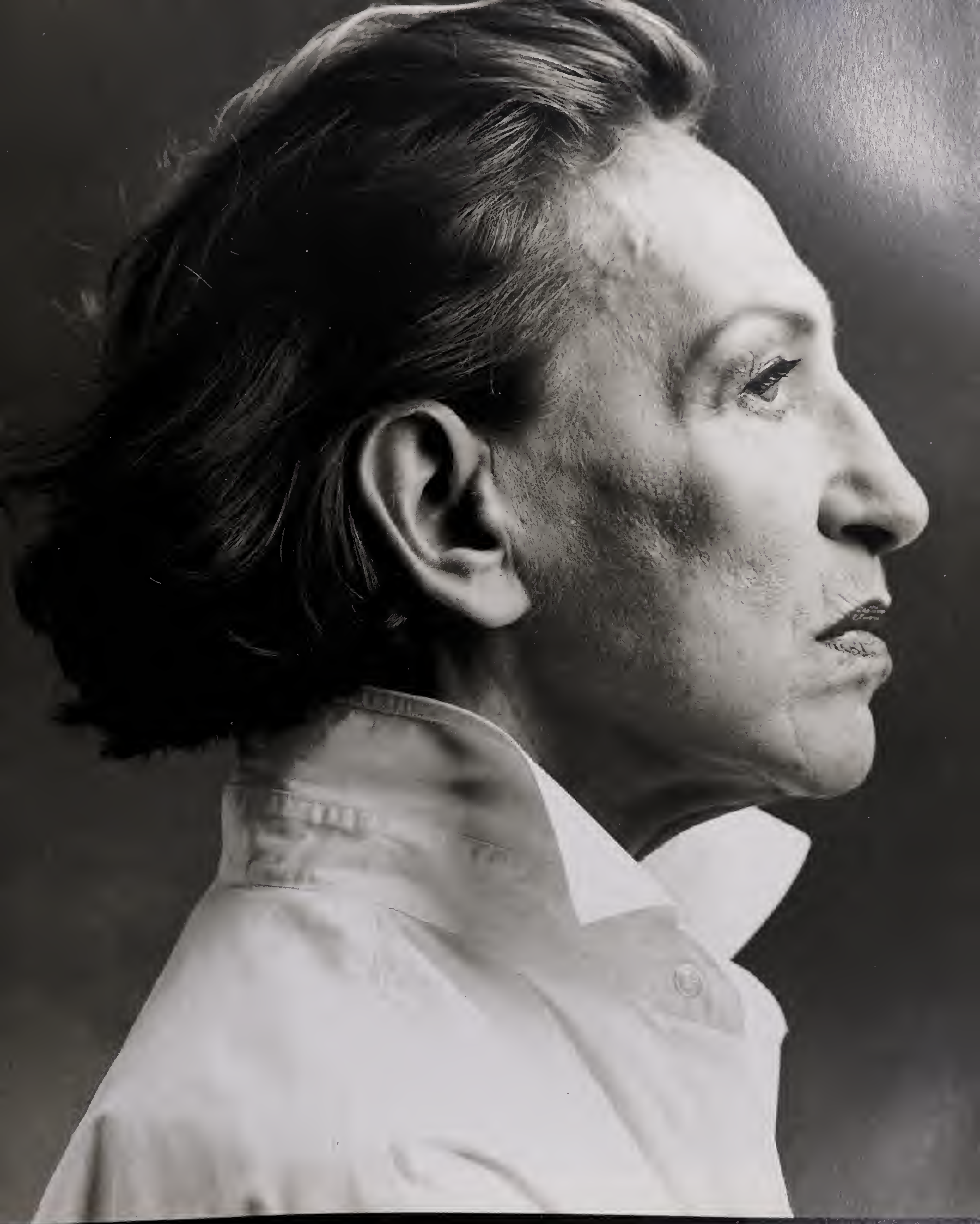

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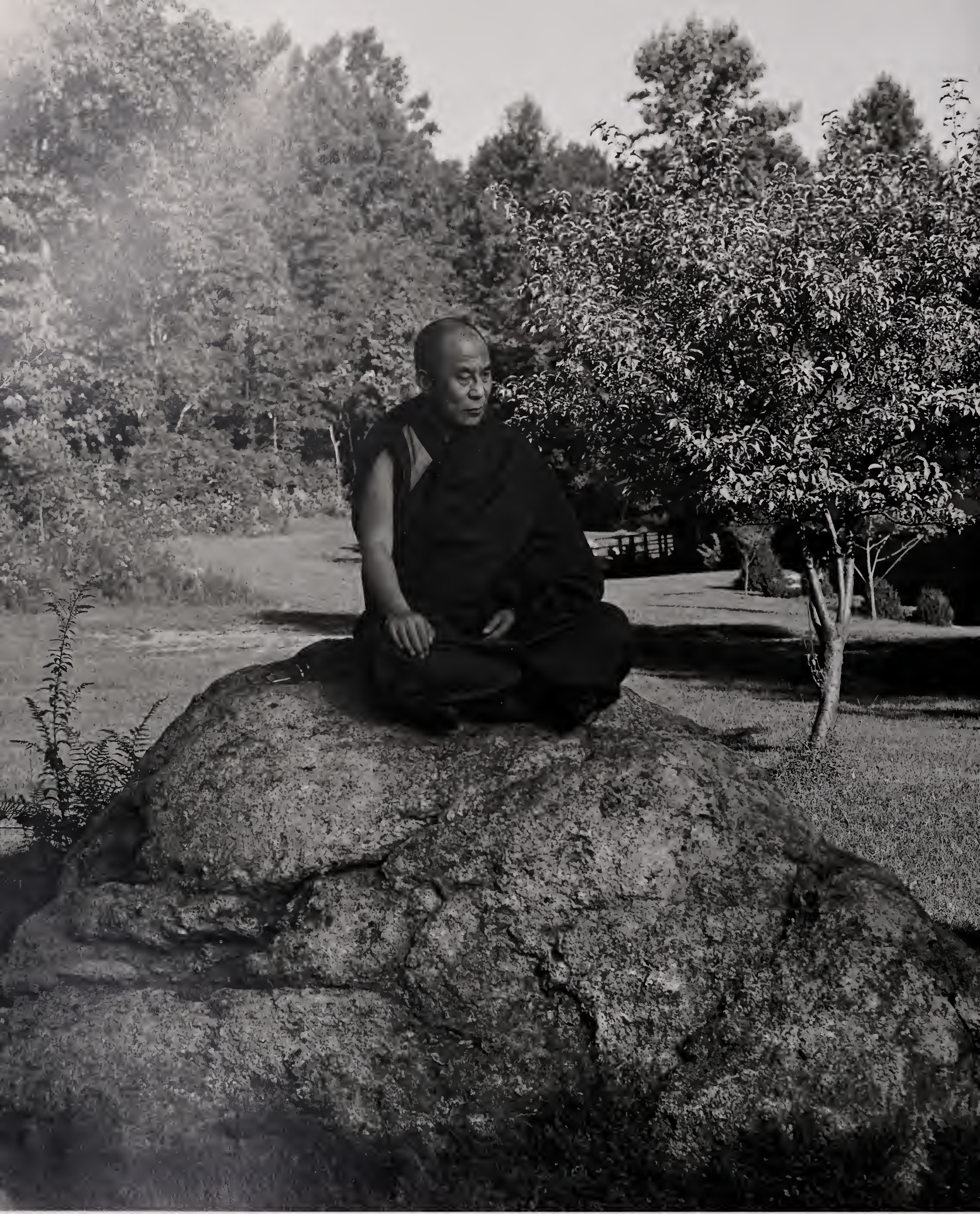

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87 Rolling Stones concert, 1975, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.
88 Mick Jagger's hand, *Rolling Stone* 10th Anniversary issue, December 15, 1977.
89 Mick Jagger in an elevator, 1975, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.
90 Arnold Schwarzenegger and Franco Columbu, 1976, photographed for the film *Pumping Iron*, unpublished.
91 Arnold Schwarzenegger, 1976, photographed for *Pumping Iron*, unpublished.
92 Cesar Chavez at his home near the United Farm Workers headquarters, *Rolling Stone* 10th Anniversary issue, December 15, 1977.
93 Linda Ronstadt in her bedroom, *Rolling Stone*, December 2, 1976.
94 Billy Carter and Sam Donaldson, 1976, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.
96 Tom Hayden and Jane Fonda at the movies, *Rolling Stone*, March 9, 1978.
97 Brian Wilson, *Rolling Stone* cover, November 4, 1976. Hand-colored print.
98 Keith Moon backstage, *Rolling Stone* 10th Anniversary issue, December 15, 1977.
99 Bob Dylan, 1978, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.
100 Patti Smith on tour, 1978, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.
101 Patti Smith, *Rolling Stone* cover, July 27, 1978.
102 John Gregory Dunne and Joan Didion at home, 1978, photographed for *Self* magazine, unpublished.
103 Sally Rand, *Weekend Magazine* (Canada), February 3, 1979.
104 Richard Avedon after photographing Linus Pauling, *Rolling Stone*, October 21, 1976.
105 Muhammad Ali, 1978, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, published in *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs* (1983).
106 Norman Mailer, *Rolling Stone*, January 2, 1975.
107 Alice Springs and Helmut Newton, 1976, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.

108 Rickie Lee Jones, unpublished except for photograph of window (top right), and with Chuck E. Weiss at Duke's Diner (center right), *Rolling Stone*, August 9, 1979.
109 Rickie Lee Jones and Sal Bernardi, 1981, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.*
110 Robert Penn Warren in his bedroom, *Life* magazine, April 1981.
111 Tess Gallagher on her horse, *Life* magazine, April 1981.*
112 Jim Carroll, 1980, photographed for the cover of the album "Catholic Boy."
113 Laurie Anderson at a YMCA swimming pool, 1982, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.*
114 John Lennon and Yoko Ono, photographed at home a few hours before he was murdered. *Rolling Stone* cover, January 22, 1981.
116 Yoko Ono, Central Park, 1981, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.
118 Peter Tosh, 1982, photographed for the album "Peter Tosh, Mystic Man." Photograph on right unpublished, photograph on left published in *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs* (1983).
119 Christo, *Rolling Stone*, July 9, 1981.
120 Lauren Hutton, 1981, photographed for *Playboy*, published in *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs* (1983).
122 Steve Martin, 1981, photographed for *Rolling Stone*,* published in *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs* (1983).
123 The Blues Brothers, *Rolling Stone* cover, February 22, 1979.
124 Bette Midler, 1979, photographed for *Rolling Stone*,* published in *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs* (1983).
126 Liberace's hands, 1981, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, unpublished.
127 Liberace and Scott Thorson, *Rolling Stone*, October 1, 1981.
128 Pele's feet, 1981, photographed for *Sunday Magazine* (London), unpublished.
130 Jerzy Kosinski, 1982, photographed for *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, unpublished.*
131 Peter Brook in his theater, Les Bouffes du Nord, 1981, photographed for *Vanity Fair* prototype, unpublished.
133 Amanda Plummer, 1982, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
134 Sissy Spacek, *Rolling Stone*, May 13, 1982.
135 Clint Eastwood, 1980, photographed for *Rolling Stone*, published in *Annie Leibovitz: Photographs* (1983).
137 Greg Louganis, *Vanity Fair*, December 1984.
138 Carl Lewis, 1983, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
139 Evelyn Ashford, 1988, photographed for American Express.
140 Sam Shepard, 1984, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
141 Sam Shepard and his horse, *Vanity Fair*, December 1984.
142 Bruce Springsteen, 1984, poster for the album "Born in the USA."
143 Bruce Springsteen in his car, 1987, photographed for the album "Tunnel of Love."
144 Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager, 1986, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
145 Jerry Hall, 1985, photographed for the Jerry Hall Calendar.
147 Whoopi Goldberg, *Vanity Fair*, July 1984.
148 John Malkovich, *Vanity Fair*, November 1984.
149 Tom Waits, 1985, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
151 Sting, 1985, photographed for *Newsweek*, unpublished.
152 Diane Keaton, *Vanity Fair*, March 1987.
153 Isabella Rossellini and David Lynch, *Vanity Fair*, March 1987.
154 David Byrne and Robert Wilson, Polaroid negative, 1988, photographed for the program of the Brooklyn Academy of Music production of *The Forest*.
155 David Byrne in leaf suit designed by Adelle Lutz, *Vanity Fair*, October 1986.
156 Malcolm McLaren and blue boy, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.*
158 Suzanne Farrell, *Vanity Fair*, March 1987.
159 Klaus Maria Brandauer, *Vanity Fair*, October 1986.
160 Keith Haring painting the set for his portrait, 1986, photographed for *Splash*, unpublished.
161 Keith Haring in Times Square, unpublished.
162 Keith Haring on coffee table, unpublished.
164 Jackie and Joan Collins, 1987, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.*
165 Dennis Hopper, *Vanity Fair*, April 1987.
166 Willem Dafoe, 1987, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
168 Philip Glass in Central Park, 1987, photographed for a poster for a benefit for The Kitchen.
170 William Wegman and Fay Ray, 1988, photographed for The Gap, unpublished.
171 Philippe Petit, 1989, photographed for The Gap.
172 Willie Shoemaker and Wilt Chamberlain, 1987, photographed for American Express, unpublished.
173 Al Sharpton, 1988, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
174 Marla Maples, 1990, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.*
175 Ivana and Donald Trump, *Vanity Fair*, December 1988.
177 Arnold Schwarzenegger and his horse, 1988, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
178 Sammy Davis, Jr., 1989, photographed for American Express, unpublished.
179 Ella Fitzgerald, 1988, photographed for American Express, unpublished.
180 Paul Taylor and dancers, 1990, unpublished.
181 Kirby Puckett at the Minnesota Twins training camp, 1988, photographed for American Express, unpublished.
183 Christopher Walken, 1988, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
184 Jessye Norman, 1988, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.*
186 Randy Travis, *Vanity Fair*, September 1988.
187 Jodie Foster, 1988, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
188 Magic Johnson, *Vanity Fair*, July 1989.
190 Miles Davis in his bed, *Vanity Fair*, August 1989.
191 Miles Davis, 1989, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
192 Twyla Tharp, 1989, photographed for American Ballet Theatre.
193 David Bowie, 1990, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
194 Robert Wilson, photographed for the jacket of *Robert Wilson and His Collaborators* (1989).
196 Peter Sellars, 1989, photographed for The Gap, unpublished.*
199 Michael Jackson, 1989, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.*
200 Darci Kistler, 1990, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
201 Darci Kistler and Robert La Fosse, 1990, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
202 Oliviero Toscani on his horse farm in Tuscany, 1990, photographed for American Express, unpublished.
203 Beth Henley, 1987, photographed for American Express.
204 Roseanne Barr and Tom Arnold, *Vanity Fair*, December 1990.
206 Rob Reiner, 1989, photographed for American Express, unpublished.
207 John Cleese, 1990, photographed for American Express, unpublished.*
208 Christian Lacroix, 1990, photographed for American Express.
209 Andrée Putman, 1989, photographed for The Gap.
211 Peter Matthiessen outside his workroom, 1990, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
212 Barbara Kruger on television monitors, 1990, photographed for the Mary Boone Gallery, unpublished.*
213 Jeff Koons, *Vanity Fair*, December 1990.
214 The Dalai Lama, 1990, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
215 Václav Havel, 1990, photographed for *Vanity Fair*, unpublished.
216 Susan Sontag, Peter's Pond, Long Island, 1990, unpublished.
218 Mikhail Baryshnikov, *Vanity Fair*, November 1989.
219 Mikhail Baryshnikov and Linda Dowdell, White Oak Plantation, 1990, photographed for The White Oak Dance Project.
220 Mark Morris, *Vanity Fair*, April 1989.
221 Mikhail Baryshnikov and Mark Morris, *Vanity Fair*, June 1988.
222 Mikhail Baryshnikov and Mark Morris, 1990, photographed for The White Oak Dance Project.
224 Mark Morris rehearsing with dancers, 1990, photographed for The White Oak Dance Project.
226 Mark Morris reclining, 1990, photographed for The White Oak Dance Project.
228 Dancers swimming, 1990, photographed for The White Oak Dance Project.

* This photograph was not published, although a similar photograph from the same session was used.

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ANNIE LEIBOVITZ started working for *Rolling Stone* in 1970, and became the magazine's chief photographer in 1973. Two years later she was commissioned by the Rolling Stones to document their concert tour, an assignment that resulted in some of the most eloquent images ever made of the world of rock and roll. In 1983 she became *Vanity Fair*'s first contributing photographer, had her first solo exhibition, and published her first book. The following year she was named "Photographer of the Year" by the American Society of Magazine Photographers. In 1987 she created the influential "Portraits" advertising campaign for American Express. In 1991, the museum exhibition "Annie Leibovitz: Photographs 1970–1990" was organized by the International Center of Photography in conjunction with the Smithsonian's National Portrait Gallery in Washington, D.C.

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